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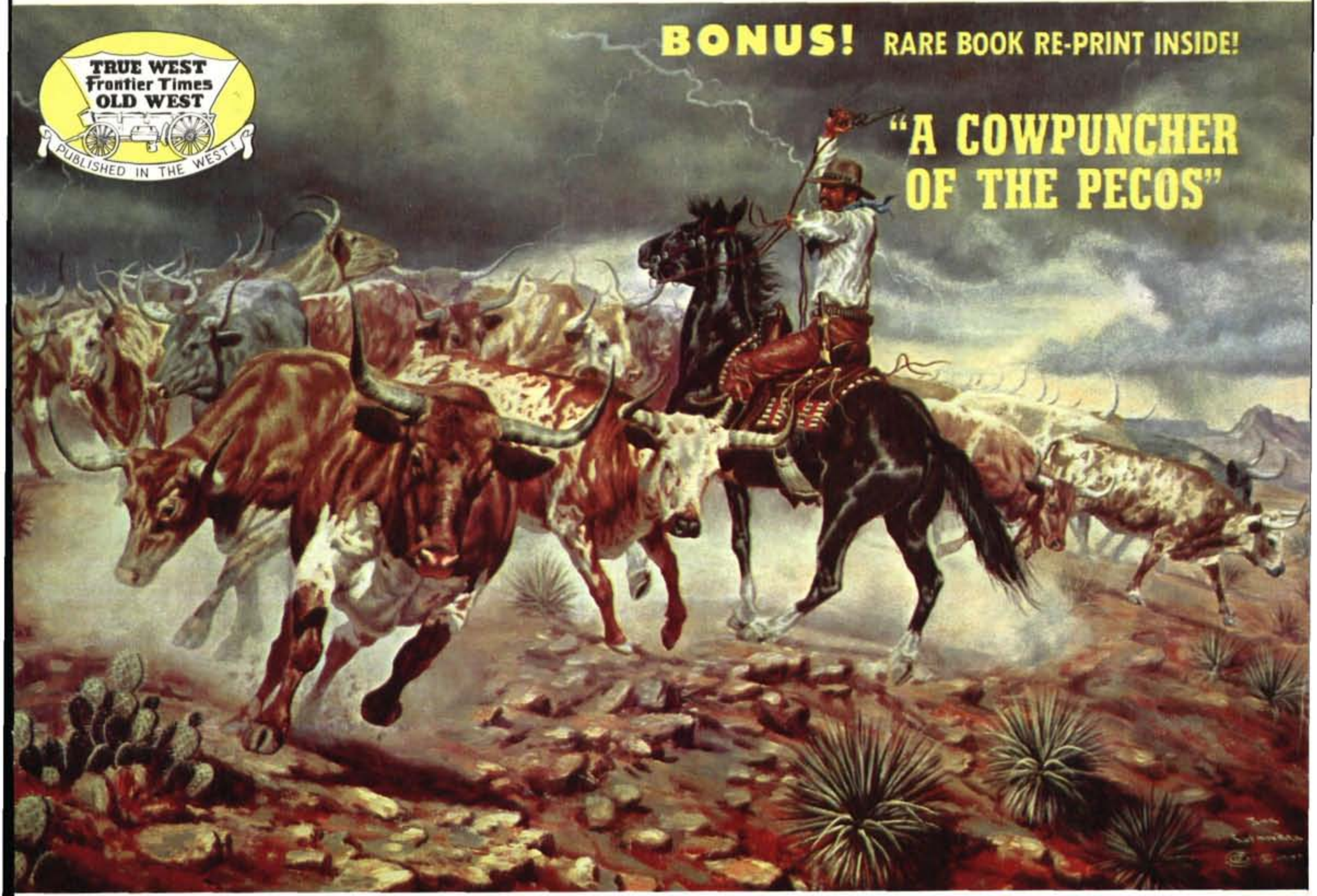
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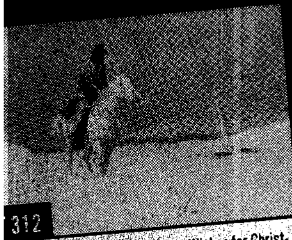
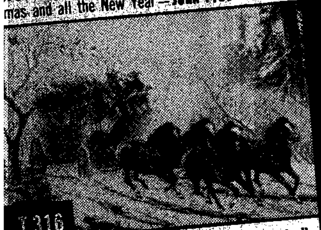


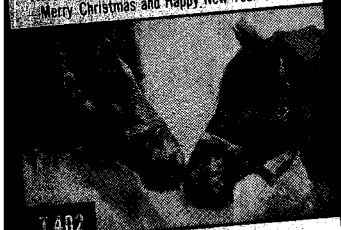
T 312

A Cowboy's Prayer — With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year — **John Free**



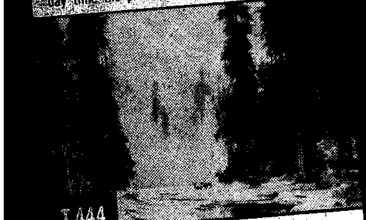
T 316

“...remembering friendship we cherish, etc.” — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Lenox**



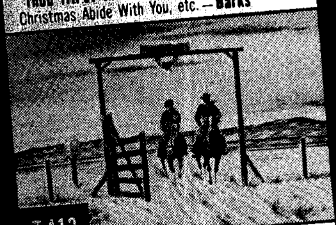
T 402

Stablemates — May there come to you this Holiday time the precious things of life, etc. — **Dick**



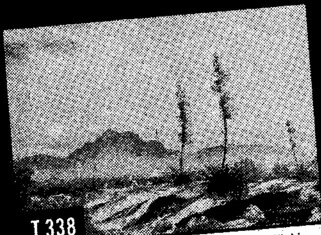
T 444

“Thou fill'st the solitude” — May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You, etc. — **Barks**



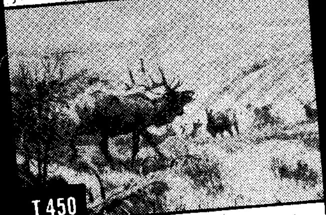
T 412

Ridin' In — To wish you a Merry Christmas and a Year chuck full of Happiness — **Long**



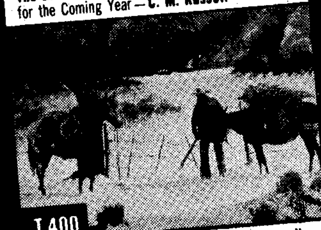
T 338

“Make us one with all mankind, etc.” — Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and New Year — **Vannerson**



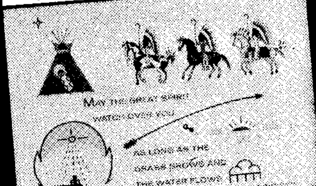
T 450

The Elk's Call — Happy Holidays and Best Wishes for the Coming Year — **C. M. Russell**



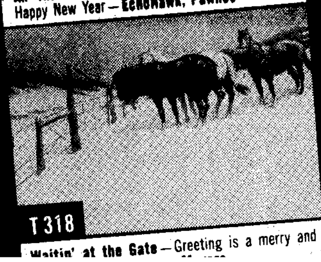
T 400

“Some trees have pride an' elegance, etc.” — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Bender**



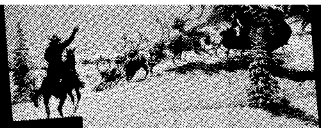
T 569

An Indian Pictograph — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **EchoHawk, Pawnee**



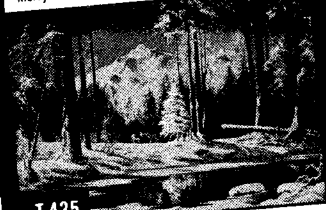
T 318

Waitin' at the Gate — Greeting is a merry and



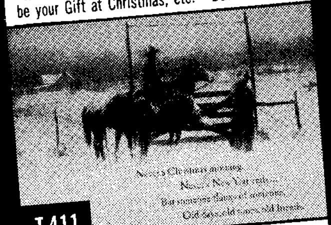
T 425

When Old Friends meet on Christmas Eve — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**



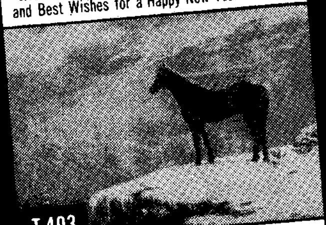
T 435

“In the heart of the wilderness” — May Peace be your Gift at Christmas, etc. — **Barks**



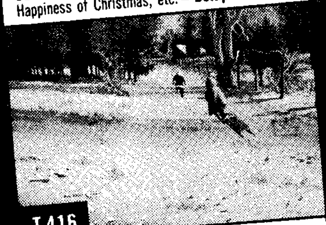
T 411

“...old times, old friends.” — Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year — **Harvey**



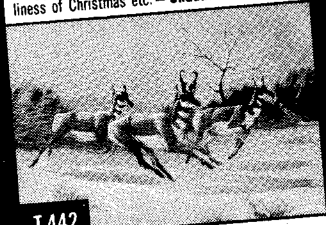
T 403

Dawn's Promise of Beauty — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas, etc. — **Delaplane**



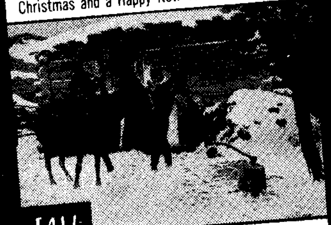
T 416

“Happy Memories” — May the warmth and friendliness of Christmas etc. — **Shaddix**



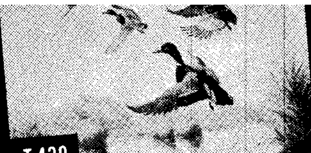
T 442

Starlit Pronghorn — Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Lenox**



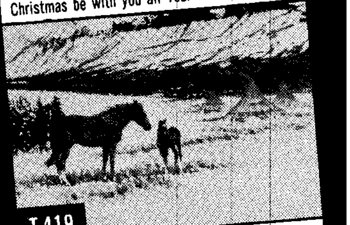
T 417

“...a door that opens wide.” — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Shope**



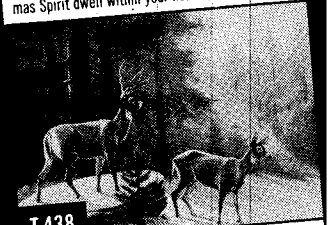
T 439

Mallard Wings — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all Year — **Van Howd**



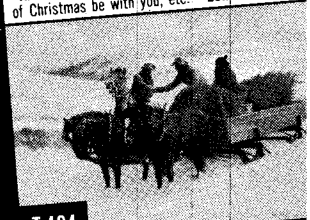
T 419

New Pony for an Indian Boy — May the Christmas Spirit dwell within your hearts, etc. — **Fellows**



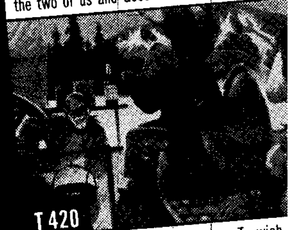
T 438

“In the heart of the wilderness” — May the Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Lenox**



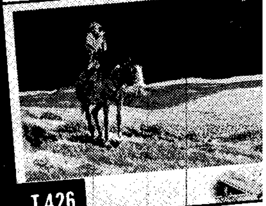
T 404

When Friends Meet — Christmas Greetings fro the two of us and Good Wishes, etc. — **Quigley**



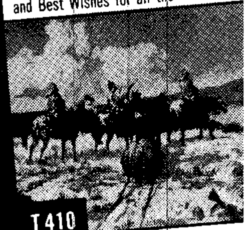
T 420

Christmas Chuckwagon Cheer — To wish Christmas chuck full of Happiness — **Damre**



T 426

Silent Night on the Range — Christmas and Best Wishes for all the Year — **Wol**



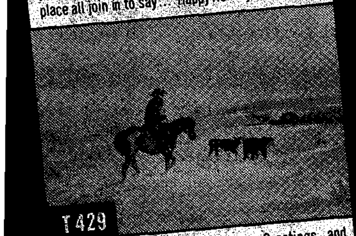
T 410

“The wonder of Christmas” — The gl mas remains to brighten all hearts, e

FINE ART OF THE WEST
IN BEAUTIFUL

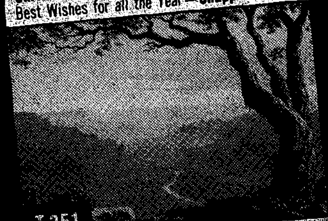
T 418

From Our Ranch to Your Ranch — The folks at our place all join in to say… "Happy Holiday." — **Thomas**



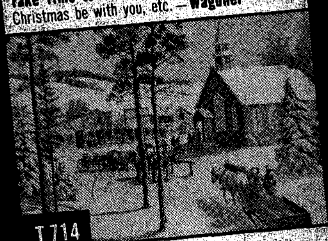
T 429

Christmas Chores — Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year — **Chappell**



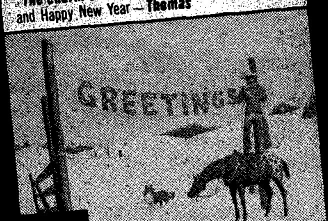
T 351

Take Time to See — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Wagoner**



T 714

"The charm of Christmas…" — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**

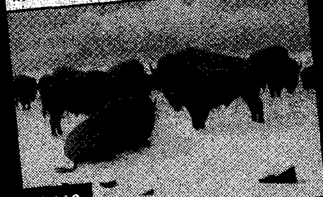


T 532

Greetings — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to Your Outfit from Ours — **Paris**

T 322

A Holiday Errand — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Lau**



T 448

"In the days of long ago…" — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Damrow**

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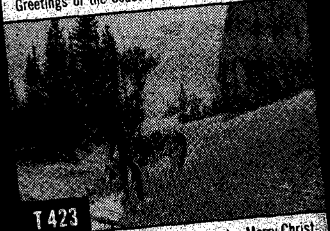
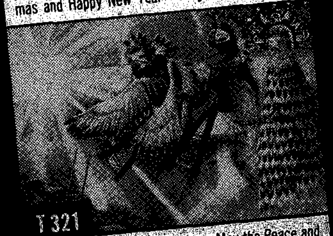
T 501

"Thinkin' of you at Christmas…" — With friendly Greetings of the Season, etc. — **FitzSimmons**



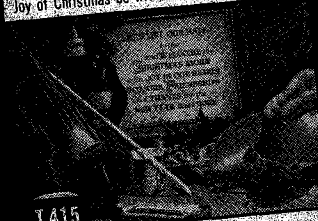
T 423

Take Time to See (24 line poem) — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Meyers**



T 321

Kachina Spirits in the Sky — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with, etc. — **Touraine**

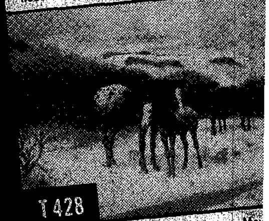


T 415

"Christmas Morn" — Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year — **Nicles**

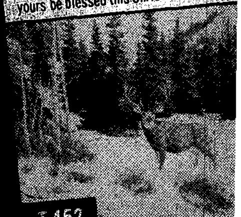
T 561

"Open face of heaven,…" — May every h
ness be yours at Christmas, etc. — **Lowde**



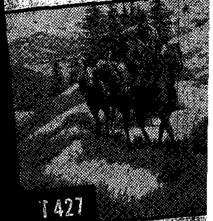
T 428

Appaloosa Colt for Christmas — May
yours be blessed this Christmas day, etc.



T 452

"In Wildness is the Preservatio
— With every good wish for Chri



T 427

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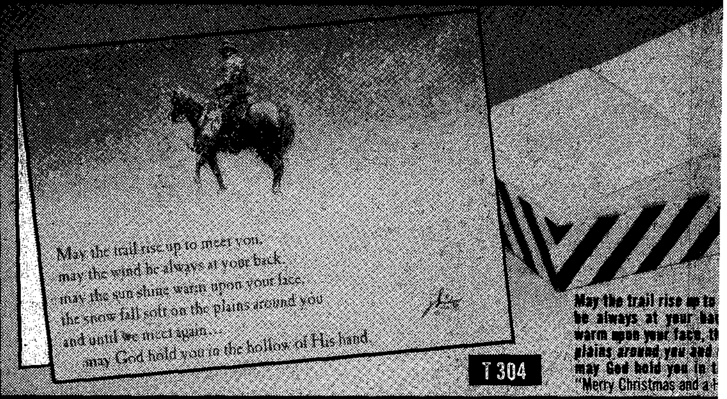
May the trail rise up to meet you,
may the wind be always at your back,
may the sun shine warm upon your face,
the snow fall soft on the plains around you
and until we meet again…
may God hold you in the hollow of His hand.

T 304

May the trail rise up to
be always at your ba
warm upon your face, t
plains around you and
may God hold you in t
"Merry Christmas and a H

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	T 318	T 400	T 411	T 418	T 426	T 438	T 4
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OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

SPECIAL BOOK BONUS!

By F. S. Millard

"A COWPUNCHER OF THE PECOS"

BEGINS on PAGE 6!

F. S. MILLARD

WINTER, 1971 VOL. 8, NO. 2 WHOLE NO. 30

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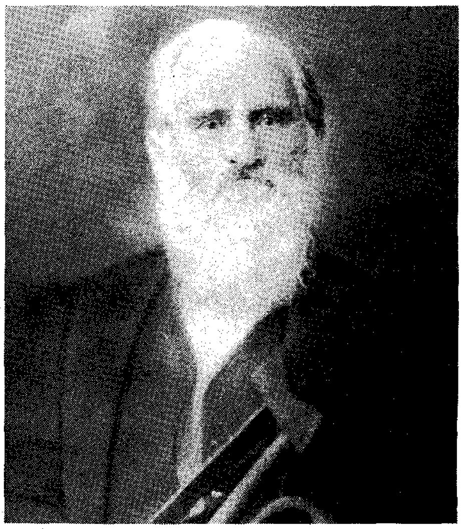

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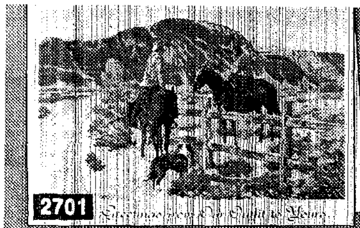
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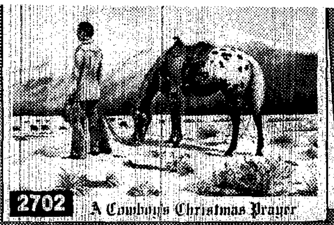

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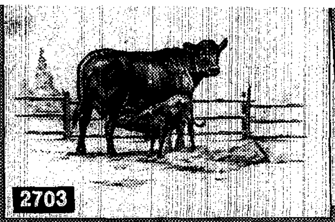

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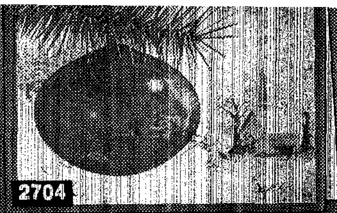

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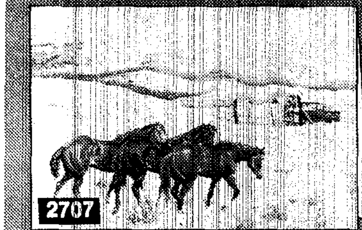

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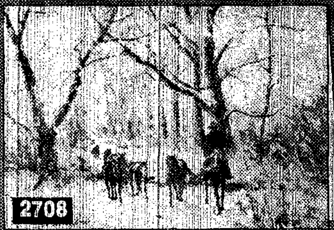

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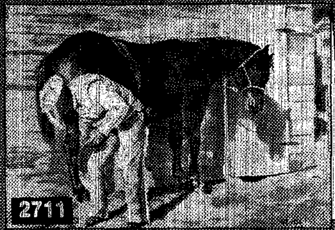

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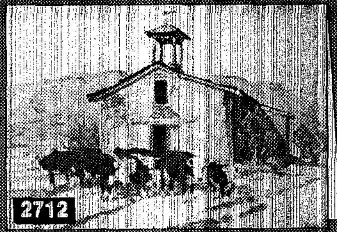

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Western Land by Robert Lougheed – May Happiness and Joy, etc. plus verse by S. Omar Barker.

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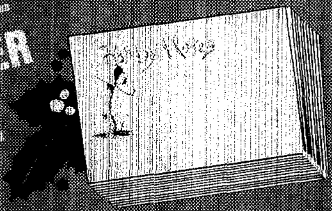

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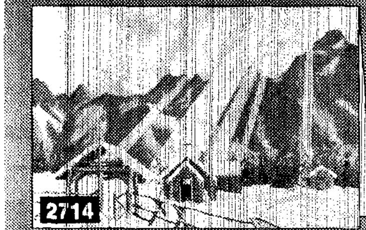

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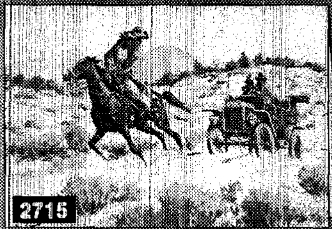

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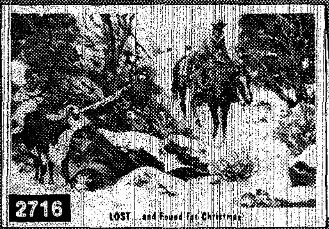
LOST ...and Found for Christmas

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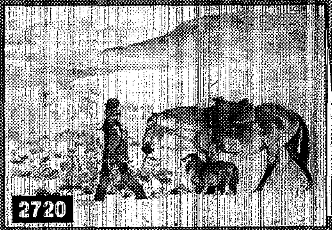
Lost . . . and Found for Christmas by Paul Salisbury – May you have a Joyous Christmas, etc.



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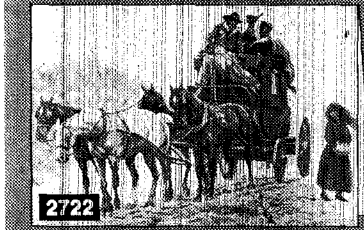
Peace on Earth by Quita – May you have that Peace, Hope and Love which is Christmas.



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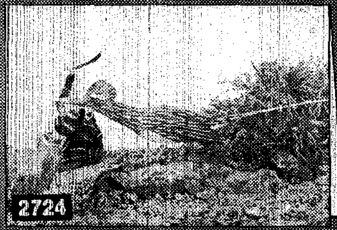

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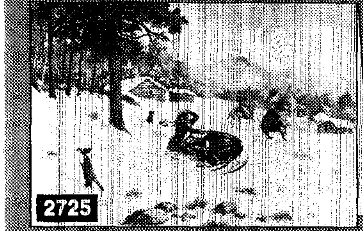

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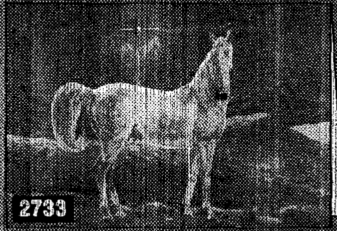
Modern Steed by Dale Paisley – To wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



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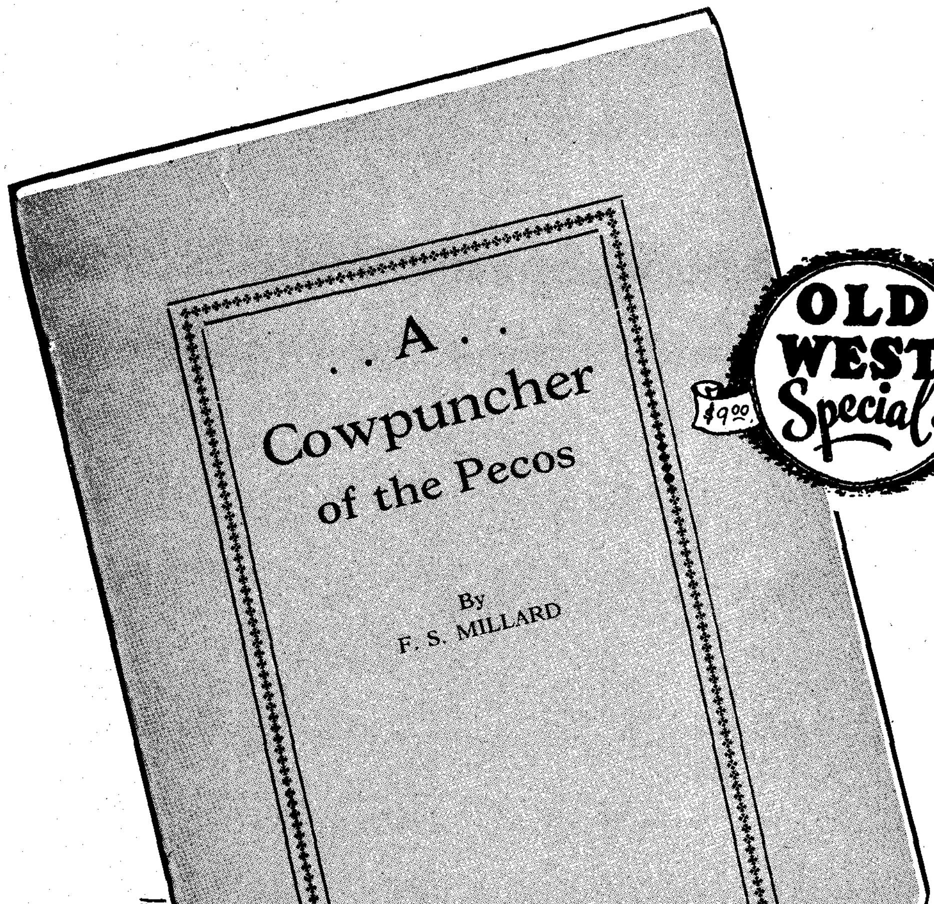
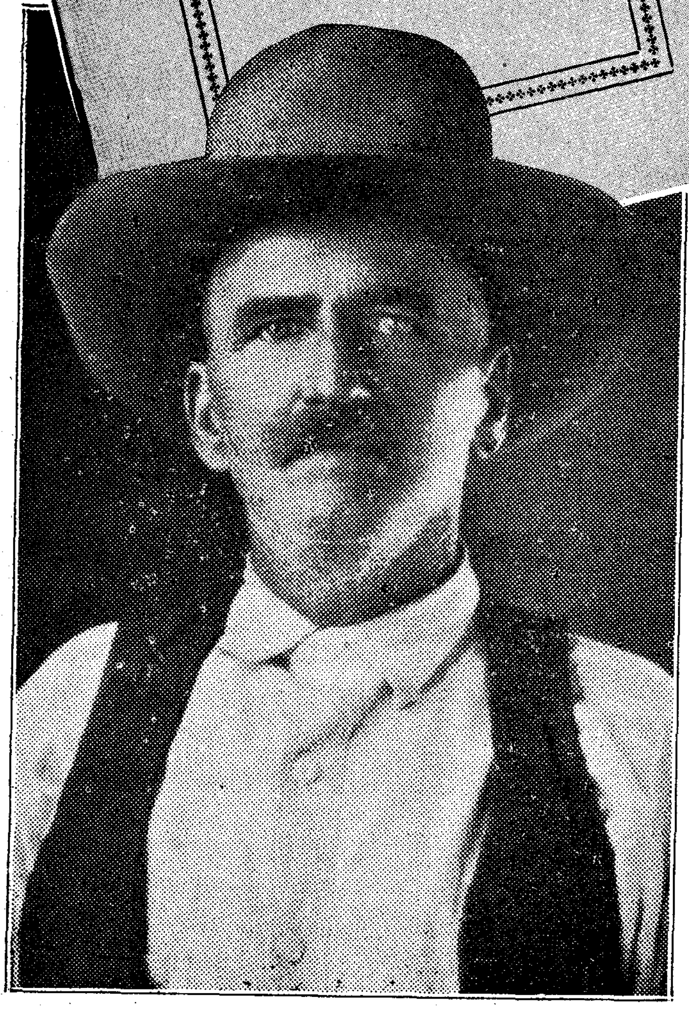


..A..
Cowpuncher
of the Pecos

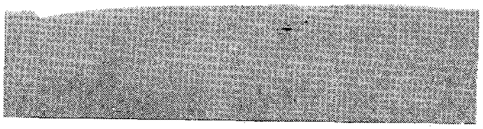
By
F. S. MILLARD



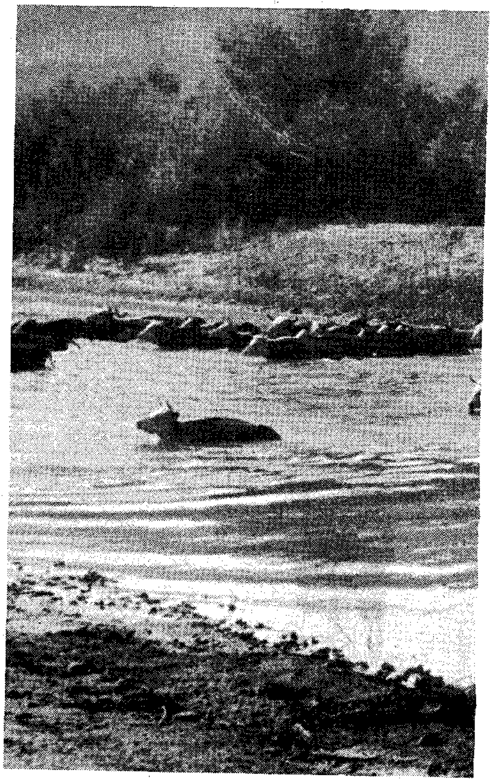
F. S. Millard

Preface

SEVERAL months ago Mr. F. S. Millard, one of the old-time Texas cowboys, and who still follows the cow business in West Texas, asked me to publish a booklet for him, reciting some of his experiences on the trail and on the range, requesting at the same time that the story be told in his own style and in his own way. His reason for making this request was that if his style of expression was changed it would not be recognized by the old boys who worked with him on the range in the early days, of whom there are quite a number. So in



A COW



arranging this matter of publication I am not changing it in the least, using Mr. Millard's style of spelling and expression just as he wrote it for me. Lest there be some who would criticize, it should be borne in mind that he, like nearly all the cowboys of the old days, grew up on the range far from any community where schools were maintained, and he had little or no schooling. He led that wild, out-door life that the Texas cowboy loved. He is still a cowboy, and will be a cowboy as long as he lives. He is known throughout West Texas.

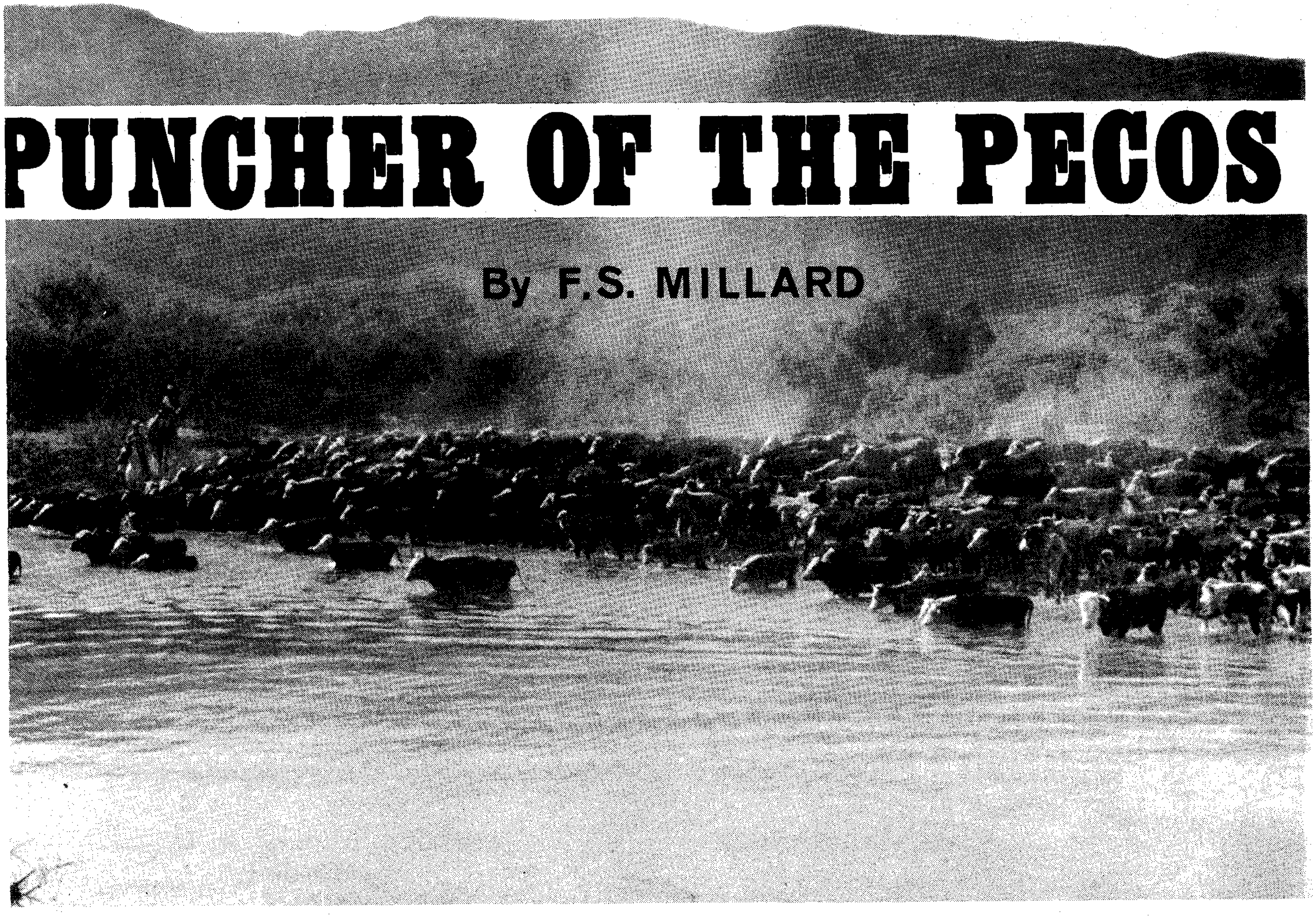
When THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS, a book compiled by this writer for George W. Saunders, was published several years ago, Mr. Millard sent in a sketch for the book, but it came in too late for publication. After waiting about five years for another volume of THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS to be published, he decided to publish it himself, and this little booklet is the outcome of his desire to comply with the oft-expressed wish of his friends that he tell of his ups and downs. Mr. Millard is a poor man; he has had to toil with his hands, and still has to toil, for the necessities of life. He is not of the two-gun, wild and woolly type of Texas cowboy pictured by present-day writers of Western fiction; he has lived a straightforward upright life, and has in his way contributed much to the development of West Texas. This little volume is offered the public with the hope that it will reach the hundreds of friends and acquaintances of those early days when the range was free, when hospitality was free, and when men were men.—J. Marvin Hunter.

THIS is a piece I wrote for the Trail Drivers. I sent it to Geo. W. Saunders; he kept it about six months and sent it back and said they had published two books and did not think they would be able to get pieces enuf to publish another for me to be shure and keep it for if they did he would call on me for it, as I am all cripled up and broke I thought I would have it and a piece I wrote about Pecos County published. I first got cripled in 96. I was shiping fat catle from Elgin, Kansas, to Kansas City, Mo. When we got to Independence, Kansas, I walked over the train to the head car. I looked ahead and everything look clear. I was climing down the lader of the car and had just put my foot in the styrup under the car when they turned on a switch track.

They had no coal shute there so they had pushed up a coal car so they could shovel coal over in the tender. They had left this coal car standing there so the corner of the car struck my thigh and broke it. The space was so narrow it just roled me around and round till the space got wide enuf to let me drop through. When I hit the ground I reached up and caught holt of the car that had knocked me off and pulled up. When my leg went to wobbling around I let myself back to the ground and my leg went to flouncing like a big fish thrown out of water. When the caboose came by they were stopping the train. I holowed and told the Brakie to tell the other boys my leg was broke. Lee Russell came running up. Lee was excited. I told him he need not be excited that my leg was broke, that that was all, and he said, "You don't know how bad you are hurt." I told him if there was anything else wrong I thought I would know it by that time.

Then about twelve years ago I was moving a little bunch of cattle. . . . Just me and a boy named Ingram. We stopped about a half mile west of the Santerstaven Dam, 12 miles South of Marfa, Texas, to get dinner. Our saddle horses started off and I went to go around them and was Loping through a bushy flat when my horse steped in a whole and fell and split me wide open.

I lay 42 days in one position, flat on my back and never moved. They put me on a matress. The Dr. cut a plug out of



Trail herd crossing the Rio Grande near Presidio, Texas.
Photo by Lee Orr

PUNCHER OF THE PECOS

By F.S. MILLARD

the matress and sewed up the matress and sewed up the plug, then laid me right across it without any sheet on the bed. I felt all wright and eat 3 meals a day. The 43rd day they raised me up, the blood would rush to my head and it would be about 15 minutes that I would be dizzy, then I would go back to bed. I would have another spell of the same kind for about 3 days.

☆ ☆ ☆

I was born in Georgetown, Texas July 12, 1863. I had one older brother named Henry. We were left orphans in 1870, and went to live with my Uncle Henry B. Millard, of Georgetown, Texas I lived with him until the summer of 1878, when I ran away from home and went up to one of my Aunts, Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, of McCulloth County, Texas. I tried to get work, but everybody thought that I was too small to do anything. After some time, a fellow by the name of Dave Batterton hired me to come and stay at his house, just to do the chores, cut wood, get up and milk cows, and stay with his wife, while he was off working as a thrasher. I worked for him two weeks. He was to pay me twenty-five cents a day. He paid me One Dollar and fifty cents, and owes me the rest yet.

That Fall I came to Brady bend, in Coleman County, Texas, and helped to make a crop in 1879. That Fall I went to the Southeast corner of Runnels County, Texas, and late that Fall I went to work for a man by the name of Ike Franks. He had Old Rich Coffey's farm of one hundred acres rented. Old Man Rich furnished the land, teams, and Franks was to plant it in corn; and old man Rich was to get half the crop. Frank's little girl got sick and lay for a long time; they thought she would die, so Franks told me to work one team of a morning and one team of evening. As we had plenty of feed, we kept the teams in the pen and I would get up before day and feed them and eat breakfast and go to work at day light, then come in at dinner and feed my teams, eat dinner and get the other team, and plow until dark.

Old Man Rich came out to where I was plowing and says:

"Hello Dad, they tell me you plow a team too hard, and I don't want my mules worked that way."

I told him that I was working for Mr. Franks, and that he had told me to work that way, to go to him, and if he said not to work that way, it would be alright with me. The old man never said another word, but kept saying that I should never work another team of his, but he tried to hire me to work for him the next year. I worked for Franks from November 1st, 1879, until he layed the crop by in 1880, at $11.00 per month.

Right here I want to say that Uncle Rich Coffey and Aunt Sallie were two of the best people that I ever saw. Uncle Rich lived at the mouth of the Concho on the Colorado River, fifty (50) miles west of Brownwood, Texas, and fifty (50) miles East of the Colorado Post, which is now San Angelo, and people going from one place to the other would go to Uncle Rich's to stay all night. I saw Twenty-seven (27) men stay there one night. Along about sun down, they would commence coming in. They would drive up and holler Hello and when Uncle Rich came out, they would ask to stay all night, and Uncle Rich would say, "Go to staying." He never charged any of them a cent, and when a meal was ready, old man Rich would yell, "Come and eat." He would sit up and tell about the Indians until Twelve (12) or One (1) o'clock at night.

That fall I herded horses for a man by the name of Patton for Twelve Dollars (12) a month, then that fall I helped John Chambers catch a lot of Mustangs. I got Fifteen Dollors (15) a month for that.

On November 3rd, 1880, I was at Paint Rock, Concho County, Texas, and John Kincade hired me to go to the head of Sough Concho with a herd of cattle of Kincade and Davenport, and Uncle Bob Murchison. They had the cattle gathered and were holding them on Duck Creek, and were penning them in a pen built of brush. Post was set about five feet apart and Musceit brush wove in between them. I went out to their camp on November 4th, 1880, and on the morning of the 5th, just before day light the cattle stampeded and tore out one end of the pen. We jumped up to go after them and found our beds covered with snow. We soon rounded them up and it snowed until about two o'clock that day. We fixed the pen and put the cattle back that night, and stood guard around the pen all night. We pulled out with them and got to the head of Lipan Creek and it snowed on us again. Finally we got to the head of South Concho and we herded the cattle a few days, and beded them in the river bottom, by a big water hole. It snowed again while we were there. Then we turned loose and I came back to Concho County. Afterwards I lived with a neighbor to old man Bob Murchison, Schleicher County, and a better neighbor no man ever had.

THAT WINTER I met John Davidson, and he asked me what I was going to do. I told him I was going to work cattle if I could get a job, and he said he would give me work as soon as he went to riding the grass horses. So I commenced work for him April 1st, 1881. We worked about two weeks and then we started down on Deep Creek in Mcculloch County, on the general round up.

When we started and got about a half mile I rode up to Mr. Davidson and said, "Mr. Davidson, you have never said what you were going to pay me, and I would like to know, and he said "Twenty Dollars, the same as the other boys." I thought that was fine. I had my mind made up for Eighteen Dollars, so Twenty Dollars sounded big to me. I worked on the range until the 1st of June and then went up the trail with Hige Neil, with the O. H. triangle herd, which was Hige's 17th herd. He drove several more, I think ten herds, but I may be mistaken. He had the best memory of any man I ever saw. I don't think he met a stranger between Coleman County, Texas, and Honey Well, Kansas.

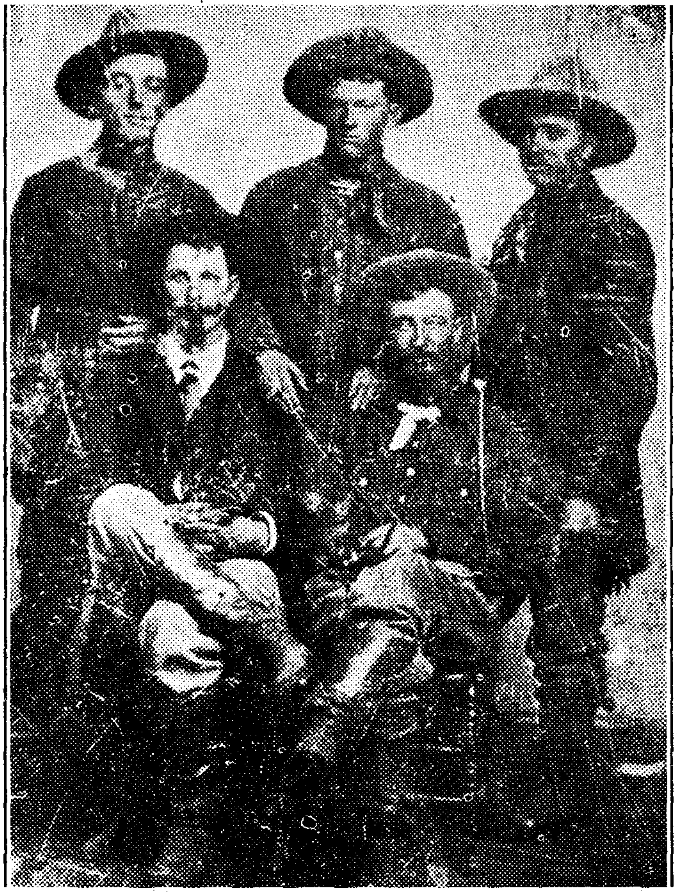
When we started I said I hoped that it would not rain on us, and Hige said he would not like to go if he knew it would not rain, but it rained some ahead of us and some after we got there, but not a time while we were going. Hige gave me choice of guards, as this was my first trip. I took the middle guard and stood from 11 o'clock until 2 o'clock. I stood 66 nights while in Honey Well. . . . I was then 18 years old.

Jim Rose, Hige Neil, Bryan Swaim, Billie Hobbs, Johnnie D. Davidson, Jim and Bill Wyckoff, and I worked for the Triangle outfit. John Davidson run the O H Triangle outfit, and I will say that John Davidson was a fine man and a cow man from the word go. There were others just as good, but according to my judgment, none better. I could name several, and I will say I have been around a right smart and worked for a heap of different outfits, and the old time cow punchers of this section, taking the Concho, Colorado and San Saba Rivers, could not be beat.

I worked for John Davidson in the O H Triangle outfit until the Spring of 1882, then quit to work for old Uncle Rich Coffey. He was going to move his cattle up the Colorado below Colorado City but when we got ready to move, Snyders moved into the range where Uncle Rich intended to go, so we turned loose. Then I went to work for the J H S outfit, but still in the O H Triangle. This was in 1882. I worked for the J H S until the summer of 1885. That fall I went across the Pecos to the Tunis Springs, twenty miles East of Fort Stockton, Texas. Me and Jim Rose went into partnership when we went to the Pecos. Jim went to Ballinger, when the town first started, and him and Bud Rodgers started a saloon there. I stayed on the Pecos until the Fall of 1889, then moved our cattle back to the South East corner of Coke County, and ranched with Bill McCauley one year. Then we moved to Eden, in Concho County.

While on the Pecos, I made two trips to Honey Well, Kansas, once with Billie Hobbs. I had 400 cattle in herd and went with them, then I made one trip with Dun Houston's cattle, the NA herd. Jim Livingston was boss, Bob Anderson and myself were pointers, and I will say I don't think this herd was ever out of shape from one end of the trail to the other. Bob was on one relief and I was on the other. We would graze the cattle two or three miles of a morning, then hit the trail. Jim would go and camp the wagon for noon. When we got within a mile and a half or a mile, we would throw off and graze and by the time the herd would get to the wagon the other relief would take them and keep grazing along. When we all got back, we would hit the trail until about the middle of the evening, then Jim would camp the wagon away ahead, and we would graze to it in time to bed the cattle.

When we left Fort Stockton I guessed the distance at Six Hundred miles, and told Jim if we had no bad luck we ought to get there in Forty Two days. We made the trip in Forty Two days and had a good trip up in the Territory. The Indians came to us. We had three Mexicans with us. Two of them seemed to be afraid of the Indians. I couldn't see why they should be. They looked so much alike.



Seated on left is Jim Rose, F. S. Millard's old friend and partner.

I CAME BACK on the train that year to get back for the fall round ups. In 1890 I drove 1,200 from Eden in Concho County, to Amarillo. When I started, my pardner Jim Rose asked me when I thought I would be at Amarillo. I guessed the distance at 350 miles, and told him to meet me there July 4th, and on July 4th I drove by Amarillo, two miles west on Amarillo creek. There was a ball game being played when I past town that evening. We had a little high headed gray horse, and the boy that was riding him came up to Jim Rose and said, "This horse ain't quit acting a fool yet," and Jim says, "Have you?"

We sold out and came back, then the next year I drove to Amarillo again. This time I drove 2,500 head of mixed cattle. We started the herd at Eden, Concho County, we had about 1400 or 1500 head at Eden and a lot of cut off yearlings. I went to Paint Rock and throwed in a lot of cattle, and there were cutt off yearlings and then to Ballinger and throwed in another bunch, and there were cutt off yearlings in them. Then went 20 miles to Bill McCaulay's, and throwed in Five hundred cattle, and there were cutt off yearlings in them. Then we went up about Fort Chadbourn and throwed in the last bunch and there were cutt off yearlings in them.

We just stood two guards until we crossed the T. P. Railroad. I put two men to ride backwards and forwards on the South side, the rest to ride around the herd. When we got across the T.P. I made three guards. Between Colorado City and Snyder there was only one creek that had water. I herd that they were trying to keep any one from watering there so I never went ahead to look at the water, until I got the herd in the pastures, then I went and looked at the water. While I was gone the pasture man came and tried to get the boys to stop the cattle; they told him that they could not stop as I had told them to come on, so he pulled out to overtake me. I had done gone and seen the water. When I got back to the herd the boys asked me if I had seen a man. I told them no. They said there had been a man there and he said I could not water at all.

About that time we saw him coming at about half speed and he was waving his hat for us to stop, but we paid no attention to him. He came up and said, "You cant water up there." I told him that I had not had water for two days and that I had to water. Then I told him I had been to the creek and seen the water and there was a road crossed the creek and there was two holes above the road, and I would water up the road and turn off. He says, "You can't water up the road." I says, "What business is it of yours if I water them out of a jug," and he says, "I tell what I will do." I said "What?" He says, "If you will promise to get out of my pasture tonight I will do that." I told him I had too big a herd to drive after night, and if camping time came and I was in his pasture I would camp. Then he kinda quieted down.

I went on and watered, got a good watering and turned off from the creek. His fence was about half a mile, so I went about one and a half mile in another pasture and camped. While we were going out of his gate, he was raising up in his sturips to see if any of his cattle had got in. I told him he needn't be so particular, if there was any of his in there I would take care of them. He said, "I reckon you would." So when everything got through I got down and shut the gate, then I told him that I lived at Eden in Concho County and owned the head water on Brady creek, and if he ever passed there with a herd to turn in and give them all the water they wanted, and he said, "You thought I was a little cranky, didn't you?" and I said, "I meet such men as you every day or two."

WELL, we went on to the Plains and the first day we were dry for water. I went over to a ranch about Two (2) miles from the trail. There was nobody there but there was a lake of water close to the ranch, so I went back to the herd. I had just turned off to go to the lake when a man came lopping up and asked me where I was going. I told him. He said he didn't care one bit for me watering, but he was afraid of fever. So I turned my cattle back and went into Oxier pasture that night.

The wind came from the East and the cattle could smell the water and they walked and balled all night. Next morning at the crack of day I lit out to hunt water. The boys said the man that I had past up his lake the evening before came to them and said he could hear the cattle bawling that night and said he wished he had let me water. The year before I left a crippled yearling with him and he had sold it and sent me the money.

I saw the wagon camped on the Plains, and when I got there, there was a lake with water in it but the grass was stricken all through the water. The man camped there had a herd and I told him I was hunting water for a dry herd of cattle. I asked him if he could tell me of another lake and he said no. He told me he was a trail man himself and to come and water there. I asked him about a tank over about Tahoka Lake and from what he told me I thought it was about like it was the year before, so I told him I would cut my herd in two, water my leaders there and my drags at the tank near Tahoka. So I watered all right. There was nine of us besides the cook and horse rangler. I made nine guards from there on.

My next water was on the Yellowhouse, close to where Lubbock is now. Lubbock was just started up that year, 1891. I had past there in 1890, and there was no town there then. Lubbock either started in the fall of 1890 or the spring 1891.

I came on ahead of my cattle a good ways, to look at the water. The draw was standing in holes and the boggest looking place I ever saw, so I went back and told the boys to string them as far as they could. They would come in and stick their forefeet in and lay their heads out and drink and back out. I don't believe a dozen of them got their hind feet muddy. So I just moved out on the flat about a mile and a half and let em graze. The grass was good from there on and the lakes were all full, and we had a picnic.

We got within thirty miles of Amarillo the Eight of July. Jim Rose and Bill McAulay came to us and said I had better hunt some place to hole up as water was scarce at Amarillo. So we went somewhere near where Hereford is now. Billie Odom came in with a herd and camped in about three (3) miles of us. One night a storm came up, Billie's men were in front of the cattle and the lightning killed a negro. Two brothers, the Caruthers boys, were on each side of the negro when it happened.

Then Green Ursey, the worst stuttering man in the world came with his herd from New Mexico. When Green throwed in I went over to his herd to see who it was. I asked him whose herd it was and he said it was Hall & Ursery. I thought of Green Ursery, but didn't think it was him for he did not stutter. We rode a little piece and he went to say something and made all kinds of faces and chocked down a time or two, then I knew who it was. He asked me my name and I told him Millard. He says, "Fred Millard?" I told him yes, and he said, "I never seen you before, but I know you mighty well," and we were just as well acquainted as we will ever be.

The last time I ever saw Green I was on the Southern Pacific Train. I was going to El Paso to go down into Old Mexico to look at some cattle and Green was going to his ranch in New Mexico. We had got about 300 miles west of San Antonio, me and Green was sitting in the same seat talking, the conductor came and touched me on the arm and nodded his head so I got up and went to the end of the car and set down in a seat; I was wondering what he wanted. Finally he asked me what was the matter with that man back there, if he were crazy. I told him no, that he was the worst stuttering man in the world and he said he had been watching him and thought he was crazy. I never told Green anything about it.

We afterwards moved to Corner Lake, 20 miles North East of Amarillo; it got to raining and our fuel got wet. There was a fellow that had taken up some school land and he had some cedar posts, so we traded him beef for cedar posts to cook with until the cow chips dried out so that they would burn.

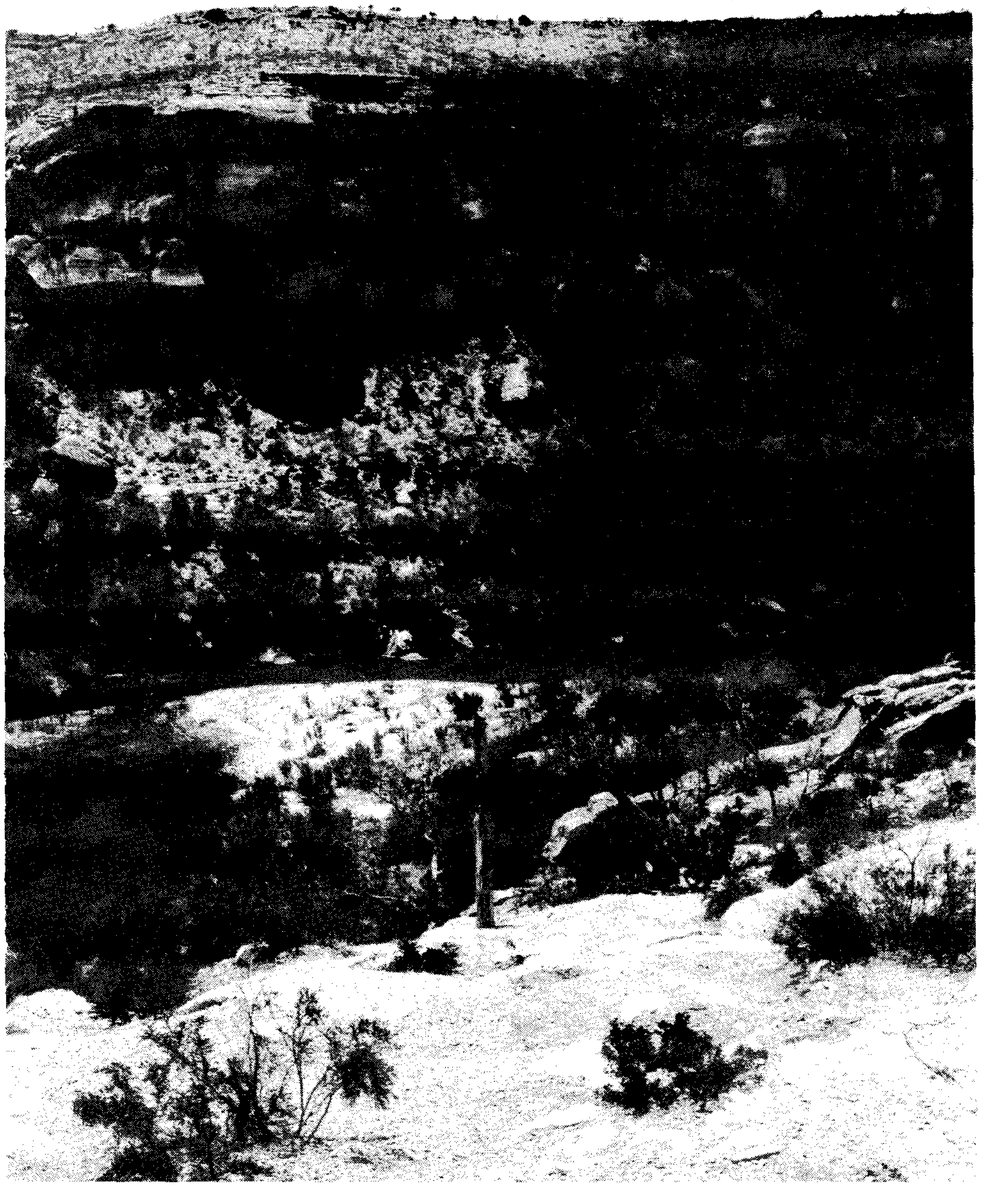
Late in the fall Hank Creswell came and bought our One's and Two's. Hall & Ursery also sold him their One's and Two's. So we cut the One's and Two's out of both herds, then threw the cattle together, and left Green Ursery and part of my men with them, also part of his men. I took part of each outfit and drove the One's and Two's to the head of South River, at Deep Lake, and delivered to Hank Creswell. We got within three miles of Deep Lake and came to the finest watermellon patch I ever saw. There were five or six acres and they were just simply fine. We ate all we could and filled the wagon. After turning over the cattle we went back by there and loaded the wagon again. Then we leased a pasture in the McClellan brakes, and pastured the rest of both herds that winter. Then when started back home we came by Corner lake and the man who owned the watermellons was there. I told him we had been there twice, ate all we could and filled up the wagon and he said "help yourself," that he could not do anything with them. I told him that was what I thought about it, was the reason I had been helping myself.

WE came home. Got home about the 20th of November. I had met a man at Amarillo that owned the Jingle bob cattle in New Mexico, he offered me $150 a month to go out there and run his ranch. I told him no, that I had a pardner and when I saw him I might decide to come. So when I came home I told Jim Rose about it and Jim said we had worked for wages long enough. Let's do something, so I told him alright. We borrowed money and put 3000 cattle in the Osage nation in 1892. Me and Jim Rose and Bill McAulay leased North-Adams-Shaffer Pasture, Dick Russell, Billie Bevans and Jim Callan were pardners and Tom Moore of Llano and Jenks Blocker leased the South-Adams-Shaffer pasture. So we just run one outfit and I run the outfit. After we had been here awhile old man Tom Moore told me one day he says, "Kid you are running this outfit just right, and I glory in your spunk." I never in my life asked for advice. I did what I thought ought to be done. I never played any favorites. If anything I would ask more of my good men, though I always tried to treat them all alike.

When I first got to Ponca Station where we unloaded, the Arkanas River was up so I held Four or Five days to let the rivers run down. The river had fallen some and was not quite swimming, so I held my herd dry one day and aimed to cross the next morning. My horse stampeded that night and run off with my saddle. Next morning about nine o'clock Bruton Wade brought him to me. He had rounded him up with his saddle horses that morning about seven miles from my camp. The horse was branded B H Triangle and Bruton knew whose horse he was, so he brought him to me. Then I started to the River to cross, and just before I got there I met Tonk Smith, and he told me I could not get through his pasture that day. To turn back and wait until next day. I told him I had my cattle dry and I was going to cross. So I crossed the river and it was two miles through the black jacks.

I took my wagon to the edge of the jacks to get dinner and when the cattle began to come out of the jacks I turned them off to graze while we ate dinner. Tonk went up the other side throwing them back. I rode through the herd and asked him what he was doing and he said if I stopped there for dinner I would have to round them up on the road. I told him I had driven a good many cattle and I never had been rounded up for dinner and I didn't think he could round me up for dinner. I told him there was the wagon and to go down and get his dinner, he said he would go back to his own camp. He said he would leave his old man Ollie Harris with me. So he went on off. I got about a mile and a half and had two cows to give out and I camped my wagon and went back and told Ollie I had camped. That I could not drive off and leave my cattle. He said he did not blame me that I had done just what he would have done.

When everybody got through receiving cattle they decided to have a general round up in the West side of the Osage nation and agreed to meet at Ed Hewings Ranch on Salt Creek. So Burton



Courtesy Texas Highway Department

The Pecos River in Val Verde County, Texas.

Wade went to Elgin, Kansas, and bought a load of grub and had it charged Company, so every one could chip in and pay for it. He brought his wagon and cook but said he could hardly run his outfit and he would not try a mixed outfit. So they wanted me to run the outfit and I told them if I ran the outfit I would not know one man from another. Some had three or four thousand cattle and some were working for wages but they all looked alike to me. They all agreed to it. We worked for a month and there was not a kick.

We went to the West side of the Arkansas River in Ike Pryor's Range. He was in the Cherokee Strip that year about 12 miles from Ponca Station. I took one of the boys with me and went and got one of Pryor's calves, but in fact it was D. E. Simms. He had his cattle with Pryor that year. When we got back to the camp with the beef I saw a bunch of horses with a pack on. I rode down to camp and asked whose they were, I knew for I seen Old Tonk Smith and Ollie Harris there. And Tonk says, "They are mine and Ollies." I said, "Why didn't you unpack and turn in," and Tonk said he did not know whether we had room or not. I told him yes, just as long as we could hitch horses enough to pull it, everybody was welcome. That fall when I went to come home Old Tonk came to me and told me if I shipped up there again and needed any help to call on him and he would help me any way he could.

I afterwards pastured with Tonk 3 or 4 different years and was never treated better by anybody. One time there was a crowd of punchers in a saloon in Kansas City about half drunk and I asked them if they ever knew how me and Tonk got acquainted and they said no and I told them and Tonk just took the dry grins. Tonk is dead. I was awfully sorry to hear of his death.

IN '94 I run Gays outfit in the Osage Nation (In 1894) then late that fall Gay got me to go to Del Rio to look at some cattle in Mexico. When I got there the cattle I went to look at were sorry straight Mexican cattle. Hughes and McCormick had a good herd of cattle they wanted me to go look at. I told them I would go look at them and if I thought there was anything in them I would wire Clay and I thought he would buy them. I went and rode two days and wired Clay and he came. He went back and rode two days again. They wanted $10.00 a head for them. Gay offered them $13.00 for the 3 up steers and $7.00 for the cows and bulls, one and two year old steers and heifers, but they did not want to trade that way. They wanted $10.00 straight, so I told Gay I was satisfied they were half 3 up steers so they traded. Then Gay wired Frank Ingrahm to bring two outfits to drive the cattle, and he got me to go down in Old Mexico to look at some more cattle.

When I got there they were 100 miles from the railroad and I did not have time to go look at them. Then I found out that cattle from there would fever if brought back below the quarentine line, so I came back to Comstock and waited a day or two till the outfit got there then went 12 miles south to the Rio Grande opposite the Hughes and McCormack camp. McCormack's men had gone to Los Baocus for Christmas so McCormack told me the Mexican officers would think he would do nothing till his men came back and if I would take my men and help him cross the cattle he could save the Mexican duty on them.

I told him if he would be responsible in every way for anything that might happen I would do that and he said he would for he knew the Mexican officers would think he could do nothing till his men came back. We went the first day and rounded up and counted off 2,000 head as McCormack thought there would be 4000 head and crossed them and I turned them over to Frank Ingraham. I helped him start his herd then the 3rd day we rounded up the pasture and crossed them and counted them and there was 2,535 head of them. I drove the last herd. When we crossed the last herd McCormack stood up in his stirrups, waived his hat and said, "fare you well, Mexico."

In six months he had made some kind of compromise and was back in Mexico. We trailed the cattle out and there were 2,515 head of steers, 3s and up they had steers up to 7 years old. The Hughes and McCormack cattle were branded Bar Diamond Bar on left side, and saddle horses the same on left hip. Gay got 63 saddle horses at the same price, $10 per head.

Then about (15) fifteen years ago me and old man Bob Murchison and Frank Murchison went down in Old Mexico to look at the country. We went to Douglas, Arizona, then went fifty miles in old Mexico to a place named Cos, then we got a wagon with a Morman Freighter and went to a big mine on the Yacca River to John Murchisons, a nephew of old man Bob's. While we were going we got in a deep canyon. Me and old man Bob and Frank were walking. We got a good piece ahead of the wagon, the bluffs were about 300 feet high and the road ran in the bed of the canyon and if we had of met another wagon there would be no room to pass it.

I told old man Bob and Frank I believed I would run back and tell that fellow another wagon was coming to see what he would do, then I told them I would not do that. That day at dinner I told the fellow I came purt near giving him a big scare and he asked me how and I told him. He said I would not of scared him and his wagon was the only one down there and if another wagon had of went down he would have see their sign.

John Murchison was butchering for the miners. He would bring in a bunch of cattle to butcher, he would turn them up on the side of a big mountain on a little creek that ran at the foot of the mountain. He would water them and turn them up on the side of the mountain. When they came to get water him and his boys would get their ropes and run in and rope one of the beef. While there I seen the biggest tree I ever saw. They had cut it down to make a motar block to crush ore on. They sawed it off 12 feet long and hewed it out. It squared 5 feet one way and 6 feet another. Then they would have to make a road to get it out of the canyon, about a mile from where they wanted it. The mine was 1250 feet up on the mountain to bring the ore down. One place about 50 yards they had the trail blasted out for their pack jacks. They said some times they would get in a jam and push one off. They would go on; the jack and ore would fall about 200 feet. They put 100 pounds of ore in a sack, tied two together and swung it across a jack. It was a silver mine and the ore smelted out $1.00 to the pound.

When we went to leave the mine John Murchison took us over to a little Morman town on the Yacca River named Ohocca. We had to cross the mountain. We were till dinner going up and it was nearly sundown when we got down to Ohocca. We then got another Morman to take us to Casa Granda. We stayed there a day or two then taken the train and came back to El Paso.

IN 1896 I shipped a lot of cows to the Osage Nation but could not get any bulls, so Gay told me he was going to Mexico to buy some cattle and he thought I could get the bulls there, so I went with him. We went to General Trevinos Ranch in the Santa Rosa Mountains and Gay made a trade with him all right except delivering the cattle. Trevinio talked to his boss and his boss said 400 was all he could drive in one herd. There was 1,370 of them so Three (3) herds was the best the boss Mexican would agree to drive them in. Gay asked Trevinio if he would be willing for me to bring an outfit and drive them. The old General said yes if I could drive them to come on so I came back, got a lot of men and wagon and started down. I went to Gay's ranch at nine miles on the head of Live Oak, 16 miles East of Pontoon crossing on the Pecos.

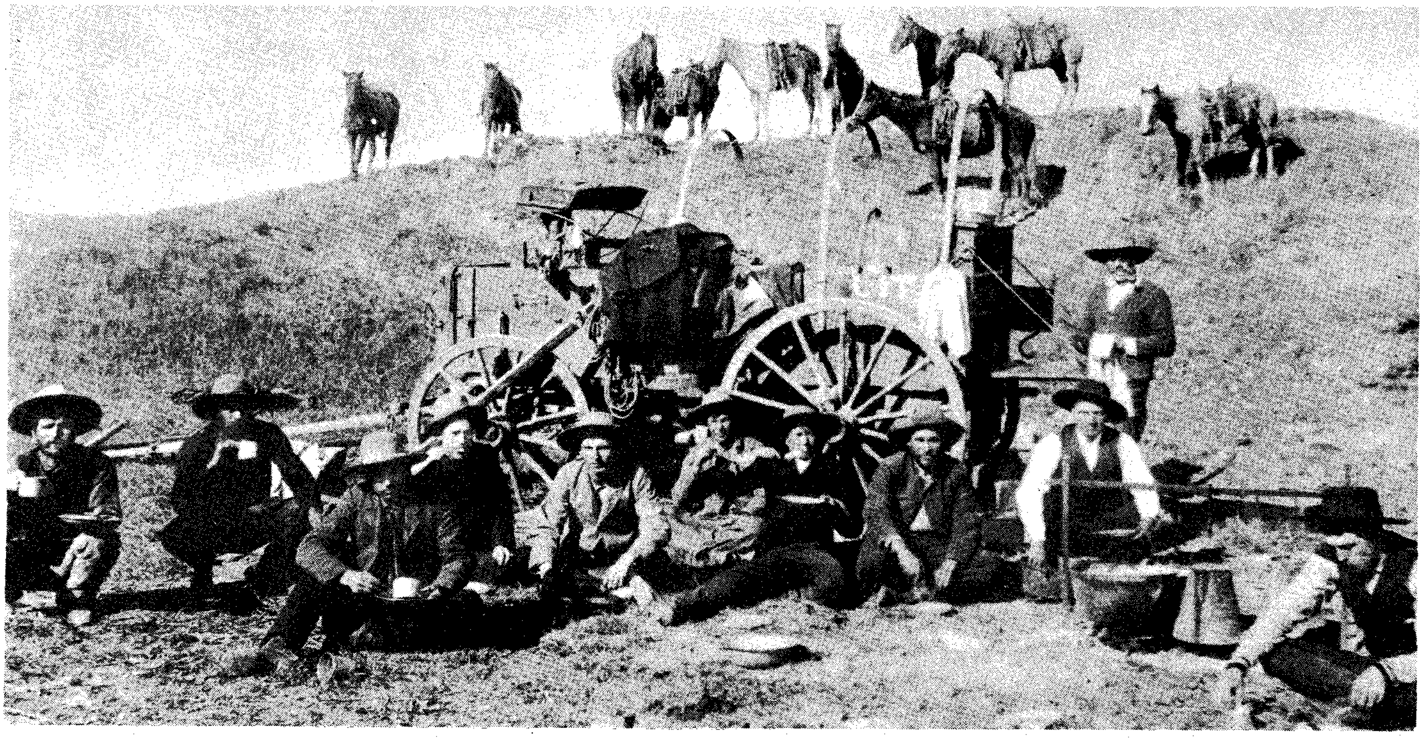
The Rio Grande was up and would be all summer so I told Gay as he went back through San Antonio to send me a skiff and a coil of rope to Dryden and I would get it when I crossed the railroad there. I got my boat and rope and then went 25 miles South to the river. Took the boat and tied one end of the rope to the top of the wheel then fixed a short rope to the front end of the boat, looped it over the other rope so we could pull it backwards and forwards across the river. We took everything we had in the boat, saddles, beds, grub and harness. We swam the horses across the evening we got there, then I had two of the boys saddle up and I turned the wagon around fronting the river, tied a rope from the top of one fore wheel to the top of the other and the same way at hind wheels, so the wagon bed couldn't float off. Billie Hamilton then went to begging to not put the wagon in, he said we would lose our wagon and what would we do. I told him I had helped cross wagons across the Pecos that way, only we always had the load in the wagon.

We tied the rope to the end of the wagon tongue, put a couple of men across the river on their horses and they put the rope to the horn of their saddles and we pushed the wagon in and she went across all right. Billy was happy when he saw the wagon come out all right. Then we went 50 miles in Mexico before we saw a man. One evening I saw a wind mill and when I got in about two miles of it I found a hole of water and I camped. Then I took a long tall fellow with me, we called him Shorty, and went down to the windmill. The man that run the ranch and a Mexican were working on the windmill. His name was Bill Warnick. I talked with him awhile and I had seen a lot of fat calves, so I asked him what he would take for one. I wanted a beef. And he said, "you are the first white man that has been in this country with an outfit for 20 years, and I will give you one and go and kill one."

I thanked him and inquired if there was a Mexican soldier camped there and he told me they were, one mile below there. So I went on down there to let them know what my business was. I showed them my pass, that General Trevinio had sent me and told them my business. The Main Mexican had gone to Monteray and left another one in charge and he was boiling drunk. While talking with him there was a Mexican that had on one of the prettiest Mexican hats I ever saw and I asked to look at it. When

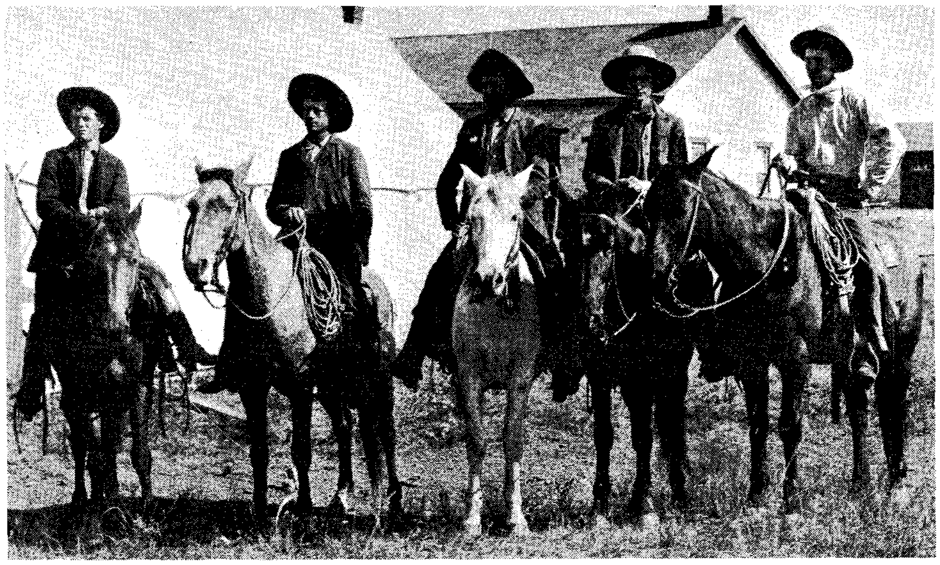
Chow-time on the LIT Ranch in the '80s.

Courtesy Western History Department; University of Oklahoma Library



I handed it back to him this Mexican Captain thought I wanted it and he talked to the Mexican some and the Mexican handed him the hat and he gave it to me. Then he had his horse saddled up and he was going to camp with me that night. He went out and got on his horse and it went to pitching and threw him and he got right on and that time he rode him. He took another Mexican along to wait on him and they went to camp with me.

When we got in about a mile of our wagon I found a good fat calf, so we ran it on to the wagon for beef. When the boys saw us coming they all jumped up; they recognized my horse. We were then fifty miles from Trevinio's Ranch. This Mexican Captain wanted to know if I needed anything and I told him "no," so we went then to Trevinios ranch and Trevinios Mexicans gathered the herd and I held the herd.


Courtesy Western History Department; University of Oklahoma Library

These five cowboys are unidentified, but typical of the breed.

WE worked about a week and got them gathered and was ready to start. We had to drive to Eagle Pass as that was the only port of entry from El Paso there, and was one hundred and seventy-five miles from Trevinios ranch. There were two brands of cattle, as the old General's nephew had about 300 in the herd; they wanted to cut them off in little bunches and tally them and I wouldn't agree to it. I told Gallger, the man I used as interpreter, to tell them we would string them out, let one man count the whole herd and one the smallest brand. But they still wanted to do their way and Gay said they would not be satisfied, to let them have their way. I told him the cattle had not given me any trouble but if they got all stirred up I was afraid they would get to running. He kept arguing to let them have their way so I told them to fly at them.

We commenced about 1 o'clock and was till sundown getting them tallied out and during the time they stirred up a hornets nest. That night they began to run. They made a jump and I went to the herd. Just as I got there they made a sure enough run. I went off with the leaders. I would turn them off and the others would keep right on up the canyon. I would throw them back in the herd and go up the herd and try and throw them the other way, and they would do the same. I had about given up when the other boys began to catch up with me and they said they had been whipping and spurring all the time. We got them stopped about three miles from the wagon. The moon had come up so I bedded them over about 100 acres and held them till day light.

Then we started to go back to the wagon but just as we got them strung out they stampeded and went a little farther than before. I tried them three times, then there was a big rough hill so I told the boys to point them for that so we got them to the hill, then they went all right. We had 40 miles of dry country to cross so I pulled out and we went about 30 miles that day and night; as we were bedding them they commenced running. They kept running every little while. There came a big rain and the water was running on the ground. They would run a piece and then try to drink and then run again and try to drink. We held them till 3 o'clock. It had quit lightning and was as dark as it ever gets, and they made a run and I saw we were short a lot of cattle, so I left half of the men to hold them and I took the rest and went back up the main canyon about 7 miles and when day light came we drove back. We got a few cattle but when we counted them we were about 350 short. So I went and circled and found the trail they had gone up in another canyon.

I sent the Mexicans and gave them a lot of grub and told them to be sure and get them. They were gone 3 days and when they got back we were short 60 head. So we pulled out. We went about 60 miles from there and picked up two steers and the Mexicans said they had just come in there. Those cattle ran every night from Trevino's Ranch to Eagle Pass. The river was up big and they had just passed a city ordinance in C. P. Diaz not allowing any cattle to come into the city limits; but there was an Englishman there by the name of Cloty, he went to the old alcalde and told him that Mr. Gay had come over there and bought those cattle and there was no crossing near the city and that he just had to let him cross and the Alcalde said "yes come on." So we were coming into the crossing.

We got on an old Plaza that had all growed up in weeds and the cattle got to milling. When we got them to move on we saw we had filled two wells with cattle. The Mexicans had dug these wells to get dirt to make adobes and there was nothing to show where they were. So we got out the top cattle, the others were dead. So we gave them to the Mexicans. Then we went on to the river and tried to swim it. I sent one man across on the bridge to hold up the herd and we got them started and got about 100 head across and they balked. We worked till late then come over and put what had crossed in the stock pens, and then held the herd on the San bar that night.

That night Shorty, who was a good fellow and a good hand, after he stood his guard went up in C. P. Diaz and never came back till dinner next day. Gay went and made arrangements with the bridge outfit and we crossed on the bridge. Next morning we cut the herd in three bunches to cross; we would start down the street to the bridge. There was about 100 Mexicans come to help us, they would block up all the cross streets so the cattle would come on the bridge. I would take two men and myself, and go ahead on the bridge. The bridge was three quarters of a mile long. We would keep giving to the cattle and by the time we got to Eagle Pass they would be in a run clear through Eagle Pass before we could stop them.

I had forgot to say that I came very near getting Charlie Galiger drowned the first evening, trying to swim the cattle. Some Mexicans run in to the river and pulled him out, the water was not more than waist deep. He had been out in the river with the cattle, me and him both, and he started back. The first I knew anything was wrong was when I saw the Mexicans pulling him out of the river. When I got everything across Shorty came up. I told him we were ready to eat dinner. Cut my bulls out and turn the herd over to another man. I can't call this man's name. He may be glad I cant for I am going to tell what he done.

I asked him if he aimed to work Shorty, he said no he would not work a man that had done as Shorty had done, so I fired Shorty and shipped my bulls to the Osage Nation. Shorty stayed in Eagle Pass about three days, got his drunk out or broke, I don't know which or both, and then got on his horse and over took the herd. The Boss gave him work on the ranch on the head of Live Oak sixteen miles east of Pontoon crossing on the Pecos. The boys afterwards told me these cattle kept running all the way through. Trevinos Brand and G on the left side.

NOW I will write about one more trip. I went to Musquez, Mexico, at the foot of the Santa Rosa Mountains and bought 300 cows and sixteen saddle horses from a Welchman by the name of Laramonth. Then I contracted for Tom Shaws cows and calves with a 10 per cent cut, then I wired to Billie Hamilton at Paint Rock to get my outfit at Eden and to be at Eagle Pass at a certain date. When the outfit got there the Mexicans cattle had not got there.

I was stopping with Tom Shaw. The boys wanted to go over to C. P. Diaz that night, I told them all right but I did not care to go. I told them . . . that they were not in the U. S. A. and to behave themselves.

They got to fooling around some old Mexican house and he followed them in to town. They went into Frank Starkweathers Saloon and the old Mexican got a policeman and had all of them arrested except old Frank Hargis. He saw the old Mexican following them and dropped out in some alley, and let them pass by. Starkweather talked to the Mexican and told him they were a bunch of greenhorns, and got him to agree to turn them loose and they agreed to come back across the river. So they turned them loose and they hit the bridge and came back to camp. I forgot to say Billie Hamilton did not go but stayed at camp to take care of it as we were camping in the edge of Eagle Pass.

Old Frank Hargis, known as spider, got drunk and lay out in C. P. Diaz that night and got in the next morning, so I made his bed down and he slept all that day and night. The next morning the cattle came in from Mexico and I paid the duty on them and crossed them over, loaded up the wagon with grub and started to Tom Shaws ranch to receive the cows and calves I had bought from Tom. That night we tied up about 4 of the Mexican ponies for night horses. One got a straddle of the rope and run and broke loose. While we were catching him another one stampeded and got away. Then I had the boys to tie the others up short to the wagon wheel and was back in Mexico.

We talied the cattle out and there were 2,515 head of steers, 3s and up, they had steers up to 7. Just before leaving Eagle Pass Frank Hargis came to me and said "Fred, I expect you had better get a bottle and take along, and you can watch me and if you think I need a drink you can give me one." So I got the bottle, put it in a tin bucket and put it back in the grub box, so nobody but me and cook knew anything about it. One morning there was a pretty good norther blowing. I came in off of last guard and called them all to get up for breakfast. I got the bottle and says "Frank, now would you like to have a drink?" Frank says, "I had forgotten all about telling you to get that bottle, or there would not have been any left." I told him I knew that.

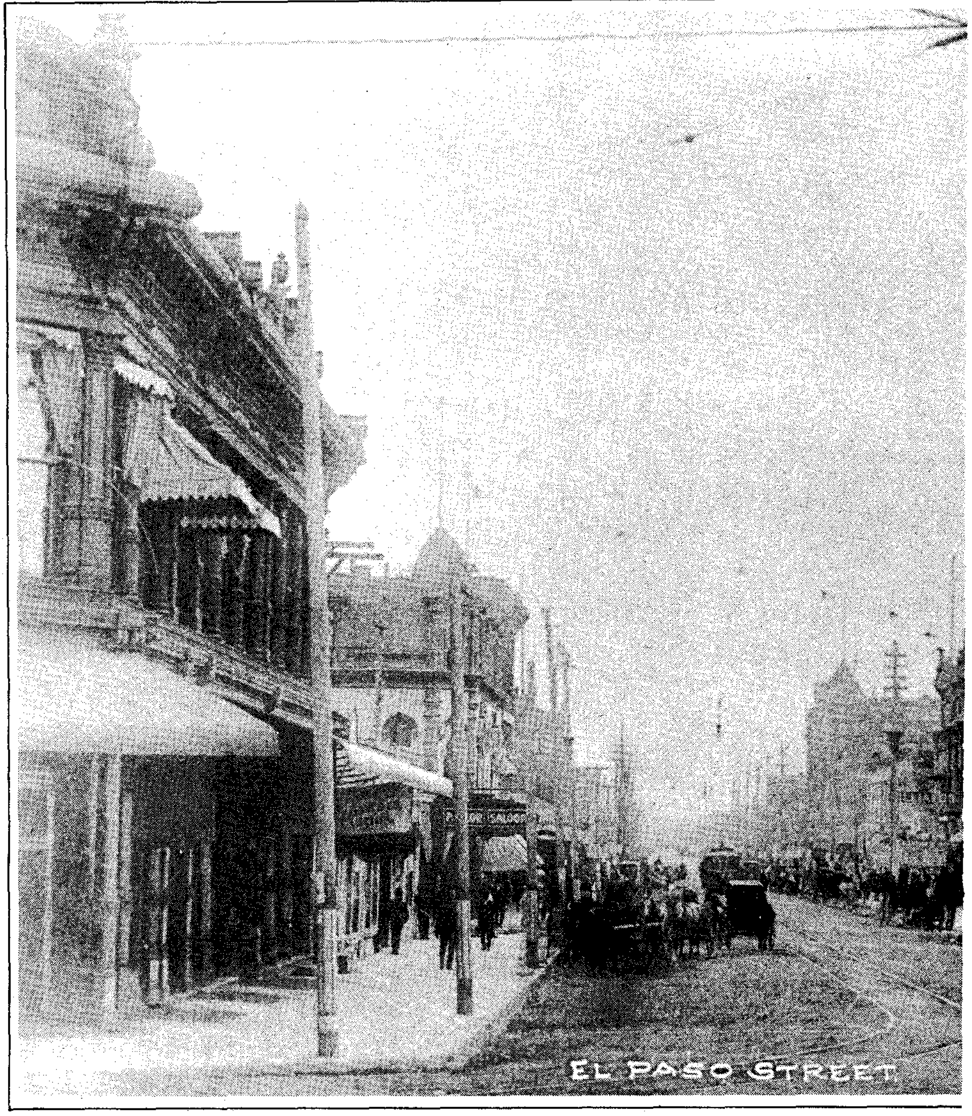
Nothing happened until we got to the head of the West Nueces river. It was awful rough and brushy and I did not go ahead till late. I heard there was a big pen and I aimed to pen that night so I went on to see about the pen. The pen was all right, there was a house about 100 yards from the pen. I went and hallowed hello and a lady came to the door. I told her I would like to pen a herd of cattle there that night. She said her husband was gone and had told her he did not want any cattle penned in the big pen as he aimed to plant it in the spring. She said I was welcome to use the smaller pen. I told her a smaller pen would not hold my cattle. It looked open so I told her if I could get a bed ground I did not care to pen. She said the bed ground was in Mr. Ellis pasture.

I went and looked over the fence and I saw I could not get a very good bed ground there so I rode back to the house and asked her where Mr. Ellis lived. She said about 2 miles. I asked her if he was a cow man and she said he was. I told her I didn't have time to go see him but I guessed it would be all right and she said she didn't know, that he was a mighty curious old man. I went ahead, it was about sun down; when I got my herd inside and the cook was getting supper two men rode up and said "good evening." I spoke to them and asked them to get down and they said "no" one of them was Jerry Ellis and he asked me where I came in at. I told him them wagon tracks would show him where we came in at and he said he would go look at the fence.

When he came riding back I said "Well, how did you find the fence?" He said it was a little slack. I tried to get him to eat supper with us but he said "No" and rode on. I told the boys in the morning we would hit the road till we got out of his pasture and then graze, but just at the crack of day we were pushing the cattle off the bed ground when up rode old Jerry growling and grumbling. I said "I don't think I have damaged you any, but I am willing to pay you $5.00" and he said "Turn a whole herd of cattle in a man's pasture, tramp up his grounds, eat up his grass, and offer $5.00. Yes young man I will have you in Rock Spring jail before night." I never said another word to him. When we got to the gate I counted my cattle and was short Two (2) so I told the boys to graze the cattle and I took one man with me and went back

El Paso, Texas about 1898.

Courtesy Southwest Reference Section; El Paso Public Library

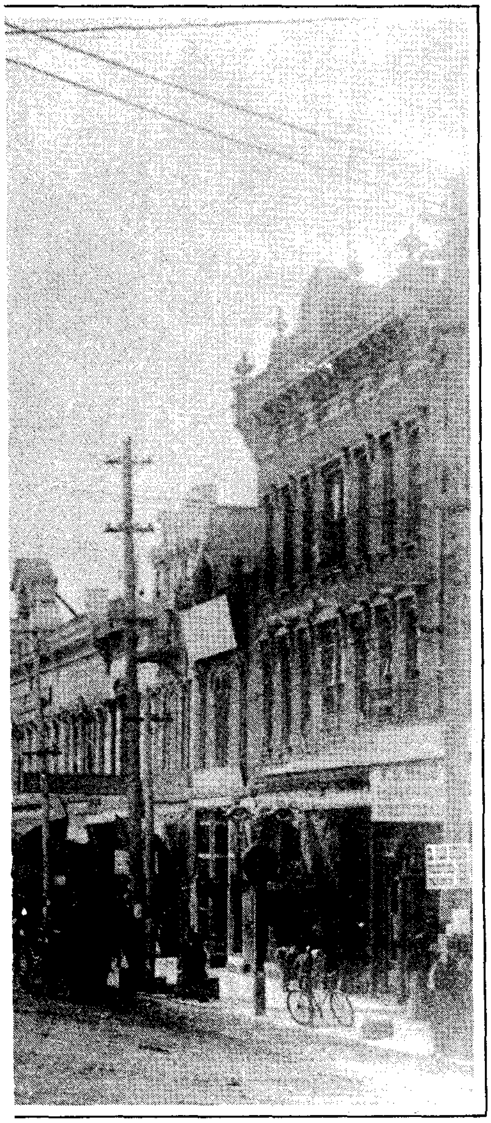


and hunted but could not find anything.

The next spring Charlie Warren wrote me that he found my two cows in Jerry Ellis pasture and that Ellis would not let him cut them. I wrote him the next time he rounded up to tell Ellis if he would not give them up I would come and get them but he wrote me some time after that they never showed up again.

I will write about one more trip. About 12 years ago I drove a bunch of fat cattle from Devils river to Brady to ship. When I got in about 5 miles of Brady I put them in a hold over trap to stay all night. I rode the fence and it was getting dark. I had one man with me. We were making our bed when I heard some one say "Hup Hoay Hoay" so I said, "there is some one else making for the trap." I walked out to the gate and a man came riding down the lane. I hollowed and asked him if he wanted to turn in and he said yes, so I told him to bring them on.

I opened the gate and stood in the lane to turn them in; when they all got in, a man rode up. I sky lighted and could see no one else, so I asked him if something had run back. He said, "there ain't nobody but me." I asked him what he had. He said a car of fat cows and a car of calves. He had cut the calves off from the cows near Eden and he had driven them all the way, 25 miles that day, by himself and had come through Hoskins pasture 4 miles without a lane.



I told him we only had one horse staked, that I would get another one and help herd his cattle that night and he said he did not think they would give any trouble. I told him I had been around the fence, it was a 4 wire fence and his calves would get out and back. He said he did not think they would give any trouble. I told him all right, if that suited him, all right. I got another horse and staked him, so next morning we got up before day and got breakfast and got out and rounded up the little pasture just at the crack of day and counted out. We were not short a one. So we started on down the road and I says to him, "I met a brother of yours at Arkansas City, Kansas, a few years ago, and he says, "I have got a brother I have not heard of in a long time." I said I know he is a brother for one night sitting on the porch of the Gladstone Hotel in Arkansas City I heard him tell about one time he was on a steam boat on the Mississippi River. He was drunk and fell over in the big wheel; it turned around 5 or 6 times before they could stop the boat. He grabbed the wheel and when it stopped he was on the uper side, he got out and never got wet. He said there was an old man on board that hollored out, "take me to shore, take me to shore, I won't ride on no damned boat where a man falls over board and don't get wet." I told him that a man what could turn a car load of calves out from the cows in a 4 wire fence and get them all the next morning and the man that fell in the Mississippi river and did not get wet were bound to be brothers.

We went about a half mile and we met Rufe Carroll who was the mans pardner. I told Rufe about meeting this fellows brother and he laughed for half an hour. I afterwards got well acquainted with this man. His name is old Joe Williams. Every time I see him I ask him if he has ever heard of his brother and he laughs and says, "No he had not heard anything more of him."

I am nearly through, but I want to say me and Jim Rose were pardners 10 years, and there was never a cross word or a hard feeling between us that I know of, and I will say that Jim was a whole lot better trader than I was and stood well with every body. I never thought and I don't believe Jim thought he held an edge on me when it came to working men. I will always think of Jim as my very best friend. He has been dead nearly two years. Jim was witty and always joking. Everybody knew when Jim said anything out side of joking that he meant it.

(P. S.) I want to say that I have told things just as they happened and this is a true piece except I said Hige Neal never met a stranger from Coleman County, Texas, to Honeywell Kansas. Of course he met strangers but you could hardly tell it, he would ask a man where he was from and he would know some one there, and would soon be in a big conversation and you would think he had known the man always. Hige said in 1881 that he knew some one in every state in the U. S., and every county in Texas, and I had no right to say he did not, for he knew more people than any man I ever saw, and had the best recollection of any man I ever saw. He sure enough could write a book, if he would, for he had heard the Owl holler.

PECOS COUNTY

I will now write a piece about Pecos County. I came across the Pecos river the fall of 1885. I crossed the Pecos at the Pontoon crossing. When we got to the top of the mountain 3 miles East of Pontoon crossing we could see the river. We came down the mountain and camped that night, then the next morning we came on to the river. We got in 50 yards of the river before we could see any sign of it. We had to swim the river, it was always swimming then.

We came on about the 12 mile point and we met old man Prude and Lit Walker and Edd Crockett. They had a herd just ahead of us; they were going to the Davis Mountains. We asked them about our place at the Tunis Spring as they had passed it and Lit Walker said he had a pretty good place but nothing like ours. He said the grass out at their place was waist high and never been hit. They turned about 2700 head loose in the Davis Mountains and lost about half of them. The next spring the heel flies were bad in the Davis Mountains and would get after the cattle up on the sides of the mountains and when they would start to run lots of them would fall and roll down the mountain and never get up.

Jim Nunn, Carl Fuler and Henry Townsend were in the same outfit. Me and Bryan Swaim, Billy Hobbs and Izaer Hock were in our outfit. I stayed at the Tunis Spring 20 miles East of Ft. Stockton 4 years. I came there the fall of 1889. When we first came there we rode a line to throw the Mule Shoe cattle back off of us but the Mule shoe outfit would do nothing so we quit after the first winter and would brand all the Mule Shoe mavericks we could after that. It was customary then when you found somebodys else calf following your cow to stripe its legs with a hot iron and brand one of theirs.

The Mule Shoe outfit talked about quitting that and going to baring out the brands and putting the mule shoe on them. I told them it suited me all right but they never tried till after I left the county. They got to doing that and Morgan Livingstone told me they bared out one of a mans that lived in San Angelo now and the next time they rounded up they found about 30 mule shoes bared out with his brand on them. He done just what I would of done. I never bothered anybody's calves but the mule shoes and TX. They were two of the biggest out fits and they would do nothing to help keep their cattle from eating us out. The Mule Shoes claimed

18,000 thousand and the TX claimed 10,000 on the west side of the Pecos and 20,000 on the east side.

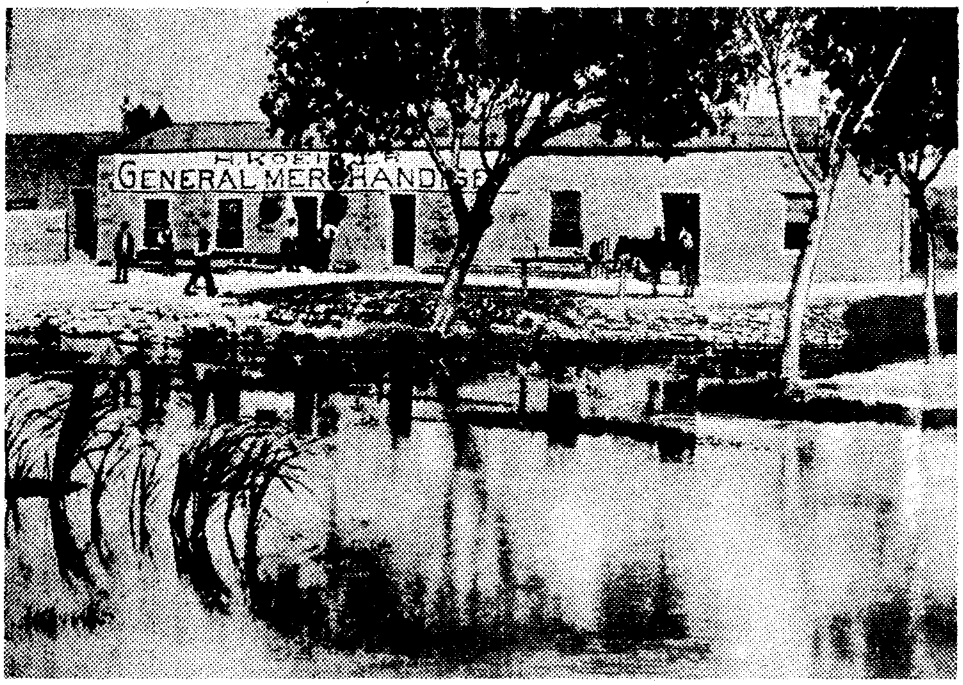
There was the NA and the YONG, the SSS and the T-Five and Harris and Childers. I can't call their brand, which were pretty big outfits, but I never bothered them. I did brand one SSS yearling one time but I did not know it at the time. I was going down the river on the works one time; I had my rope on the pack and I struck a big unbranded calf. It was with a bunch of cattle but the cow was not there so I tailed it down, tied it with my horn string and branded it. When we got back up there and rounded up it was following a SSS cow and we branded them one of mine and striped its leg.

I will rite a piece about Herman Koehler who run a store and saloon at Ft. Stockton. I will say he was one of the best men I ever saw. He said he was a friend of the Boys and I think you will agree with me when you read this. He had everything in his store marked in plain figures. You could take down anything and tell just what it would cost you. Sometimes a fellow would say Koehler this is a little high, ain't it? and he would say, by g--d don't take it. He sold it at just what is was marked or not at all. He very often give a fellow a new hat or something but he always sold at his price or not at all.

Koehler and his clerk, George Hawthorne, waited on the Mexicans', the white boys and a few of the Mexicans that worked regular in the cow out fits waited on themselves. They would hunt up what they wanted and tell Koehler or Hawthorne what it was and they would charge them up with it. In his saloon he had two slates hinged together. When you treated he would write your name and put down the amount in figures, then at night he would charge it all off on his books, wipe off the slates and was ready for another day. I have seen 25 or 30 men there at night. He would spread down all his quilts and blankets if necessary, bed them all over the saloon and store. The first one up would be bartender, charge who ever set them up or got stuck throwing dice.

A widow lady named Mrs. Head run the Hotel for Koehler and he had an old Mexican named Albertha that tended to the feed lot. If you wanted your horse fed grain tell old Albertha and he would feed him just like you told him to. There was no charges on your horse no difference how long you stayed. When you rode up you called Albertha to unsaddle your horse and told him how you wanted him tended to, put your saddle in a little room and go and set em up.

I did not finish about the hotel. Mrs. Head only had one bed room and it took a sick man or a district judge to get it, the rest went back to the store or saloon. They would generally have a poker game that would last till one or 2 o'clock. Someone would be banker and issue the chips then it would all go on Koehlers books. Them that lost would be charged, them that won would be credited with it, then when tax paying time come the little men payed no attention to it.



Koehler's General Store at Ft. Stockton.

Old man Edgar was Sheriff. Koehler would tell him to let the taxes go as long as he could then to make out the receipts and bring them to him. He would check them up and give a check for the whole amount. The next time you came to town Koehler would go get your tax receipt and say, well by g--d here's your tax receipt. Boys would come from back east and work till the work broke up in the fall and go back then. In the spring they would want to come back. They would draw on Koehler for 40 or 50 dollars and I never did know of him turning one of them down. They would come back, go to work and then pay Koehler. One year either 87 or 88, but I think 87, there was a big lot of people going to New Mexico. When they would get to Stockton they would be broke. They would go to Koehler, tell him where they were going and would ask to get a dollar's worth of coffee, a sack of flour and a little piece of bacon. Koehler would say, well its a good ways to where you are going, you had better take more and they would say they did not have any money and Koehler would say that's all right, when you gets there and makes some money you can send it back to me.

Koehler told me two years after that one time I was back there he says, Fred, all dem men sent me the money but vun and I think some bad luck overtook him. I believe he will send it yet.

Federal Court was going on at El Paso at that time and 4 or 5 of the boys were out there at the time Koehler went to his safe and got out a lot of checks and showed them to me. They run from 50 to 100 dollars. He lafted and said the boys are having a big time ain't they. I had forgot to say Koehler always had a big stack of hay in his pen; he had a scafold built up high enuf for the horses to walk under it and the hay stacked on top of the scafold; about 10 o'clock every morning old Albertha would unlock the gate and turn them to the creek, let them drink and put them back in the pen.

Koehler went to San Antonio one time and stayed about 3 months, his supplies had run short when he came back and he was short of money. Zyer Hock had about $1,000.00 so Koehler went to Zyer Hock and asked to borrow it and Zyer said yes, I wish I had more to let you have.

ABOUT 12 years ago I came west looking for a place, I crossed the Pecos River 3 miles east of Sheffield on a bridge; when I got on the bridge I could see the bottom of the river. I went on to Sheffield and told them felows that I used to be out in that country and if I could of got insurance to live till I see the bottom of the Pecos river I would of taken it but I would be dead now for I had just seen it.

The Pecos used to be swimming all the time and there was no edy holes, it was a swift current everywhere. You could dip up a bucket of water and in a minute pour off the water and there would be an inch of sand in the bottom of your bucket, and the Pecos is the crookedest river in the world. Now I have not been all over the world but I know there is not another river half as crooked as the Pecos.

We used to go in a swimming. We would jump in the river, go about half a mile down stream and come out at our clothes and of a night we would put our herd in a bend and one man watch the gap at a time. It would not be over 30 feet wide and sometimes less and I never knew of the cattle getting out of a bend of the river. Sometimes we would throw a small round up in a bend and rope and brand our calves.

One time Lee Herd was talking; he said he reckoned the Pecos boys were the most expert cow boys in the world and

Bryan Swain said, Yes, with the "ex" left off, and it liked to have tickled Billy Homesly to death; he said that fit in the best he ever heard. They would dash out, round up about 7 or 8 miles of the river, brand out again, make 4 round ups a day getting the cattle that were close to the water, but cattle went further from water in the Pecos country than any place I ever saw or herd of. There was big steers then and they would go back 20 and a few 25 miles of water. We would go down the Escondido to the river at Pontoon, then down Fence Spring to the T-Five Ranch. There was a draw that headed against the Escondido draw but nearly everybody thought it was 4 mile canyon that run in to the Pecos 4 miles above Pecos Springs.

I got on my horse one morning and I told the boys when I got back I would tell them whether that draw that headed South of the Tunis Spring was four miles or Independence draw. I went out and struck the head of the draw and went down it and went to the T-Five ranch at Independence Spring, back up it and to our ranch at the Tunis Spring. I came in about dark, the boys were eating supper. I told them to go to guessing; 2 of them thought it 4 mile and one was arguing that it was Independence, so I told them I guessed I could settle it. I went down it and went to the Independence ranch and came up it and come back to our Ranch at Tunis Spring and that it was Independence draw. I told them we could take a wagon that way all right, so we soon had a wagon road that way and it was at least 20 miles near.

Then we found some charcos or rock holes of water in the head of a canyon about 25 miles from the Tunis Spring. We would go out near them, camp all night and next morning we would take the wagon in about 50 yards of the Charco and carry water, fill up our barrel and go on. One time we were rounding up out near the Siero Madro Mountain. . . . Dinner time came so we threw the irons out of the fire and all went to dinner except me and 2 more boys left to hold the round up; the cattle got quiet and I rode in to see what I could see. I found a cow with a big calf branded F on the left shoulder with a blotched brand on the hip. I just knew that she was one of some boys over at the mouth of the Concho river for the F was a slow brand of theirs.

So I went to the fire and put in some irons then went and cut the cow out and roped her and run her up to the fire, threw her and tied her. Bob Lotadale jumped on his horse and came running up from camp and says whats on that cow? I said F; he says I know a man that give that brand; I said so do I and picked my iron and put my B H Triangle on her. Afterwards Brown Pascal from Alpine was over there and seen her. I was not there so he told Bryan Swain to tell me that he was running the F for a slow brand and that I do just as I pleased, send him pay for her or not. So I sent him $12.00 for the cow and calf.

Old Brigado Sanches an old Mexican that was always on the guy, the only one I ever saw like him, but old Brig said he was in a white man's country and that he would not fight a white man at all. Bryant Swaim could not talk any Mexican so old Brig told Bryant he would say a whole lot to him and for Bryant to say segura casse, which means yes, of course, and then he would say a lot more and for Bryant to say segura casee and these Mexicans will think you speak good Spanish.

THE fall of 1892 me and Jim Rose had a lot of cattle at Eden. Concho County grass was short and we could not find any place to pasture them so I told Jim we could take them out to the Tunis Spring. I brought them out there and we kept them there one year then moved them back to Eden. I did not stay with them but put Hige Smith out there with them.

One time the TX outfit failed to pay their taxes and old man Edgar was sheriff. He advertised the cattle and was going to sell enuf to pay the taxes. I went to Mr. Edgar and told him he had not rounded up and levied on a certain lot of cattle and I was afraid his sale would not hold good but he said it would. There were 7 of us that aimed to buy them in at the tax sale if we could so I got them all together and told them we would be a bunch of fools to go to bidding against one another to all stand in, let 2 men bid on them and the rest keep quiet.

They all seen the point so two men bid them in. They got 1027 head; if I reckilect right they cost 17 cents a head. So Stearl Pullian was Deputy Sheriff and he got a wagon and us fellows went with him to gather and brand them out. Sid Kyle was running a wagon for the TX so we went down below Horse Head Crossing on the river where Sid was gathering cattle. Stearl Pulliam told him what had happened and that he wanted what cattle he had in his herd. Sid said all right if the TX outfit did not have sense enough to pay their tax to take them so we got his herd and then gathered enough to make our number and taken them to a pen on the Escondido and branded them out. . . . they always paid their taxes on time after that.

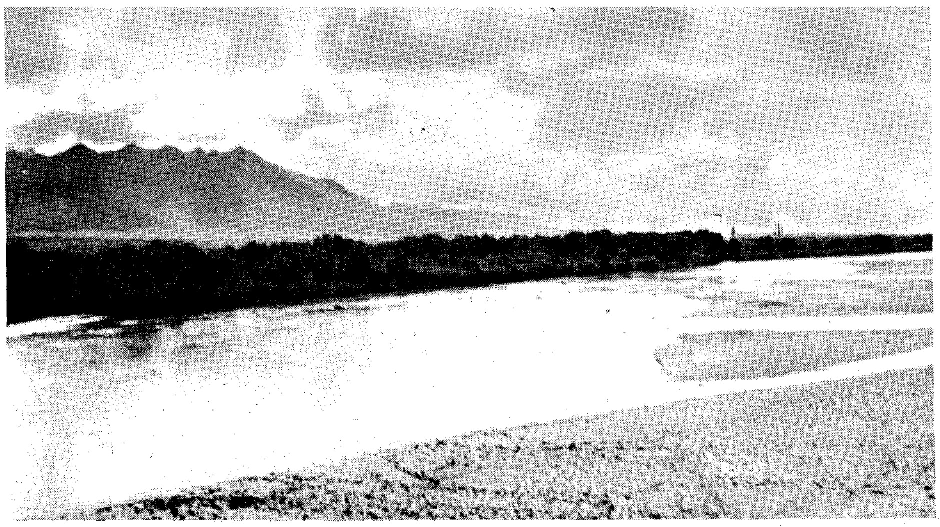
One time a fellow from Alpine rode into a round-up just before they turned it loose and cut a big stear out. Old man Dayton that worked with the TX rode up to Jim Livingstone and says, Jim, don't you know that fellow is stealing that stear? Jim says I don't know, Dayton says I do, if that it had been his he would of cut him the first or second. When ever you see a man ride in and cut a big steer the last thing you may know he is stealing him and Dayton ort to have been a graduate in the cow business for he used to be on Deep Creek in McColough County, Texas.

There is Henry Mansfield that lives now at Sanderson. He was at Stockton when I was there. The last time I saw Henry was either 1891 or '92. I drove to Amarillo both years. Henry had drove a herd up there and was just leaving when I got there. Everything was all right at Stockton when I left there in '89 and all got along like a bunch of brothers. There was no hard feelings in the country at that time when Royal was killed. I was out there after that and I told the boys I did not want any of them to tell me anything about it.

Old Man Hart Mussey was head man on the Mule Shoe Ranch. They had in about 1000 acres in irrigated farm and had Mexican farmers at that time. When an election would come Mr. Mussey would have his tickets printed with just the names he wanted elected and old Man Billy Young would have his tickets too but Mussey always won for his Mexicans was the majority of the voters of the county. Mr. Mussey would take a seat in front of the polls and the Mexicans would go to him and he would give a ticket and they would just turn and vote it. Ask a Mexican who he voted for and he would say for Don Carason as that was what they called Mr. Mussey. Mr. Mussey was a good man but I did not like that style of an election.

The night before an election Mr. Mussey had a big yard fenced with Adobie mud on top and when it was built it was sprinkled with broken glass. It was

A cattle-crossing on the Rio Grande.



tolorable high and he would give the Mexicans a big dance and a supper then lock the gates before day and have two wagons and they would haul the Mexicans to the polls next morning. I allways voted a mixed ticket. I voted for who I thought was the best men. They used to call Mr. Mussey king of Pecos County and I always thought they had him named right. I will refer you to Morgan Livingstone and Howell Johnson both of Ft. Stockton as to whether what I have wrote is true or not.

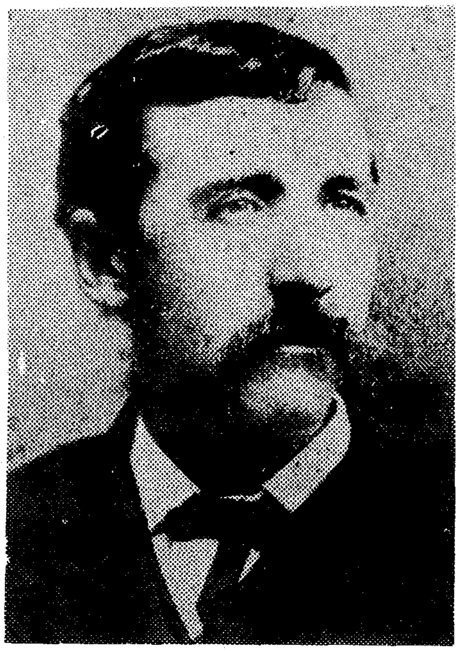
Here is about the shape of the Pecos River from the first Narrows below Sheffield up but I would bet it a hundred miles shorter now as lots of the bends have washed out.

One thing I had forgot to say anything about; the drouth of '86. It never rained a drop from the fall of '85 till May '87, but Koehler never asked anybody to settle their accounts. He said he bought his goods from Halff at San Antonio. "He's got a ranch here and just as long as he can wait I can wait on the boys." Now I don't expect many of these 1920 boys know anything about what a slow brand was. They can ask some old timer. They all ort to know. I can count all the men on my fingers that never branded anything but what they knew was theirs and probably have a finger or two left; that is men that got out and worked.

Old man Bob Murchison, who used to be on the Concho and afterwards on the head of Devil's River, and Joe Johnson of Ballinger, Texas, were two. I will tell a little circumstance that old Joe B. Johnson told me about when John Blocker first started his ranch in the north west corner of Runnels County. Old Joe at that time was up near Abilene running the JC cattle. The next spring he came down on the works, they rounded up on Blocker's ranch. There was a JC cow with an APB yearling a following her. Then they commenced cutting cows and calves, got a little bunch cut out and Felix Shaw cut the yearling out in the cow and calf bunch. The cow come balling after it and Joe he held her back. Joe said it kept the man busy that was holding the cut to keep the yearling and it kept him busy to hold the cow but they never let them get together. Then a while after that Joe and Felix Shaw was in Abilene and was drinking and Felix told Joe he thought more of him than anybody else and Joe said, "You are a liar," and Felix said yes he did and Joe says, "Didn't I see you steal my calf?" and Felix said, "I thought if you did not know that was your calf, you was the biggest fool I ever saw." Joe said that made friends with the Blocker outfit and he did not think they ever branded another JC calf.

Herman Koehler seated on left.

Joe B. Johnson



I married in 1896 and since that time I have been straight. I am like old Ben Polk, he used to say if the old man did not get his cow book he would be all right, but if he gets that I am gone. Ben afterwards went in the sheep business. I stayed all night with Ben. He had been in the sheep business about 5 years. I asked Ben about the sheep book, he slapped his leg and laughed and said he better let that go too. I could write more but I won't, for the ladies might want to read it.

THE ORIGINAL OLD STORE

The picture represents the Original Old Store of H. Koehler, an uncle of Mr. H. H. Butz. The figures at the extreme left are those of Jack Edgar, left, and H. Koehler, right. Jack Edgar was the sheriff of Pecos County, and a close friend of Mr. Koehler.

H. Koehler was the originator of the business. After his death the business was sold to Wilson & Hawthorne, who, in turn, sold to Rooney & Butz, who did business in this stand for a number of years. Mr. Butz retiring, the business was conducted by James Rooney until 1910, when it was incorporated under the name of the Rooney Mercantile Company.

The picture shows the spring and stream as it appeared in 1885, when this photo was taken. For the information of the old-timers the figures in the picture, from left to right, are: Jack Edgar, H. Koehler, Geo. Hawthorne, Carpenter (behind the horse), Alberto and George Lewis.

IN CONCLUSION

I will now write a short sketch of each of the three friends that I have their pictures in this book.

First, I will speak of Jim Rose, my

(Continued on page 62)

By SAM BLOOM
Photos Courtesy Author

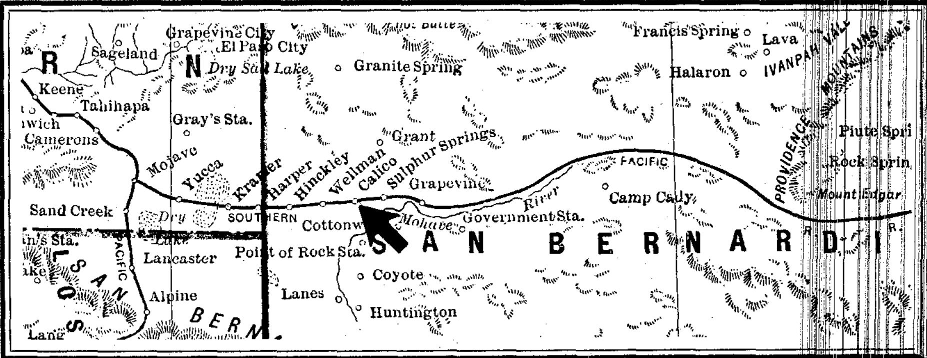
WHEN A COLLIE CARRIED THE MAIL

We hate to say so, but Civil Service went to the dogs for a while!

"Dorsey" the mail-carrying canine had a job to do, and did it!

Courtesy Knott's Berry Farm; Taken from **Calico Ghost Town** © 1959 Kott's Berry Farm

Map below shows Calico's location.
Map from **Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888**


Grapevine City
El Paso City
Sageland
Dry Salt Lake
Granite Spring
Francis Spring
Lava
Halaron
IVANPAH VALL
MOUNTAINS
Keene
Tahihapa
Cameron
Gray's Sta.
Grant
Sulphur Springs
Mojave
Yucca
Kramer
Harper
Hinckley
Wellman
Calico
Grapevine
PACIFIC
Camp Cady
PROVIDENCE
Piute Spri
Rock Sprin
Mount Edgar
Sand Creek
Dry Lake
SOUTHERN
Cottonw
Mohave River
Government Sta.
SAN BERNARDI
Lancaster
Point of Rock Sta.
Coyote
Lanes
Huntington
Alpine
LOS ANGELES
BERN
Lang

Explanatory note: We wish we could have Dorsey back with us for about ten minutes, and that during those ten minutes he could either speak People Language or we could speak Dog. Because it surely seems to us that there are a few points in his life that only Dorsey could straighten out once and for all.

Dorsey was something of a canine wonder in the mining area around the Calico Hills and old-timers had no trouble remembering him. What they did seem to have trouble with was the exact name of his owners (variously given as Alwin, James, William, and Everett Stacy or a Mr. Overshiner); the exact route he traveled (Calico to East Calico or Calico to Yermo); or how he spent his last days (died of a bullet wound or died in ease and comfort as a pampered pet). The story we're presenting is what the author considers closest to the truth.

CALIFORNIA miners had a big problem going for them at the old Bismark Camp of East Calico in 1882. The problem—mail service, or lack of it. It wasn't much of a community, as communities go, having only forty people altogether, and that's throwing in the workers of the adjacent mines of Odessa, Garfield and Occidental.

But all had one thing in common, their thirst for news and a better method of communication with the outside world.

They were a hard working lot at East Calico, their only diversion being gambling and liquor; but in the main they were not a violent group. Without mail or newspapers they felt they were in a separate world. What stoked the coal for their economy was the great silver boom that spread throughout the Calicos. Their neighbors in Calico proper were less than a mile away by air, but the direct route was steep and circuitous, almost impossible to negotiate in inclement weather.

There are few picturesque paths one can take today which will equal in

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THE ROSE

HERB MIGNERY

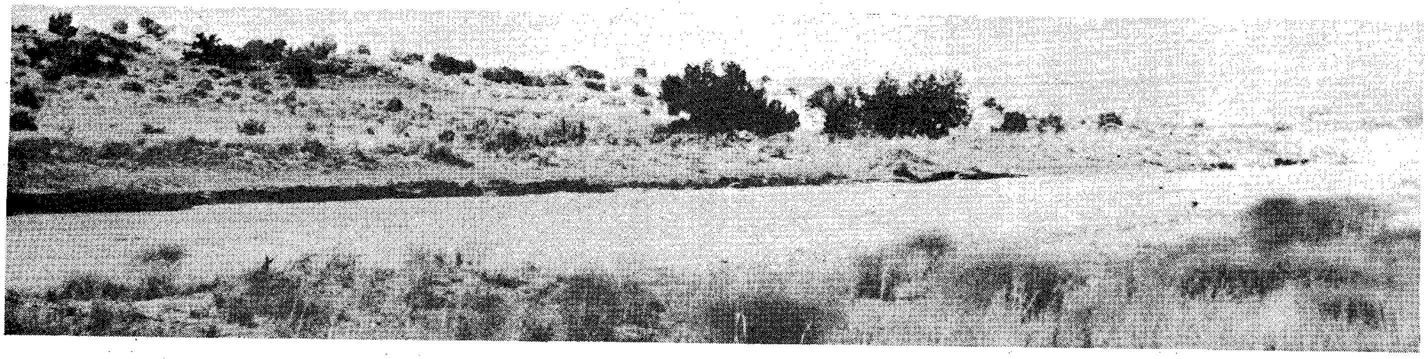
MANY treasure tales have no remembered beginning. They emerge from the mists of time in full bloom, having been handed down verbally from generation to generation and long accepted as undisputed fact. They may have originated in the remote past or date back no farther than five decades. But though they cannot be backtracked to an original source, subsequent evidence supports them. Obviously some of the details have been exaggerated by repetition and hopeful dreaming, but their gossamer webs are intriguing, plausible, and offer the possibility of real wealth.

The rose quartz gold of western New Mexico in the Navajo country is just such a saga. It is a *saga* and yet possesses some alluring facts to establish its existence. For quite a time it has been known that gold in an amazingly *real* rose-red quartz abounds somewhere in San Juan County south of Shiprock. This gold has been taken out and sold in small quantities. At least a dozen sites for the peculiar rose-red deposit have been suspected and searched by knowledgeable geologists.

Although there were accounts of its existence long before, the first tangible evidence of the rose quartz gold showed up in the late 1890s. A middle-aged prospector brought out some and there are men and women still living who saw him with it, yet none of them today can recall his name.

In an effort to pin down a name and concrete evidence about the prospector I attended an old settlers reunion at Farmington, New Mexico, in September 1968. At least a dozen men and women, eighty

It is believed that the gold ledge is somewhere near where the Chaco River leaves the canyon.



If you support the adage that "where there's smoke, there's fire" then you'll agree that several embers of truth color

QUARTZ GOLD

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Herb Mignery

J. H. McAdams and daughter Maxine. McAdams bought the gold from Senijeni over a period of years.

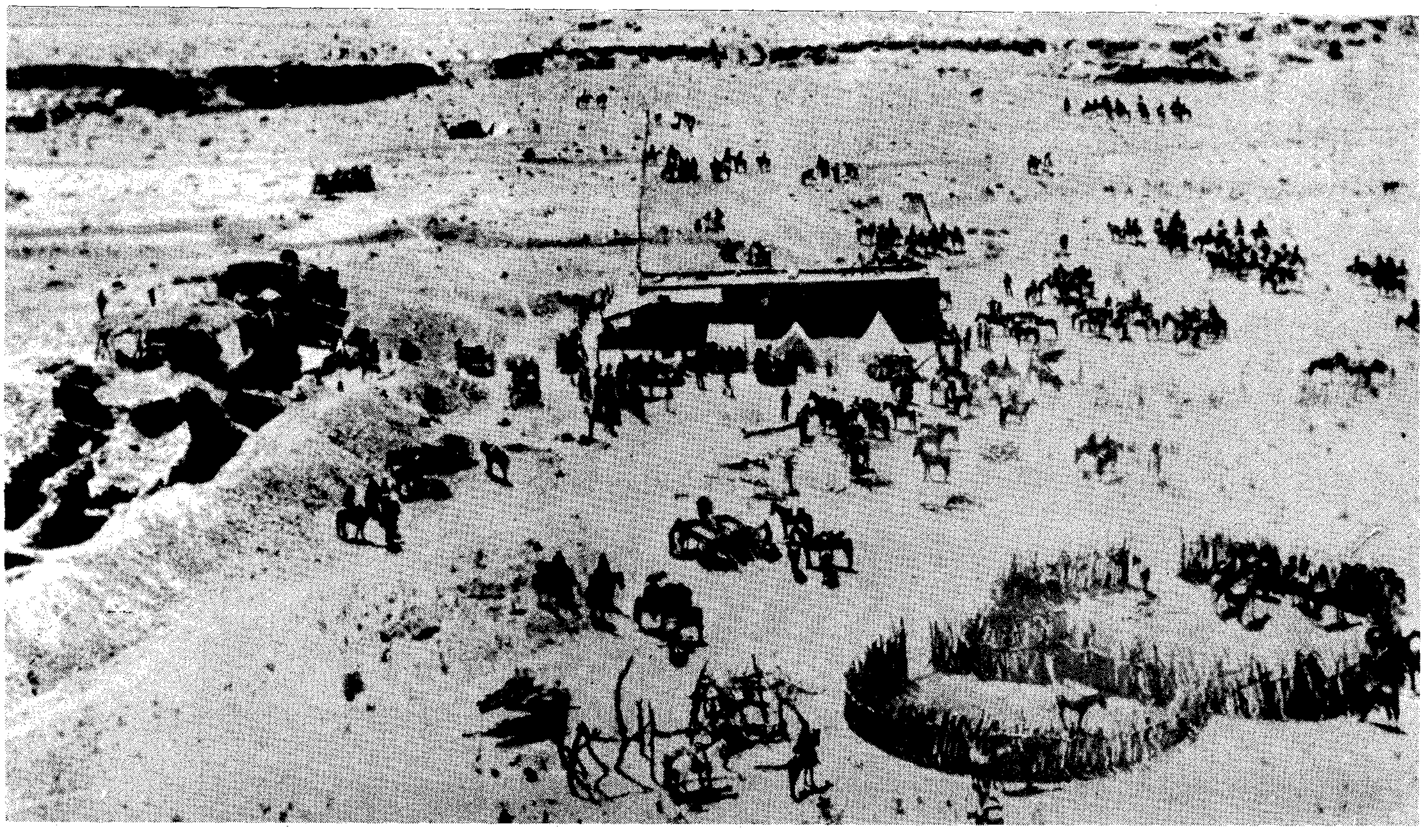
Courtesy Lee McAdams

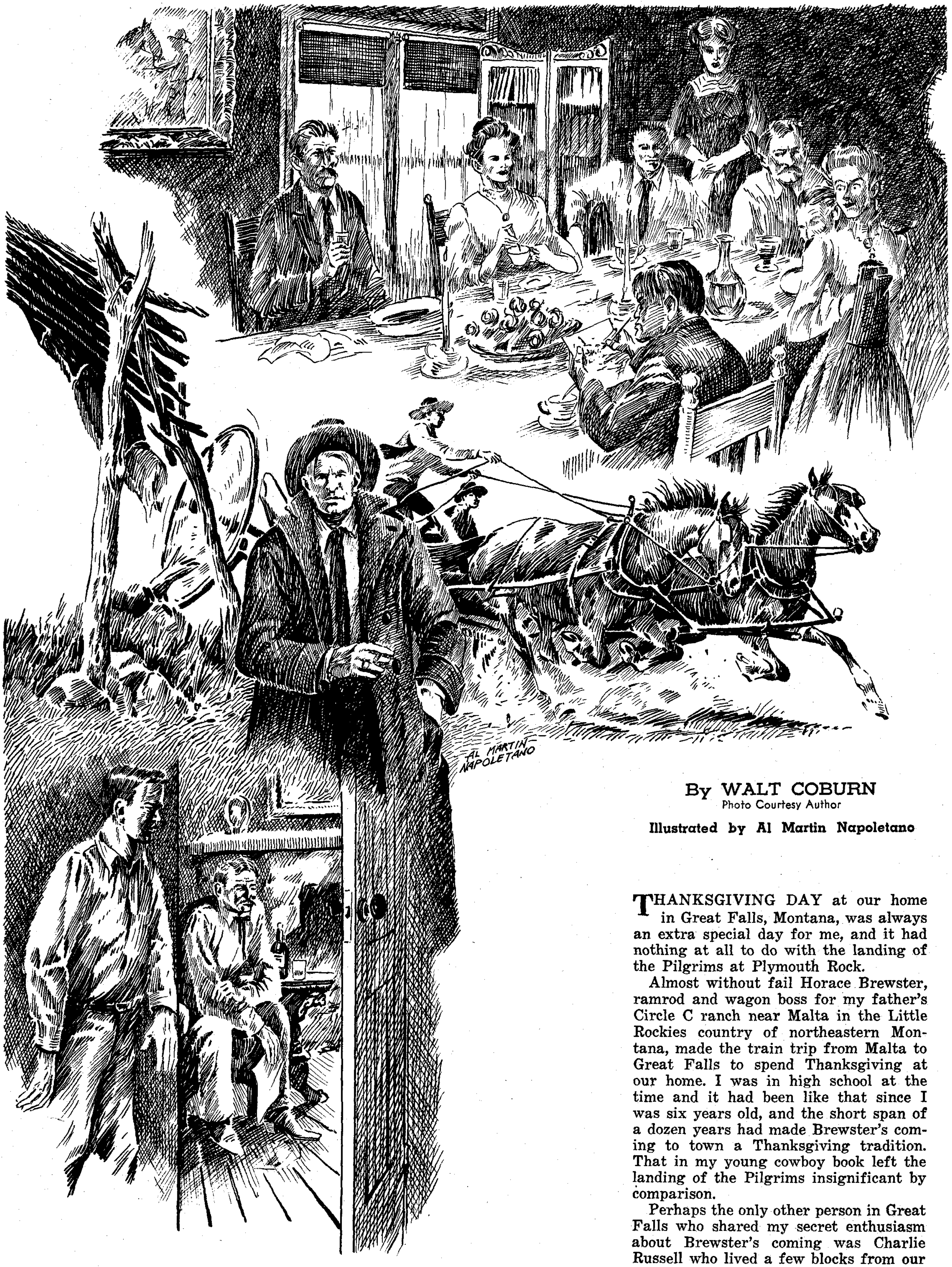
to ninety-four years old, who had lived there all their lives, were consulted. All remembered the incident of the prospector but neither his name nor the identity of the doctor who attended his wounds.

According to the prospector's statement he came down the Chaco River almost to where it enters the San Juan near the Indian Agency town of Shiprock. Where the stream curves around Hogback Mountain he cut across the badlands east to Farmington. Of medium size, a face covered by barely graying whiskers, he rode one burro and had three others loaded with considerable

(Continued on page 46)

The Richard Wetherill ranch in Pueblo Bonito Canyon. It was from here that the several Wetherill brothers launched their search for the lost rose quartz ledge.





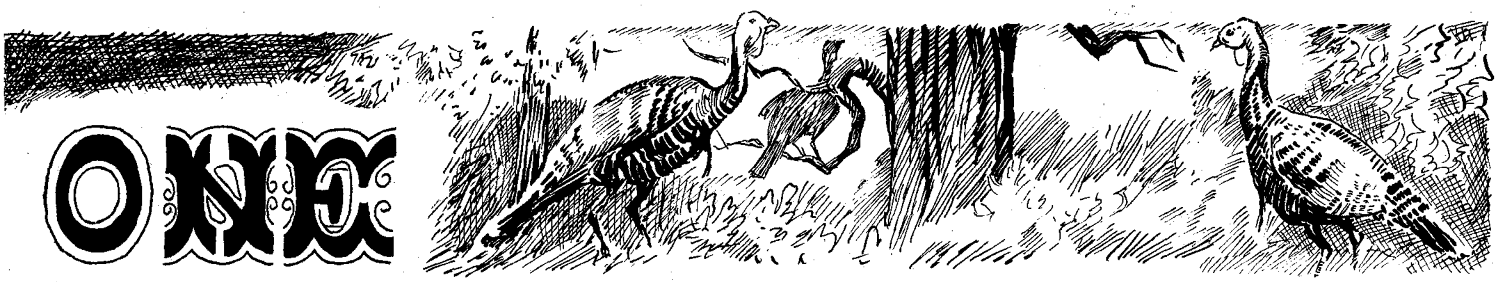
By **WALT COBURN**
Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THANKSGIVING DAY at our home in Great Falls, Montana, was always an extra special day for me, and it had nothing at all to do with the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

Almost without fail Horace Brewster, ramrod and wagon boss for my father's Circle C ranch near Malta in the Little Rockies country of northeastern Montana, made the train trip from Malta to Great Falls to spend Thanksgiving at our home. I was in high school at the time and it had been like that since I was six years old, and the short span of a dozen years had made Brewster's coming to town a Thanksgiving tradition. That in my young cowboy book left the landing of the Pilgrims insignificant by comparison.

Perhaps the only other person in Great Falls who shared my secret enthusiasm about Brewster's coming was Charlie Russell who lived a few blocks from our house on Fourth Avenue North. Charlie



ONE THANKSGIVING DAY

—with Charlie Russell and Horace Brewster

Russell was not only the greatest western artist of all time, he was also a man of rare understanding in regard to cowpunchers, even young ones my age. He knew somehow what it meant to me and what it meant to the grizzled Horace Brewster who had given young Russell his first job on the roundup.

Charlie Russell would ride his horse Monte down Fourth Avenue long before train time, to be there when Brewster stepped off the train; even as I would be there, like I had always been on hand, to meet the old cowpuncher I loved with a kid's hero worship that far surpassed anything I have ever known.

I was out at the barn helping Old Tom, our coachman, harness Big Ned and hook him to the carriage that was on runners. The ground was covered with snow and it was still snowing—big white flakes that drifted down in the still wintry air. I had checked the train time with the kitchen clock and with Old Tom's clock in the barn. It had become a part of the ritual that I was the one to go with Old Tom to meet Brewster's train.

I was scrubbed to the nines and had on my best suit. Under my overshoes I wore the alligator boots Brewster had given me, and had on a new mackinaw and fur-lined cap and fur-lined gloves. When we were ready to leave, Old Tom asked me to take a peek out the buttoned-down side curtains to see if Charlie Russell was riding down the avenue.

The snow plow had cleared the street and had piled high drifts on either side but I could see Charlie coming a block or so away. When I told Old Tom, his eyes were shining as if they had been polished with shoe blacking, his mouth spread in a grin. He waited until Russell neared the corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street, then Tom slapped the lines in his gloved hands and let Big Ned hit his stride. We came out of the driveway and rounded the corner in a cloud of snow. Big Ned was blowing steam from both nostrils when our carriage shot past Monte. There was a smile on the artist's face as he waved a gloved hand.

I NEVER KNEW if the cowboy artist and Old Tom had timed it right, but anyhow there came the street car. I could see the motorman standing at the wheel, a scared look on his face as he loudly clanged the foot bell. There was a set grin on Old Tom's leathery face as we beat the street car to the crossing with about an inch to spare. Then the motorman let the street car open up on full throttle on the long downhill grade. The steel rails had been sanded, but sanded or not it looked like a runaway. A few passengers were aboard and the conductor on the rear platform was hanging onto the overhead rope attached to the trolley.

On the other side of the fast moving street car was Charlie Russell and he had Monte wide open, hollering and waving his hat like some cowhand in town to paint it red. The men inside the car started shouting and yelling.

I was hanging onto the buggy seat for dear life when Old Tom reined off to the right at the foot of the long grade where there was an almost right-angle turn at Central Avenue. The carriage runners skidded in a swirl of snow. Big electric sparks bounced off the overhead cable and showered from the iron wheels as the motorman applied the brakes.

The snowdrifts on each side of the track were fifteen feet high. The street car missed the right-angle turn and plowed into the snowbank, and the next moment was buried from front to rear. Old Tom pulled Big Ned down to a slow trot as Charlie Russell rode alongside. I had never heard Russell really laugh as long as I had known him but the grin on his wide mouth would do.

"Bill Trigg was on that street car," Charlie said. "The drinks will be on the house at his saloon if he ever digs himself outa that snowbank." Bill Trigg lived next door to Russell. The two men were old-time cronies. Trigg was a huge, red-faced man who loved a joke, even on himself.

Russell rode on ahead down Central Avenue, his overcoat collar turned up, with the fringe of his knitted Hudson's Bay sash hanging down along his angora chaps. Monte traveled at a running walk on the hard-packed snow, leading the way like a roundup wagon pilot breaking trail. Charlie rode wooden-faced as a pale-face Indian.

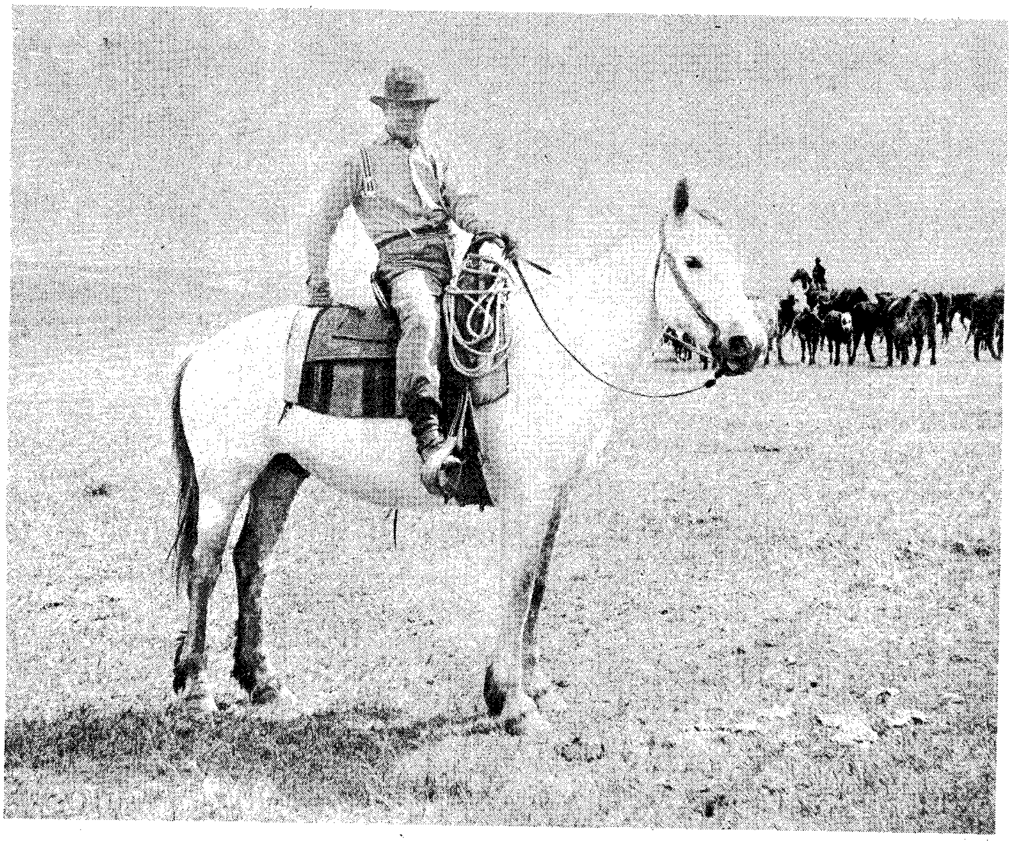
Big Ned was straining at the bit after winning the race with the street car. Twin puffs of frothy steam came from his flared nostrils as we pulled up at the plank depot platform with a flourish. The train whistled at the railway bridge and I saw Monte standing in the shelter of the depot, bridle reins dropped to the ground. Russell was standing hipshot on the platform talking to Sid Willis, one time United States marshal and now owner of The Mint Saloon with its huge collection of Russell paintings and bronzes. When Willis laughed out loud I figured that Charlie was telling him about the street car race.

I slid out from under the blanket-lined buffalo robe and onto the platform as the train pulled in and jolted to a stop. Then Horace Brewster stepped off, the same old grin on his face that was weatherbeaten and frostbitten. I kept in the background until he shook hands with Sid and Charlie, and when he reached out and grabbed my hand and put a fur-coated arm across my shoulder I was so happy I couldn't say a word for the lump in my throat.

I picked up Brewster's satchel and

walked a step or two behind the three men. Sid Willis got into our rig and Russell rode Monte up Central Avenue and reined up in front of The Mint Saloon. Brewster and Willis followed him in, and Old Tom and I waited until Brewster came out after they had all had a drink. Brewster said Charlie would be over at our house as soon as he put up his horse. He said that Charlie was acting sort of mysterious about something, hinting around at some sort of a surprise for Brewster that had him puzzled.

It was a good thing I wasn't in on it. Because it would have plumb ruined Thanksgiving Day for me—a day that was destined to be the most miserable day of my life.



Horace Brewster on Red Ears.

MY MOTHER and sisters and Louise, the hired girl, had been working all morning cooking the turkey and making mince and pumpkin pies. The table was set with the best white lace cloth, the cut glass and silver polished. The candles in cut glass candlesticks were lit and the centerpiece was a bouquet artistically arranged in a large round cut glass bowl.

While we were eating dinner Charlie Russell, a born storyteller with a dry wit, built up the street car race; and all the time he talked he kept sketching on a pad. Charlie had the stolid face of a Sioux and a habit of acting like an Indian when he talked. He had everybody laughing as the story unfolded. On the pad he had sketched Bill Trigg's red face at the street car window, and a gambler called Deacon waving a bankroll and making book on the race. There was no mistaking that the two women looking out the car window were my two high school teachers.

When dinner was over I was stuffed and went outside for some air. When I came in the back door you never saw so many women in white aprons bustling around, waving white dish towels and jabbering like mad. Nancy Russell was the only one who paid me any attention. She smiled and winked when I dodged through the swinging door into the dining room. I had a quick look at the leftovers piled in the garbage pails on the back porch and I knew if I hung around, those women would have me on the trot for an hour, thinking up errands and chores that came under the heading of squaw work in my book and I wanted no part of it.

I had been taught that eavesdropping outside closed doors was a sneaking, lowdown trick, but the temptation to listen to one of Russell's more ribald barroom stories was sure tempting. Brewster, Russell and my father were in the smoking room with the door shut but I heard Charlie say, "You got me my first job on the roundup, Horace, when I was called Kid Russell. It's time I paid you back, so I've gotten you a lifetime job as head packer and guide at Glacier National Park. Here's a letter from Washington confirming your appointment. The Circle C will have to worry along without you."

There was a hushed silence inside the smoking room. It took me a long time to get the drift of what Charlie had actually said and when it finally penetrated it hit me like a gut shot. The talking resumed and it was like a dull pounding inside my head. All of a sudden I wanted to get away, and I ran upstairs to my room on the third floor.

I had made a hand at the ranch from the time I was able to sit my first cow-pony. I'd been empty bellied, soaking wet and freezing cold, but I had never bellyached or quit when the going got tough. But this was something different, something I couldn't fight back at. If Horace Brewster quit the Circle C I felt I would lose my one and only real friend, because Brewster had been my guide, philosopher and friend in need when a growing boy on a cow ranch actually needed a friend. Brewster—more than my father or older half-brothers or any other man—had taught me whatever I knew about punching cows, and I could confide my kid problems to him in confidence.

Alone in my room I was remembering the time a few summers before when Horace Brewster took me along when he was giving my father's two new buggy horses a road work-out. The horses were named Nip and Tuck, bay three-year-olds, a matched pair of registered colts my father was planning to race against my brother Will's Roulette and Faro team and my brother Bob's Lewis and Clark team. The race was to take place a month from then when the Tucker bays were broke and conditioned to travel the forty-five mile distance from the ranch to Malta. The horses were usually called the Tucker bays because they had been purchased from Old Man Tucker.

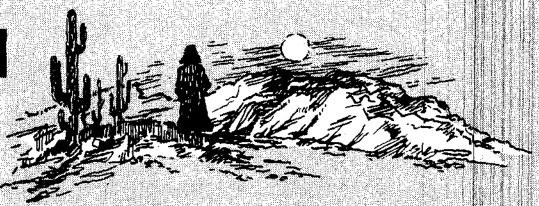
Joe Contway, a short, stocky-built half-breed with a lot of gray in his black hair, had broken the colts and had their sleek coats shining like dark mahogany. Contway warned Brewster that the colts were too hot blooded as yet to be handled and he would have to watch them every second; let a rein get under a tail they would kick the buckboard into kindling wood. I could tell by the look on Brewster's face that he was a little nervous when he kicked off the brake and the horses were reaching out on a tight rein.

IT WAS a mile to the Fort Belknap Indian reservation gate and by that time they had settled down to a long distance road trot. I got out to open the wire gate, careful not to drag it on the ground to spook the horses. It would be a bad place for a runaway, with a barb-wire fence to the east, a nest of small coulees and hills ahead, thick with high brush, and to the west Beaver Creek with its high willows and banks.

Brewster's face was grim as he watched the horses' ears that were cocked and twitching. He could tell by the feel of the lines that they were waiting for the slightest excuse to take off. Both colts had their tails pulled down tight across the leather cruppers that fitted under their tails, and I knew that when a horse "grabs its tail" it was a danger sign, that the animal was ready to lash out behind. Brewster had the whip out and it came down with a quick back-and-forth whistling lash across their rumps. Then he kept whipcutting the

(Continued on page 57)

INEPEGUT



the Crazy Indian

Dangerous, pitiable, beyond help but not beyond hurt, the Ute lived from boyhood to old age defending himself with stones and a strong right arm...

By KERRY ROSS BOREN

Photo Courtesy Author

EARLY SETTLERS of the Uintah Basin in northeastern Utah were familiar with an odd character named Inepegut, a Ute term meaning "the Crazy One." To the settlers he was simply "Crazy John" or "the Crazy Indian." Few of them knew anything about the origins of the strange Indian or the reasons for his odd behavior. The full story of his tragic life has never been told.

Inepegut was born circa 1849 in a small village in Provo Canyon on the Provo River some fifty miles south of Salt Lake City. His father was a member of Chief Walker's band of Utes who, at the time of his birth, was engaged in warfare with the Mormon settlers in the Utah Valley. Inepegut had several brothers and as many sisters. His given name is not known, but among the early Mormon settlers he was known as John Provo or Provo John.

As a youth, Inepegut was quiet and unassuming. He spent many hours alone, scurrying along the ledges and hidden coves of Provo Canyon, fishing and hunting rabbits along the Provo River. He shunned companionship and by the time he was eight years of age, he had left his family's tepee to live by himself on the perimeter of the village in a crude lean-to shelter.

Rocks were his delight and he packed several round stones with him wherever he went. He was deadly accurate with them. They were the only weapons he ever used. At his makeshift camp he kept a pile of polished stones, gathered with care from the river bed and stacked neatly near his shelter. He fondled and admired them for hours at a time.

Inepegut was an object of scorn by the village children who, under the leadership of his own sisters, would taunt and jibe the boy until, in a fit of terrible rage, he began throwing rocks at them to drive them away. The children thought this great sport and it continued to be one of their favorite pastimes,

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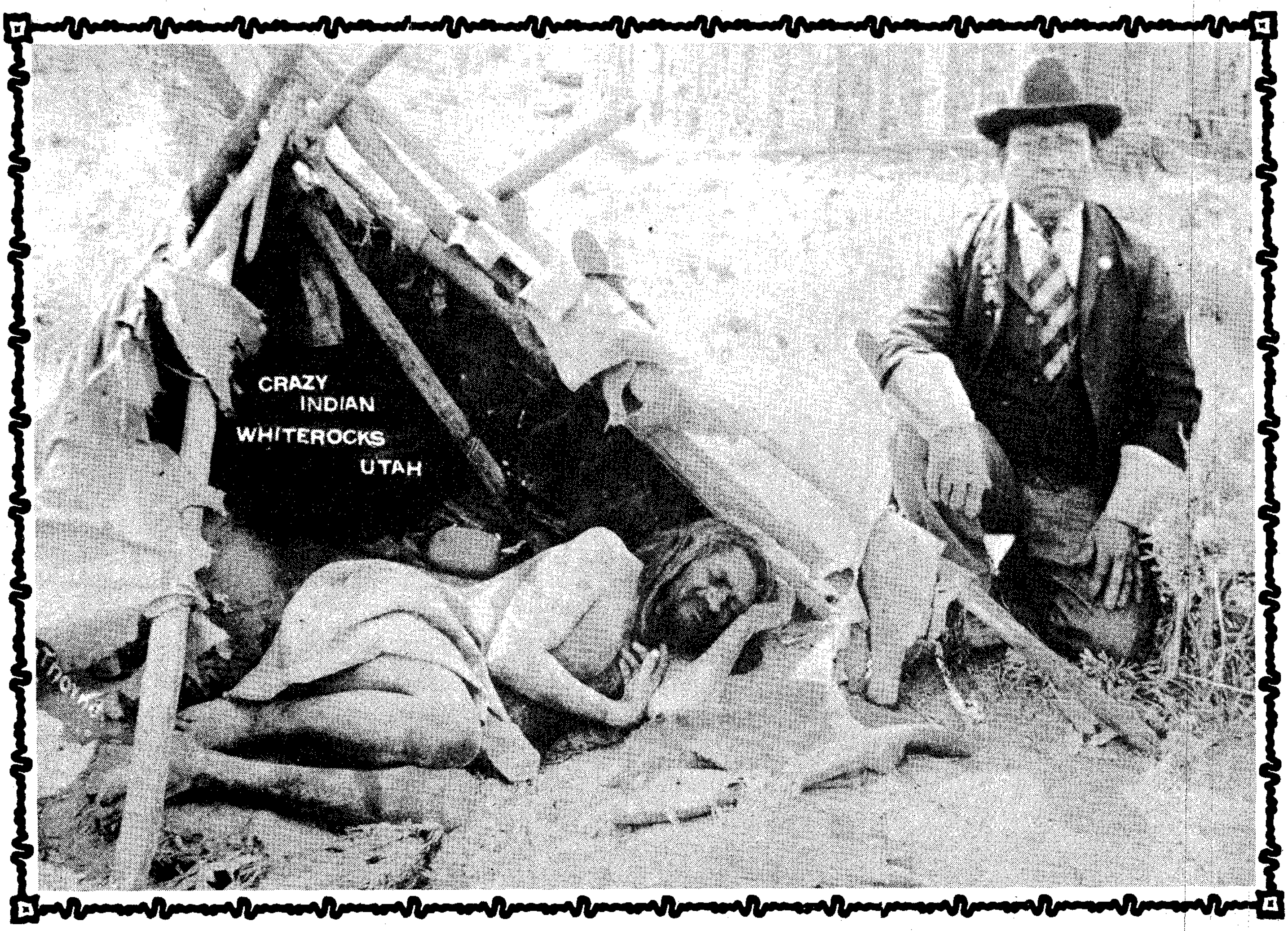
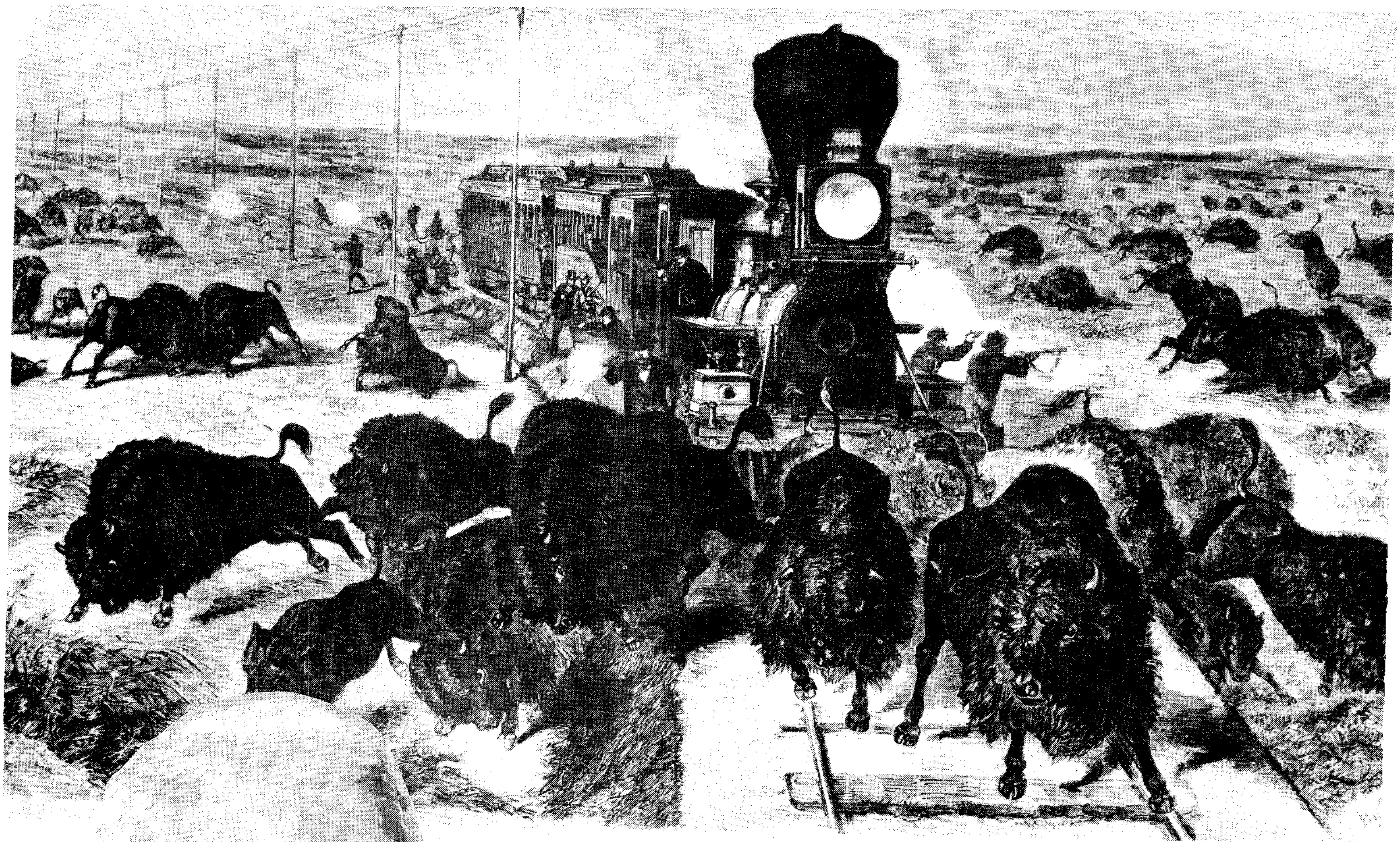
Inepegut dozes under his miniature tepee while a brother (unidentified) poses for the camera.

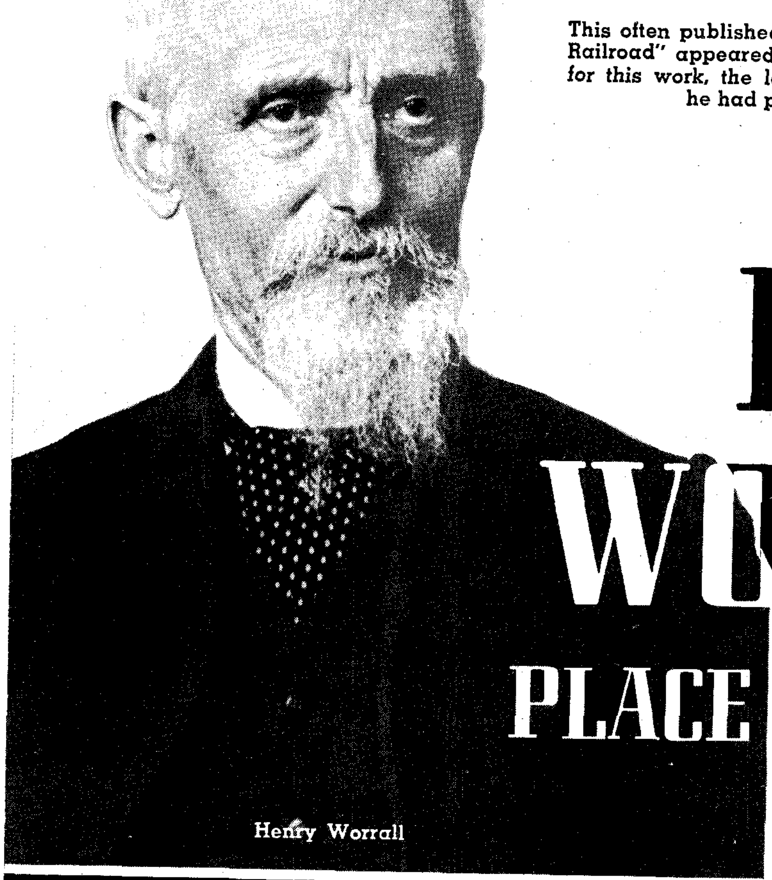




This often published sketch entitled "Shooting Buffalo On the Line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad" appeared in *Leslie's*, June 3, 1871. Although Henry Worrall received no credit for this work, the late Dr. Robert Taft, an authority on Worrall's art, was certain that he had produced the original sketch from which this was engraved.

All Photos Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

HENRY WORRALL'S PLACE IN WESTERN ART

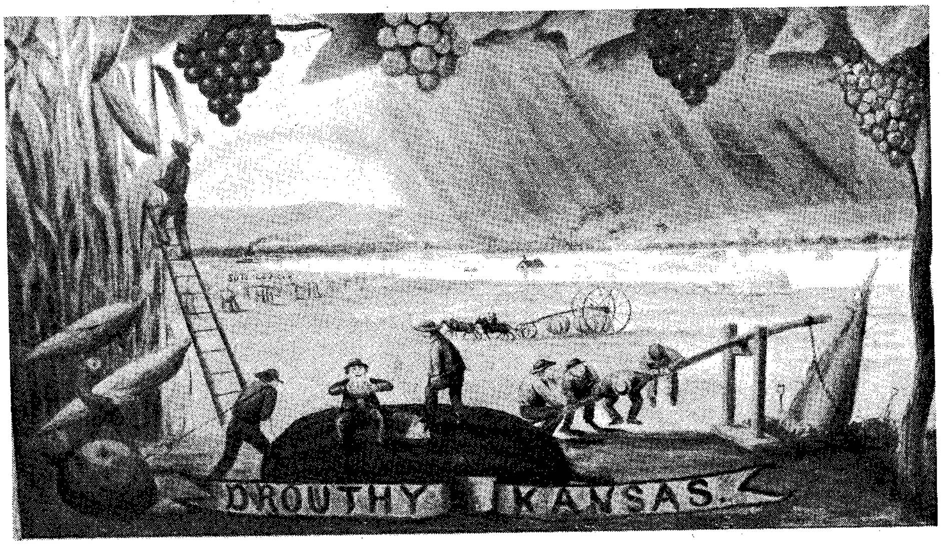


Henry Worrall

His first efforts with a pen were as lighthearted as the tunes on his straw piano—but gradually the caricatures became fewer and the struggling soul of Kansas emerged

By DAVID DARY

Photo Courtesy Author


DROUTHY KANSAS.

A painting done by Worrall of his earlier sketch entitled "Drouthy Kansas." This picture influenced many settlers to travel west to Kansas during the early 1870s, only to leave a few years later when the grasshoppers and lack of rain forced them out. They blamed Worrall's painting for their troubles!

FOR MANY persons living east of the Mississippi after the Civil War, Kansas was "that new state out west" where land cost little and a man could start a new life and forget the past. For forty-three-year old Henry Worrall, an Englishman by birth, departing for Kansas in 1868 was a result of doctor's orders. A change of climate might do what medicine could not.

Worrall was born in Liverpool on April 14, 1825. When he was ten years old his parents immigrated to the United States, settling in Buffalo, New York. It was there that young Worrall completed his schooling. During the 1840s, Worrall went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he worked as a glass cutter and studied music. In time he became proficient enough to quit his glass cutter's job and teach music in a Cincinnati conservatory. He had mastered several instruments, including the guitar and organ.

In 1855 one of Worrall's friends had an accident. During the lengthy convalescence Worrall made frequent visits to his friends bedside and entertained him by playing the guitar. One evening Worrall composed a song for his friend. He called it "Sevastopol."

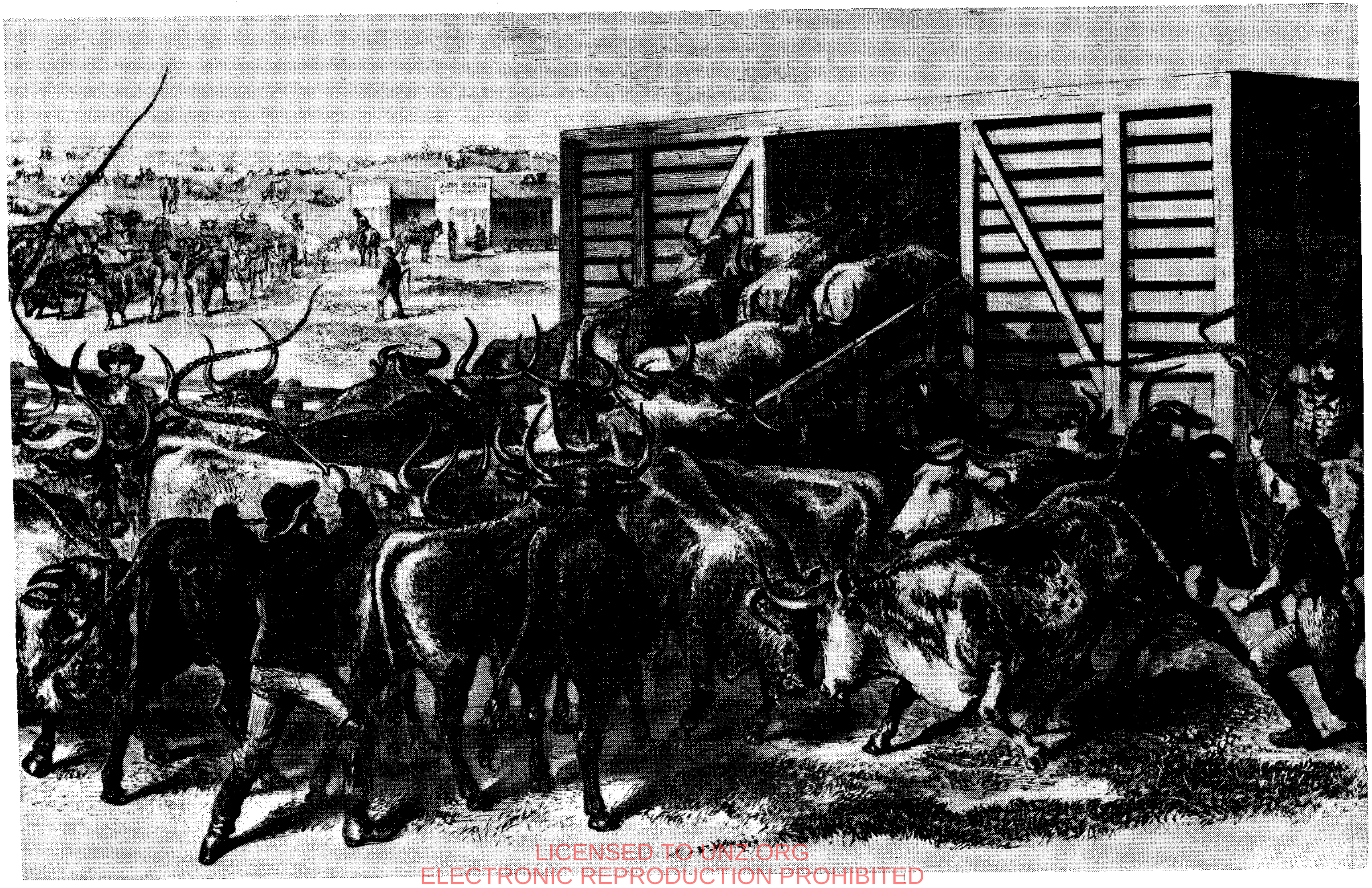
It was not Worrall's first composition. He had written others, many of which he had sold for $7.50 a page to various Cincinnati music publishers. And as he had done with the others, Worrall sold "Sevastopol"—it was two pages in length—for $15.00. In the following years the song became very popular; but although it made the publishers something around $200,000 in profits, Henry Worrall never received more than his original $15.00.

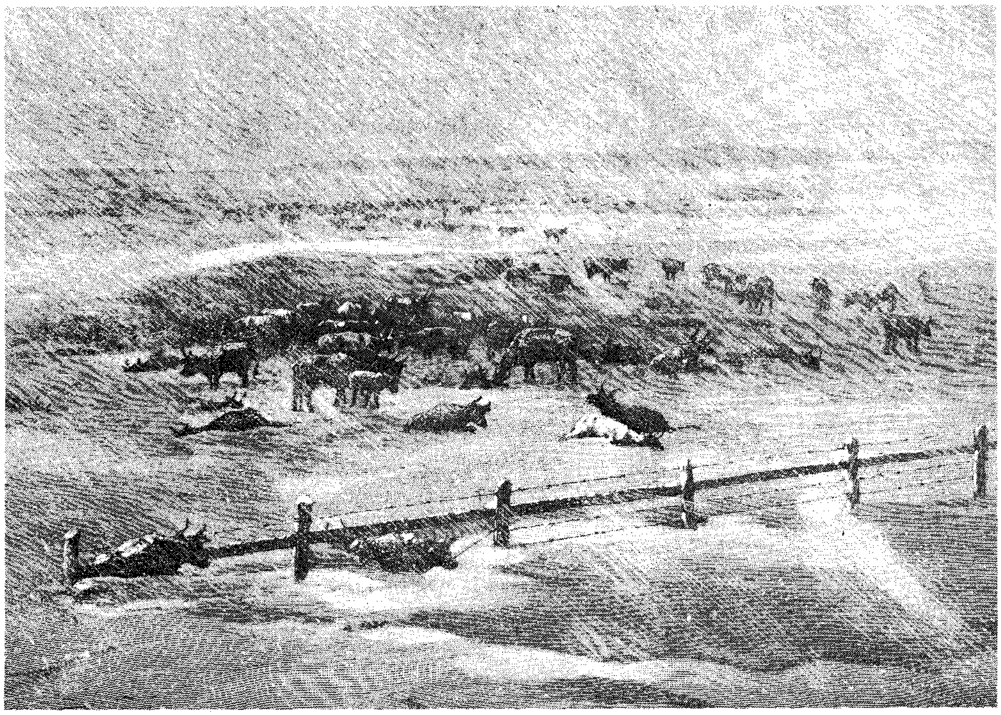
For the next thirteen years Worrall continued to make Cincinnati his home. During that time he married a young woman whom he met at the conservatory where she gave guitar lessons. And Worrall did some traveling as an accompanist to a well-known violinist, Tasso. But in 1868, on the recommendation of his doctor, Worrall left Cincinnati with his family and headed west.

WHEN Henry Worrall settled in Topeka, it was a town of about 5,000. Worrall opened a small music studio and began teaching. To bring in some additional money he also began playing regularly in such old haunts as Topeka's Union Hall.

In a short time Henry Worrall became

This Worrall sketch entitled "Loading Texas Cattle at Abilene" appeared in *Leslie's Weekly*, August 19, 1871.





This sketch depicted the effects of the great blizzard of the middle 1880s which killed thousands of cattle and ruined many cattlemen. It appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in 1886.

something of a local celebrity. Topeka newspapers praised his ability as a musician. He played numerous concerts including one where he demonstrated his "straw piano," an instrument of wood and straw which he had invented before leaving Ohio.

Worrall also performed with his guitar, exhibiting what one Topeka newspaper called "a diversity of talent wonderful to note in one man—first manipulating the strings of his guitar with the hand of a perfect master, and then changing to the jocular style of a minstrel." Worrall often played his own compositions, including "Sevastopol" which was still very popular during the late 1860s.

Topeka residents discovered, too, that Worrall's talents were not limited to music. He was adept with pen and brush. In Ohio, art had been only a hobby; in Kansas more time was available to sketch and paint. Before many months had passed, Worrall was turning out landscapes and painting portraits of many Topekans, including one of Minnie Beals, the "Topeka Nightingale" who frequently performed with Worrall at local concerts.

In August 1869, the Topeka *Commonwealth* reported that Worrall had drawn a "burlesque" on a photograph of the *Commonwealth* proprietors. The photo had been taken by Captain J. Lee Knight, a well-known local photographer. As the *Commonwealth* noted, "A peep at Worrall's caricature is worth more than a physician's prescription for the worst case of biliousness."

About a year after his arrival in Topeka, Worrall learned that several friends from Cincinnati were planning a trip to Kansas. In past correspondence these friends had been quite outspoken about the "dryness" of Kansas, and Worrall had not taken their comments lightly. A few days before the visitors were to arrive, Worrall drew a big charcoal sketch which he prominently labeled "Drouthy Kansas." It was a humorous drawing showing the state to be a "land of plenty" with huge pumpkins, grapes, and other items of produce plus an abundant supply of water. The sketch was photographed by Captain Knight. Worrall then ordered a large number of photo cards to present to his friends as souvenirs. Everyone enjoyed the joke including the Cincinnati visitors who admitted that Kansas was not so bad after all. And when they left they carried a large number of the photos home to Ohio.

For Henry Worrall, his sketch had achieved its purpose. He was ready to forget it. But others in Topeka and elsewhere were not. During the months that followed, the popularity of "Drouthy Kansas" spread. The sketch appeared on the cover of the *Kansas Farmer* magazine in November 1869. Then C. C. Hutchinson used the sketch in his 287-page book, *Resources of Kansas,* which was published at Topeka in 1871. The drawing was even reproduced on the drop curtain of Liberty Hall at Lawrence, twenty miles east of Topeka. To top it off, a representative of a Missouri railroad company, passing through Topeka, saw one of the photos of Worrall's drawing, liked it, and took it back to Missouri. There the railroad reproduced the drawing on thousands of circulars which were distributed in the East to promote travel to and settlement in Kansas, the "land of plenty."

Henry Worrall was thus launched on a career which was to overshadow his music. He devoted more and more time to painting and sketching.

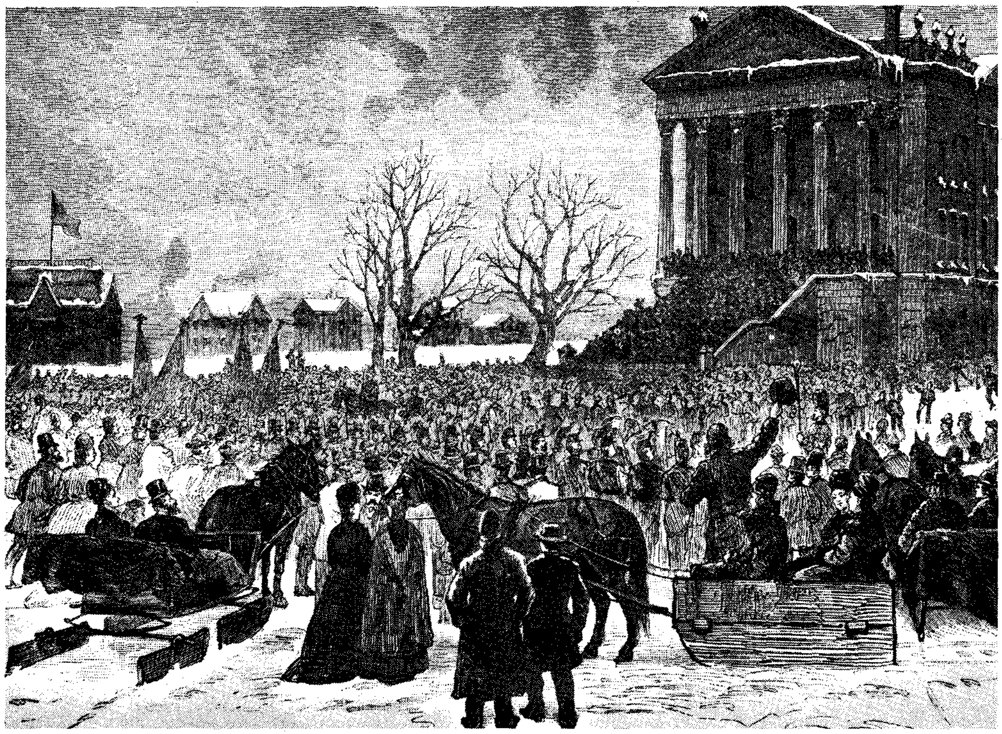
WORRALL, however, was noticeably unsuccessful in selling his sketches to the growing number of national magazines in the East which were using illustrations.

A letter to the editor of a Topeka newspaper, sent in by a friend, explained one problem the artist had experienced in August 1872. The letter was published under the heading, HARPER'S SMOUGING TOPEKA PICTURES:

"Prof. Henry Worrall, soon after the Cincinnati 'Dolly Varden' con-

(Continued on page 60)

Henry Worrall's drawing of the inaugural ceremonies of Kansas' Governor St. John, in January, 1879.



Charlie Wills had to chase some pretty unorthodox lawbreakers, and sometimes they outsmarted him and sometimes they didn't but

THE SHERIFF NEVER LOST HIS SMILE

By
LAURA
TROWBRIDGE
Photos Courtesy Author

THE HOT SUMMER sun had been down about an hour. Grey buttes and cedar-covered hills were casting shadows across the sagebrush flats along the river bottom when Charlie Wills, sheriff of Billings County, North Dakota sighted the little log shack and the corrals for which he had been looking and hoping to reach before it became too dark to investigate.

He rode up to the corrals first and cast his sharp eyes about to detect anything suspicious about the place, then continued into the cabin yard. Just as he was easing his six-foot frame out of the saddle he was hailed by the cheerful voice of his old friend Bicycle Pete, who stood in the cabin door, his silhouette showing off his extremely bowed legs against the dim kerosene light behind him.

As Pete asked Charlie to come in and have a bite to eat, for he had been cooking his supper when interrupted, Charlie asked, "Where's that other fellow?"

Pete looked surprised. "What other fellow?"

"That Simpson guy," Charlie answered.

Bicycle Pete never batted an eye as he answered, "Hell, Charlie, there ain't nobody here but me."

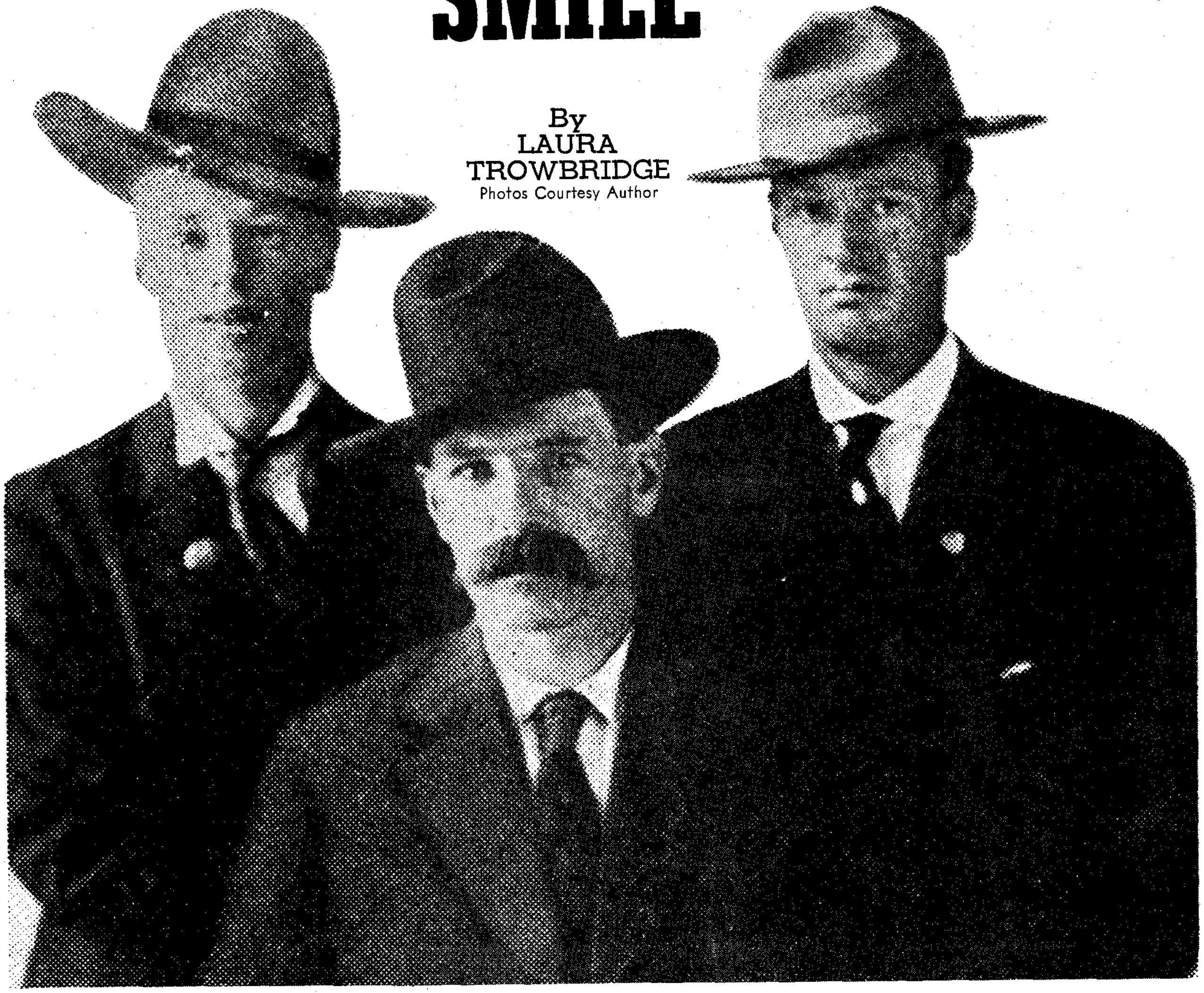
"I have a warrant for Peter Simpson for cattle stealing," the sheriff said quietly, "and I heard he was holed up here."

"Well, that's sure too bad, Charlie, to have you ride all the way from Medora up here for nothing, but there ain't no such guy here. I ain't seen nobody for almost a month."

The two of them ate a good supper, interspersed with a lot of area gossip about a hanging, the news of which had just reached Medora the day before. Charlie also explained to his friend how he happened to be looking for the man Simpson. A message had been left at the sheriff's office by a messenger that morning and a warrant for Simpson's arrest. They had been sent over by the sheriff of a neighboring county where Simpson had been rustling cattle. Apparently the law had enough on Simpson to put him in the pen for some time. This trip on the part of Charlie Wills was only a favor for his fellow officer in the other county.

After a good night's sleep, and a hearty breakfast the next morning, Charlie bade Pete farewell, and rode the long trail back to Medora. Upon arriving there he was tired and disgruntled at having been sent on a wild goose chase, and decided to call the other sheriff and give him a piece of his mind. He made the long-distance call and his voice was

(Continued on page 54)



Charlie Wills, sheriff, flanked by his deputies, Harry and Bill Johnson. Photo Courtesy Harry Johnson

San Quen

By IRVIN ASHKENAZY
Photos Courtesy Author

THE PRISON SHIP lay anchored in San Francisco Bay, immersed in fog-filled night. Her timbers creaked an ancient complaint, but the sounds were lost in the stamping and screaming of the convicts locked below. The four guards on mid-watch listened uneasily, their faces beaded with icy mist, their muskets clutched in frozen fingers.

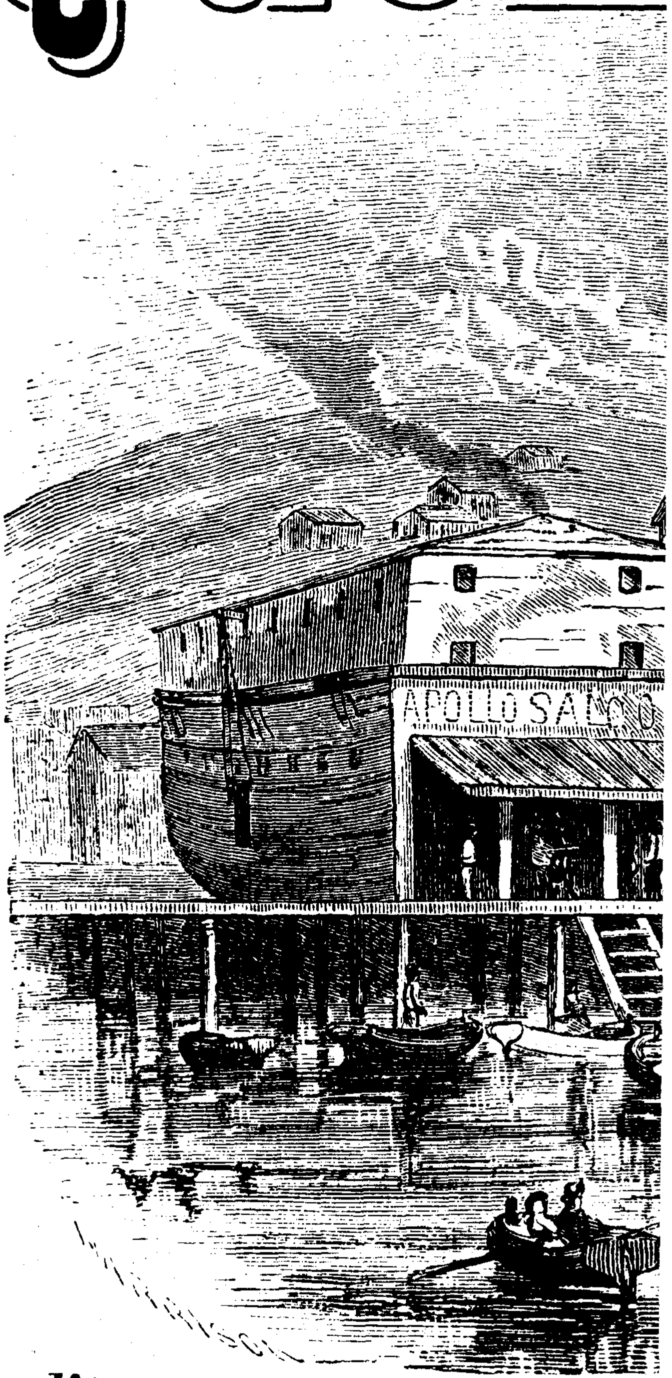
The yells almost drowned the crack of a sprung plank forward and the splintering crash which followed—but not quite. Muskets raised, the guards moved toward the demolished hatchway cover. Shadows flitted through the amber haze of a forward deck lamp. In quick succession two of the guards toppled, skulls crushed by quarry sledges. An oar knocked the third guard overboard, his musket roaring impotently. The fourth turned tail, screaming in terror.

Convicts scrambled through the shattered hatchway, armed with hammers and staves. They streamed aft, snatching up the guards' muskets and Dragoon pistols. Officers and other guards stumbled from the deck-house, half-asleep, half-drunk, half-dressed, half-armed. They hadn't a chance. The slaughter was swift. When it was over, the escapees raided the ship's stores and arsenal. They loaded guns and supplies into the longboat, lowered it into the sea, and rowed off through the fog toward the mainland.

For years afterward the area around Mt. Tamalpais was dreaded as a refuge for escaped felons. It became a Sherwood Forest through which no traveler passed without paying toll in blood or treasure.

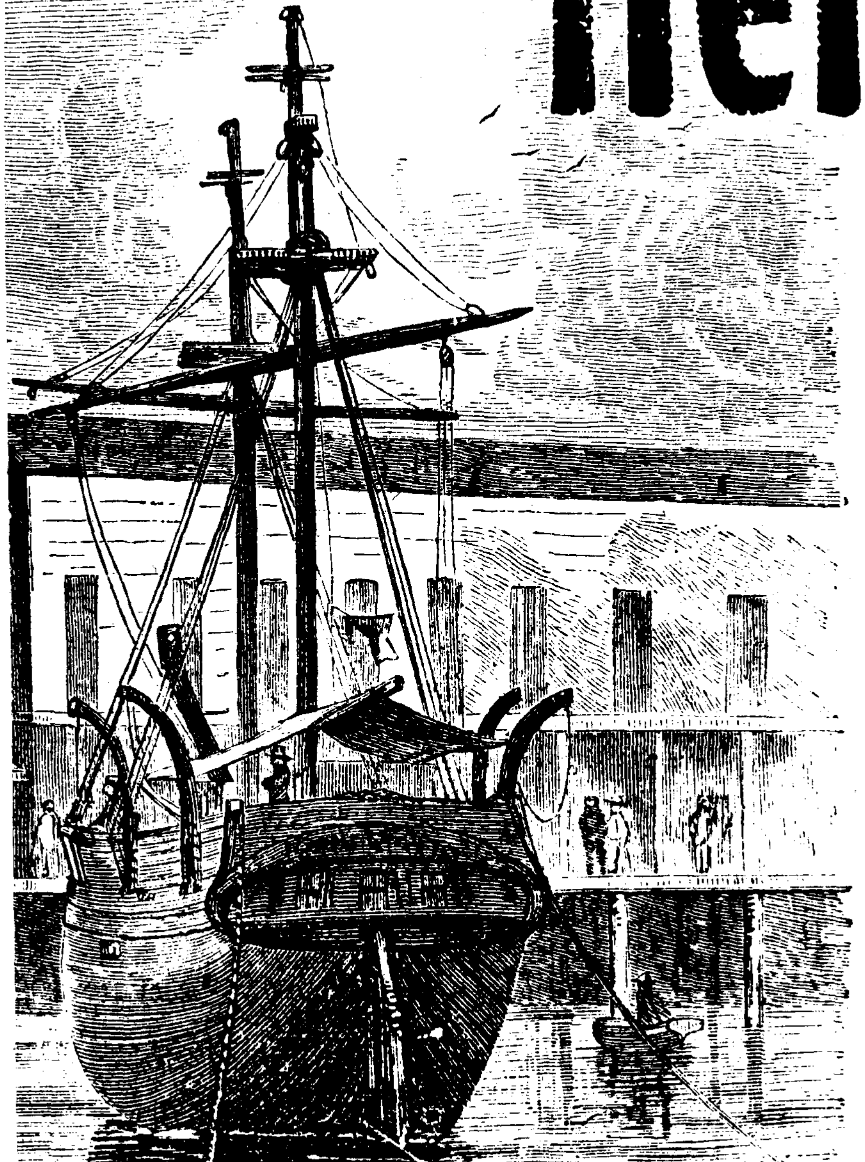
And it all began on that winter night in 1852 in the first mass escape from California's first state penitentiary, the prison ship *Euphemia.*

In 1849, during the height of the Gold Rush, the broad-beamed square-rigger had been one of an immense fleet of



"Virtue is too scarce a commodity to stop the march of crime. Soon you will have plenty of convicts. I have faith in human nature."

tin Hell Ship



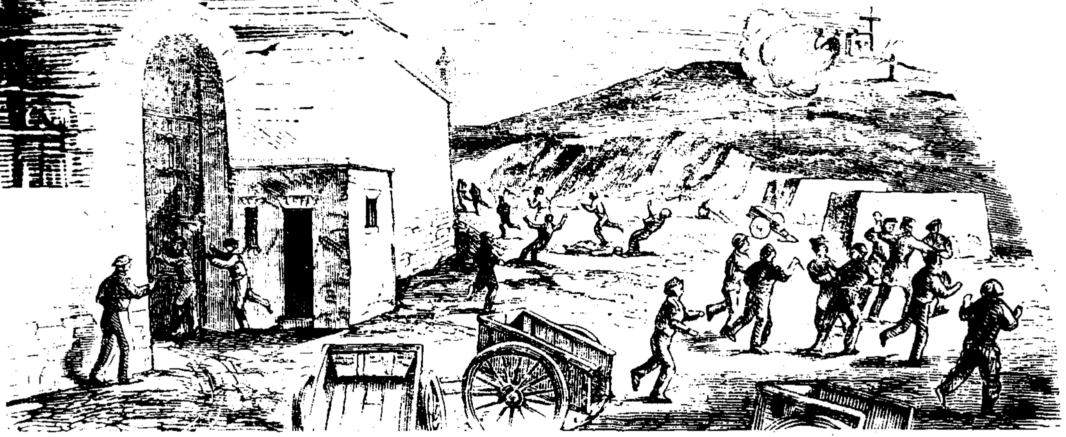
Prison-brig Euphemia. and Store-ship Apollo.

abandoned windjammers anchored off San Francisco. Deserted by their crews, those ships lying closest to shore gradually became entrapped by piers which thrust like long fingers into the Bay. Land developers began to fill in the spaces between the piers with rock and earth, manufacturing real estate. Famous clippers, such as the *Apollo* and the *Argus* (which had brought the Marquis de Lafayette to America decades before), became marooned by man-made land.

Because she was thought to be the right size for a floating calaboose, and was close enough to shore for convenient inspection, the *Euphemia* was pulled free and saved. A few ships were hauled ashore and remodeled as stores, saloons, and warehouses to replace some of those destroyed by the city's numerous fires. Others were broken up for their lumber and fixtures.

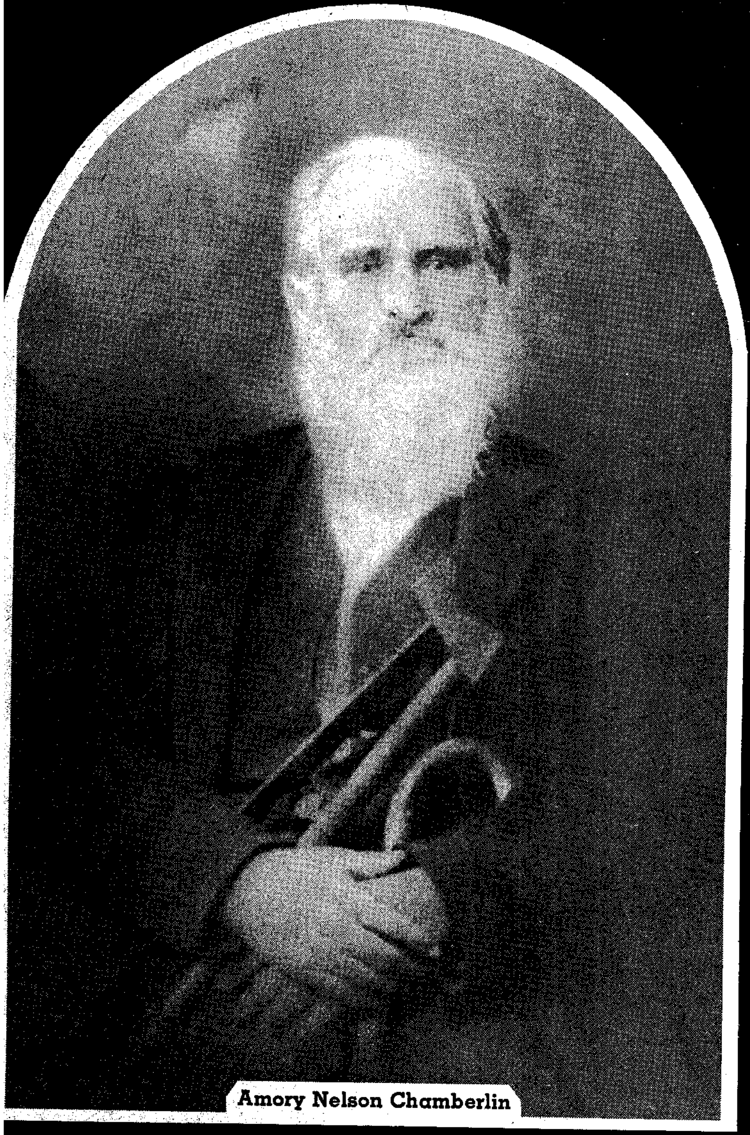
Some of the worst of these holocausts were set by gangs who levied tribute on San Francisco's business community. One of them, the infamous Hounds, even enjoyed a measure of political protection. Although many of their members were convicted and sentenced to long terms "at any penitentiary the Governor might name," such sentences were merely

(Continued on page 49)



The Rear Wall and Gate of the State Prison showing the scene of the recent escape.

one of Stand Watie's soldiers he had hacked at his
n frozen feet; when he could walk again he headed
aight back to Cherokee country, but this time for a
erent purpose . . .



Amory Nelson Chamberlin

A crutch A cane A mission

By O. B. CAMPBELL

Photos Courtesy Author

FRONTIER LIFE in the Cherokee Nation demanded the utmost in courage. Few exemplified this quality more than Amory Nelson Chamberlin, soldier and missionary. As a missionary he left the comforts of civilization to work among the Indians in the rugged, uncharted areas of Indian Territory. As a soldier, assigned to General Stand Watie's forces, he braved the dangers and rigors of those Civil War times which, for him, reached a climax when he was forced to amputate his own frozen feet with only primitive tools.

Chamberlin was born in 1821 at Brainerd, Tennessee, the son of William Chamberlin, formerly of Pennsylvania, and of Flora Hoyt, a member of the well-known Hoyt family of Tennessee. Reverend Ard Hoyt had established Brainerd Mission to serve the Cherokees. Chamberlin and Reverend Balentine had each married into the Hoyt family—granddaughters of the famed Cherokee Chief, George Lowrey.

As a young man Amory Chamberlin accompanied his father on teaching and missionary trips in Tennessee and Georgia, and later in the West after the removal of the Cherokees to Indian Territory in 1838. He lived briefly in the Choctaw Nation before moving to Honey Creek, an arm of Grand River, in the northern part of the Cherokee Nation. This was Stand Watie country.

Amory was drafted into the Confederate Army in 1865 and became a quartermaster and scout in one of General Watie's units. During the severe winter of that year while the army was camping near Perryville in the Choctaw Nation, he was sent on a foraging expedition and became separated from his unit.

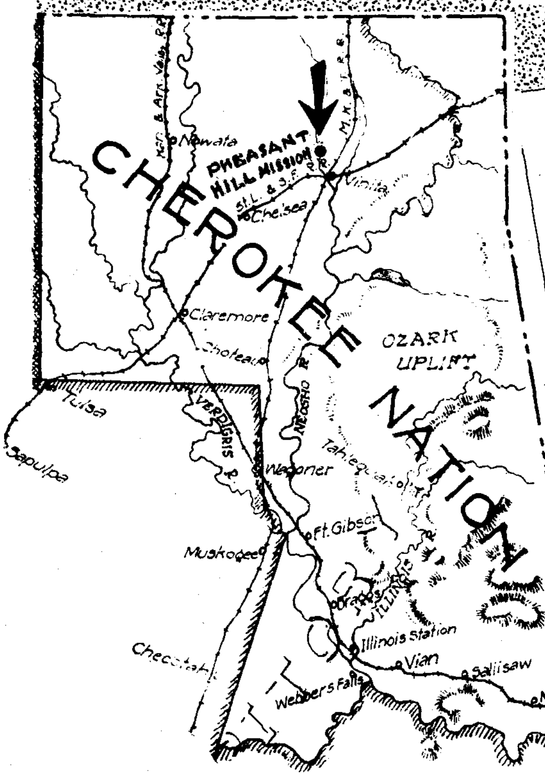
A bitter, freezing storm set in as night overtook him. He dismounted and decided to pitch camp. Rain and snow had soaked the timber he hoped to use for fuel, as well as the matches in his pocket. His only alternative was to sit his horse during the night to get a little warmth from the animal's body.

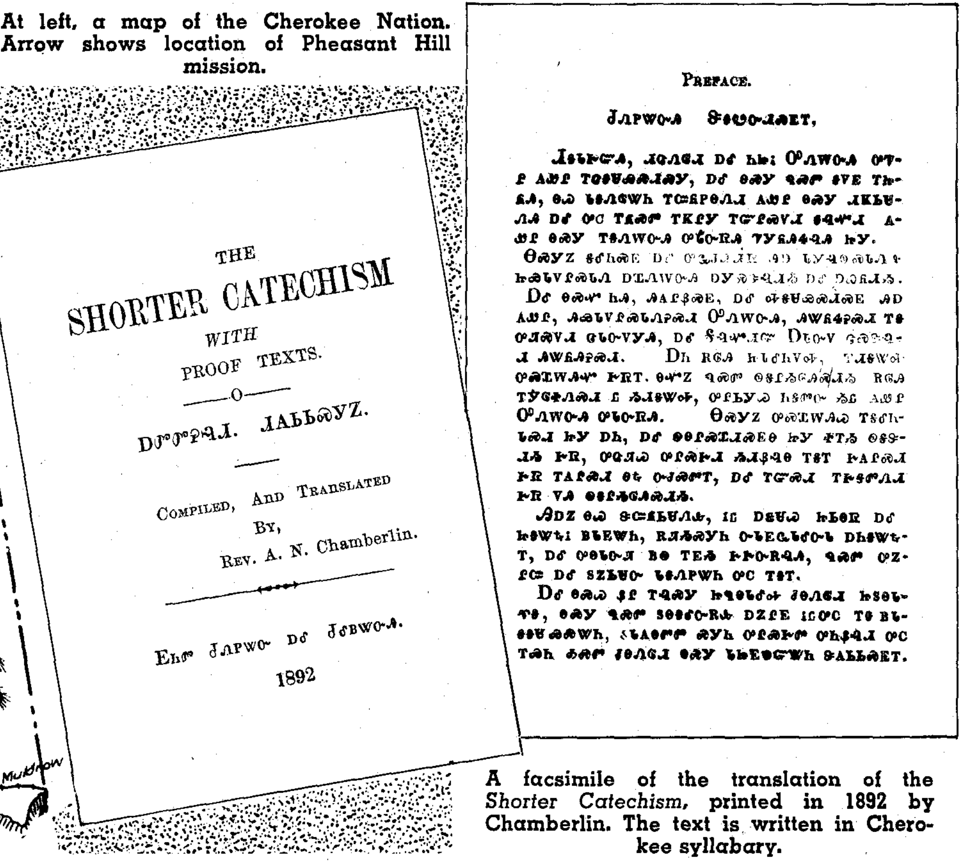
After hours of sleet and freezing temperature Amory Chamberlin headed his horse down the trail in search of shelter. Two miles away he found a hut. Stumbling inside, he managed to start a fire but soon learned that all of his toes and part of one foot were frozen. Indians brought milk to the hut to sustain him but no other aid arrived. His feet turned black; the flesh began to slough; the pain was almost unbearable.

After several days Chamberlin realized that amputation was necessary to save his life and that he would have to be his own surgeon. An old file was stuck in a log over the crude fireplace. Chamberlin took it and filed a butcher knife into a saw.

The operation required the entire morning. One foot was amputated just back of the toes. The other was severed near the heel, leaving only a stub. For

At left, a map of the Cherokee Nation. Arrow shows location of Pheasant Hill mission.


CHEROKEE NATION
PHEASANT HILL MISSION
Nowata
Vinita
Chelsea
St.L. & S.F. R.R.
M.K. & T. R.R.
Claremore
Choteau
OZARK UPLIFT
Tulsa
Sapulpa
VERDIGRIS R.
NEOSHO R.
Tahlequah
Wagoner
Ft. Gibson
Muskogee
Braggs
ILLINOIS R.
Illinois Station
Vian
Sallisaw
Muldrow
Webbers Falls
Checotah



THE

SHORTER CATECHISM

WITH

PROOF TEXTS.

COMPILED, AND TRANSLATED

BY,

REV. A. N. Chamberlin.

1892

PREFACE.

A facsimile of the translation of the *Shorter Catechism,* printed in 1892 by Chamberlin. The text is written in Cherokee syllabary.

days the young man suffered intensely. Later he was carried to an army post.

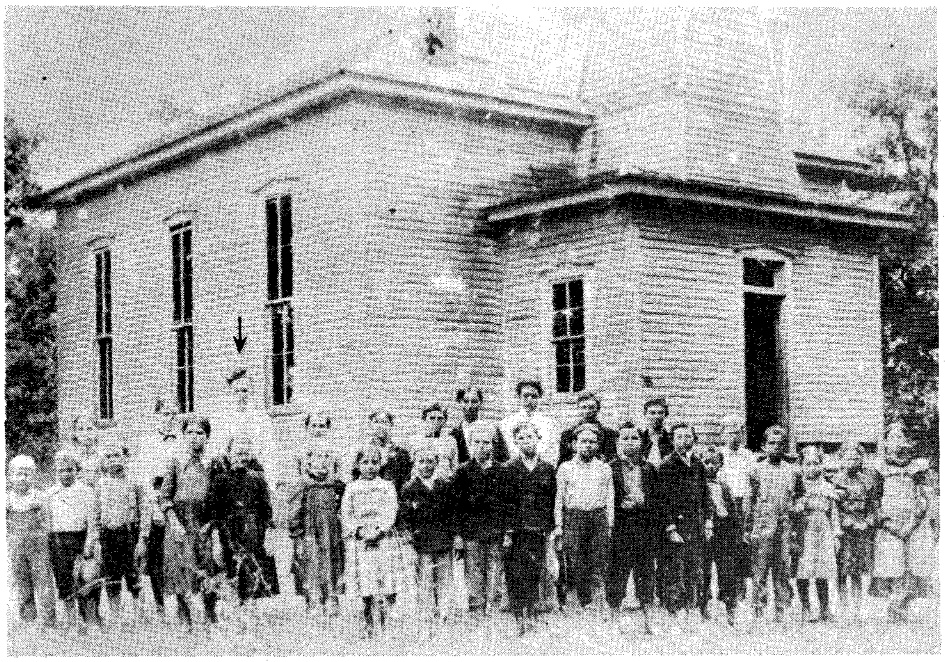
A sister in New York, hearing of his condition, sent Chamberlin money to come to her. He caught a ride to Ft. Smith, Arkansas, took a steamer down the Arkansas and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans, and another to New York. There, he was hospitalized and then fitted with special brace-type boots.

AMORY CHAMBERLIN returned to the West as soon as he could. He abandoned the boots and depended on a crutch and a cane. He had long been doing religious work, teaching and translating and interpreting, but not as a full-fledged Presbyterian missionary. After the close of the war and the regaining of his health he began devoting full time to this field. It was then that he moved to the Coo-wee-scoo-wee district of the Cherokee Nation, seven miles northwest of present-day Vinita, Oklahoma. His Pheasant Hill mission was established in 1868.

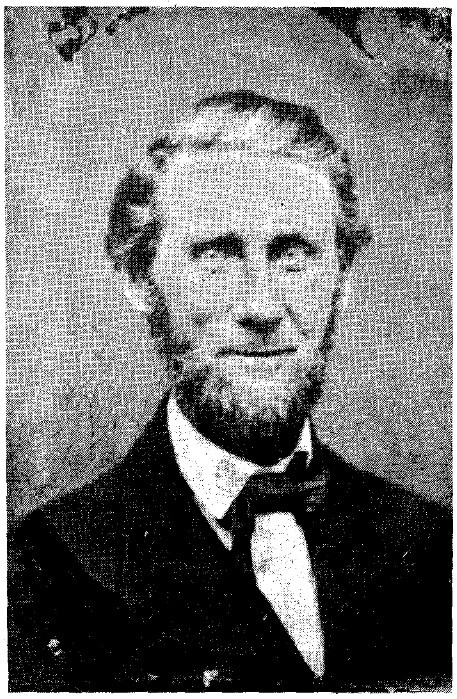
It was named for Pheasant, an old Indian who had lived near the hill site overlooking Little Cabin Creek. Chamberlin's log house became the first Sun-

(Continued on page 67)

The Pheasant Hill mission school and church building. The first building was constructed of logs chinked with mud but was later replaced with this more "civilized" structure. This 1898 photo shows the students with their teacher (arrow).

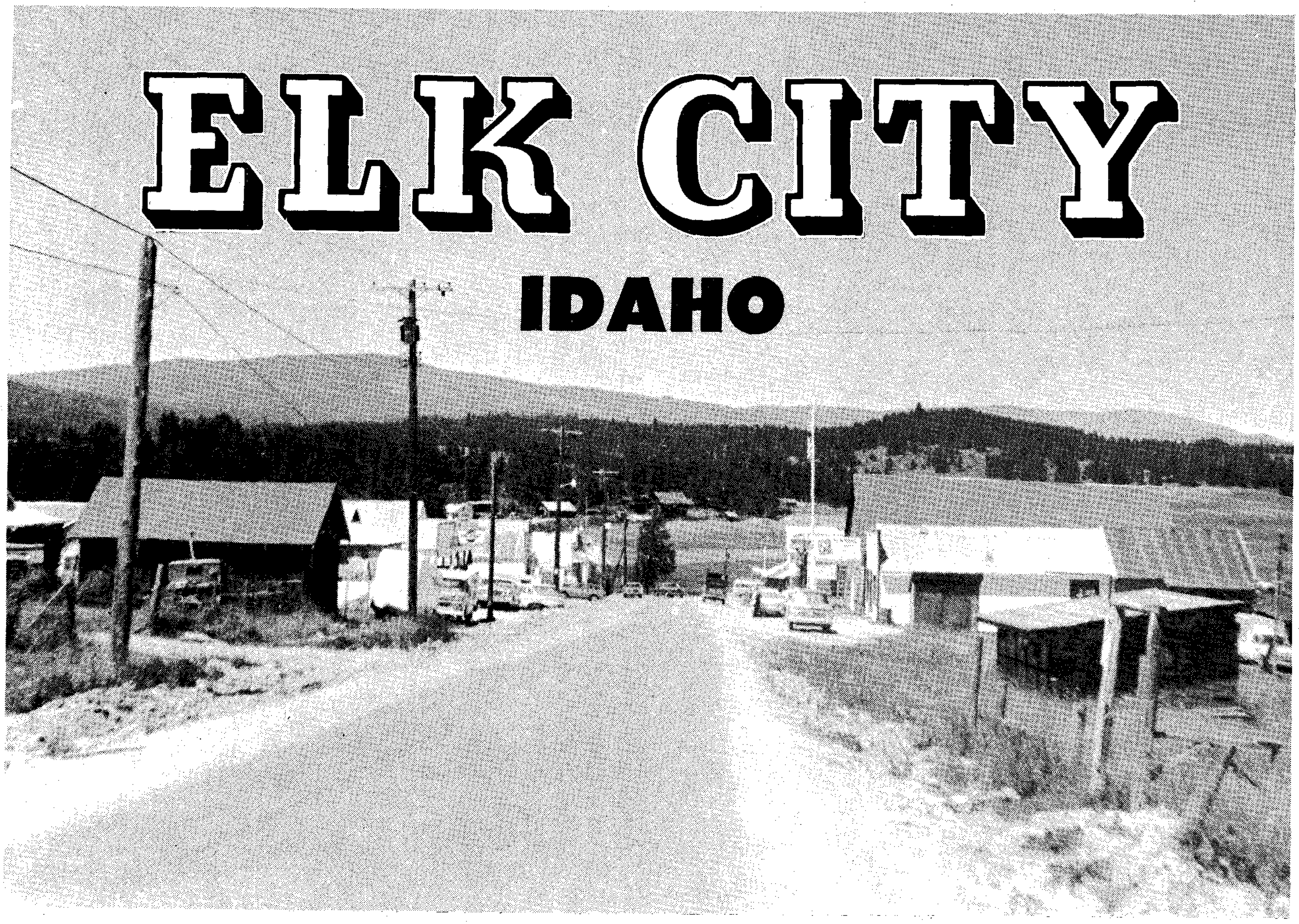


Reverend Hamilton Balentine



ELK CITY

IDAHO

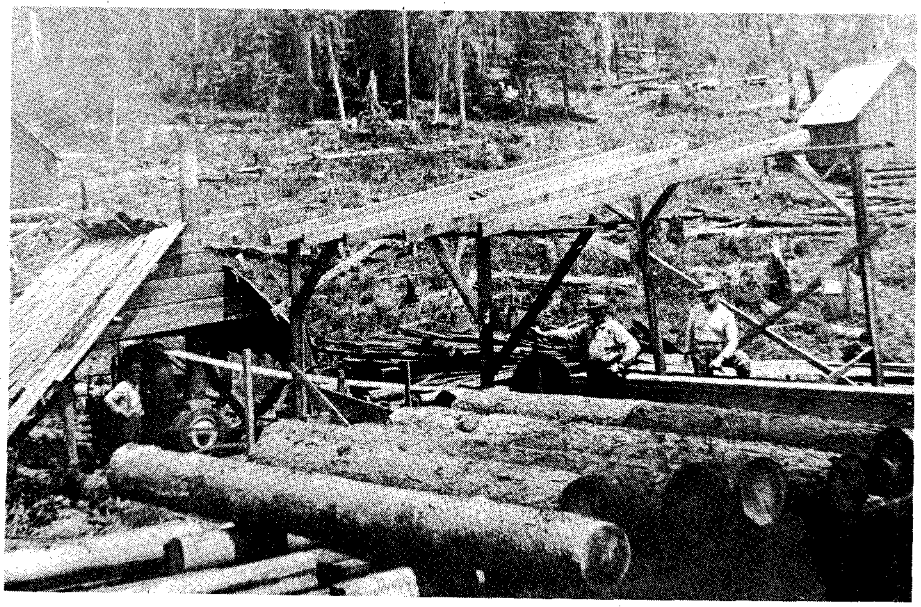


Located in north-central Idaho is the town of Elk City. At one time over 10,000 people lived here, drawn by the many mining enterprises and the prospect of getting rich quick.

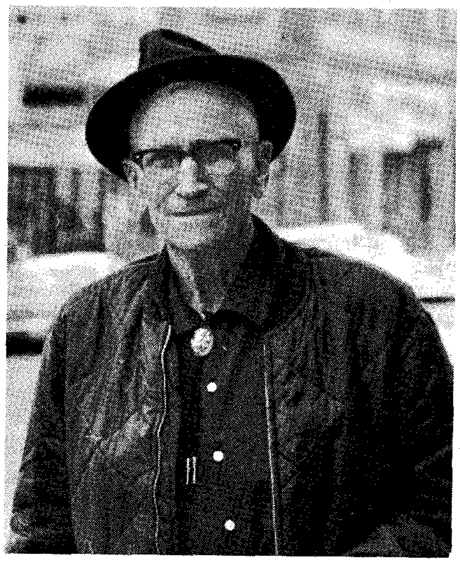
◆◆◆◆◆ By ROSCOE LeGRESLEY ◆◆◆◆◆

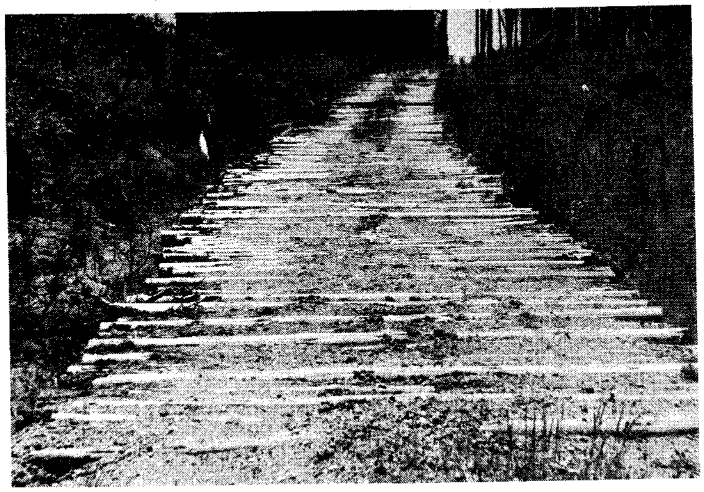
Photos Courtesy Author

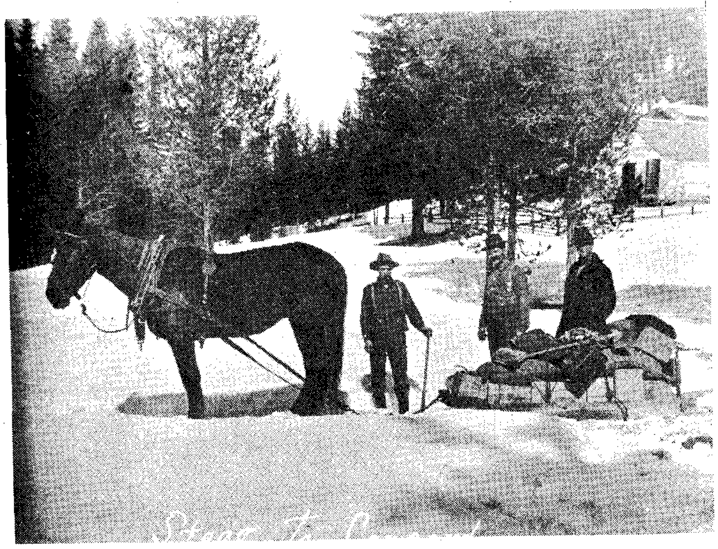
Today, the town contains about 300 people who earn their living mainly from ranching. Two large, modern sawmills not far from town also provide jobs for many. Though we are not sure of the exact location of this early mill, it gives an idea of what the earlier operations looked like.



(Below) The tales of Elk City's early growth drew many new people to the area, such as Con Nitz, who arrived from Leigh, Nebraska in 1910. Then a young man in his twenties, Con earned his living like most, from the mining activities. Later, he turned towards ranching, his true calling. A respected citizen, Con ran for county commissioner in 1936, and held the post for 24 years. In his 80's in this photo, Con retired in 1958.







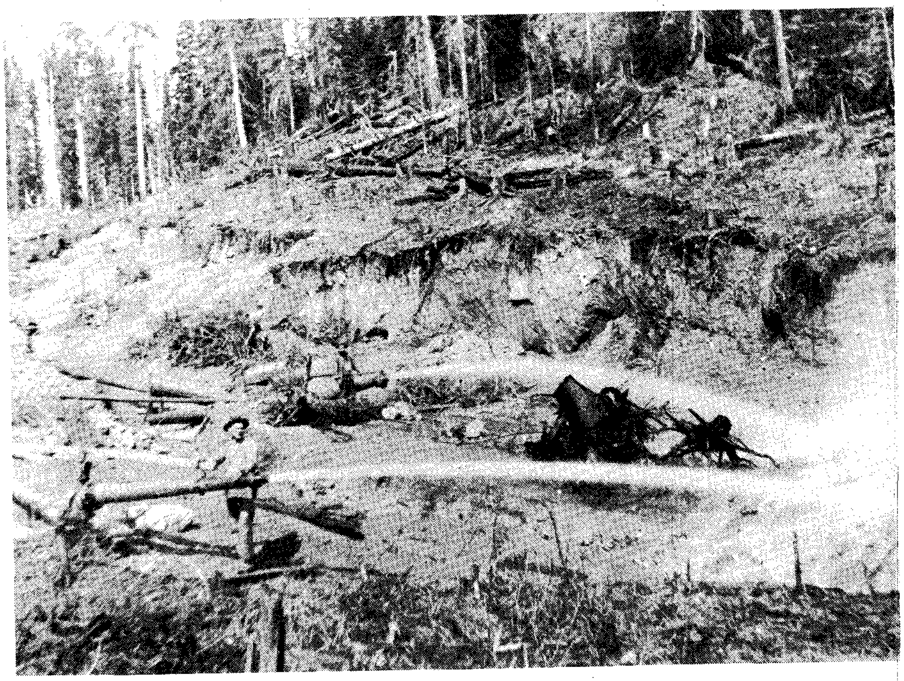
(Above) Lumber was plentiful in the Elk View area and was utilized in many ways. This "corduroy road" is a good example. Though a bit on the bumpy side, it was a lot better than hauling freight through mud! This road is still maintained and in use today.

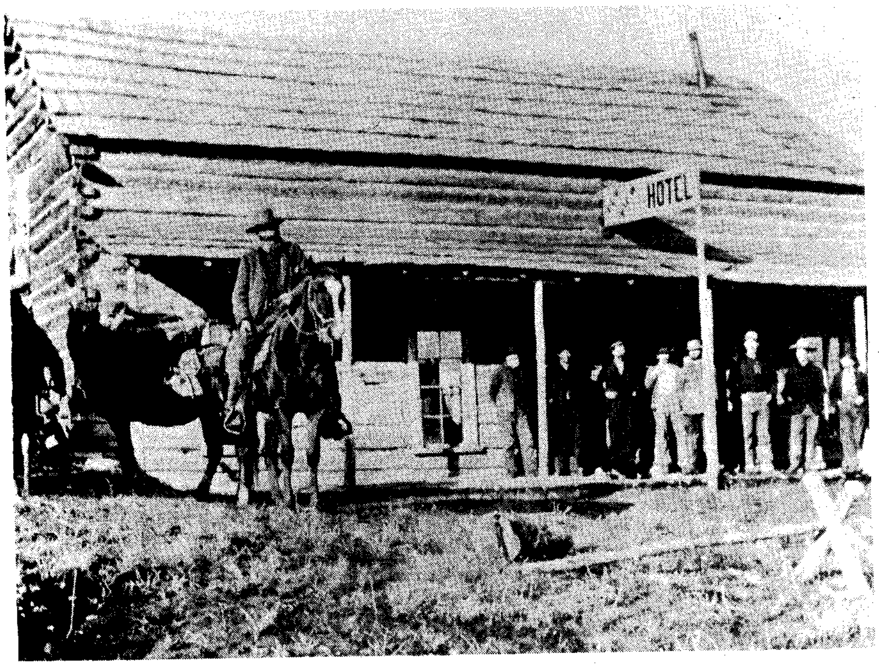
(Above, right) In winter, wheels were not nearly as practical as runners. This is the winter stage that ran between Concord and Orogrande, two other gold mining towns not far from Elk City.

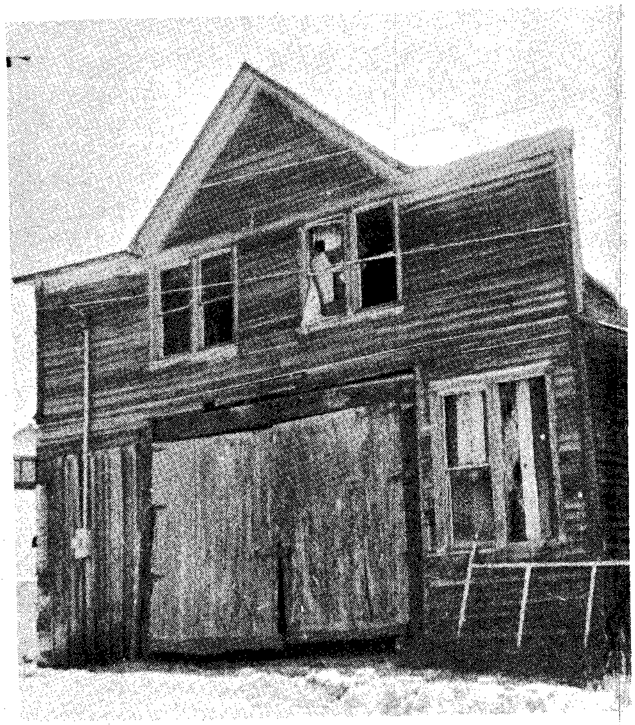
(At right) One method for mining gold with a minimum of sweat was with powerful streams of water. The scars left by these roaring monsters can still be seen today.

(Below, right) Still standing is this old building, originally a Wells Fargo bank, but now used as a storage shed for county highway equipment. At the height of the boom the town retained a doctor, its own newspaper, a drug store, and several saloons.

(Below) The Elk View Hotel was short on many of the "fineries" but in its time housed many a miner.







LETTER RIP!

Custer, South Dakota Pioneer

My father, George A. Carr, who has been subscribing to your magazines for several years, had a stroke last May. Mr. Carr was born in Custer, South Dakota in 1887. His father had a saddle and harness shop there (Carr & Kimble). Last May we visited Custer and in the Free Museum was a saddle made by his father and owned by the first mail carrier in the Black Hills. The Custer *Chronicle* had pictures and a write-up in the May 25 issue, I believe. Enclosed is a picture taken at the time. He suffered the stroke a week later and is paralyzed on the right side.

Since your magazine is the only one he cares to look at and strikes a chord in his memory, I am renewing it. It was interesting to get his reaction to the issue on the Gordon Stockade which we visited and which he knew so much about.

My grandfather was a soldier in the Civil War—a sergeant—and is buried in Custer Cemetery. We visited the grave while there—a very beautiful spot. The old Custer courthouse is no longer being used—I hope they don't tear that building down.—Mrs. Harold Barth, Barth Farms, White Mills, Pennsylvania 18473

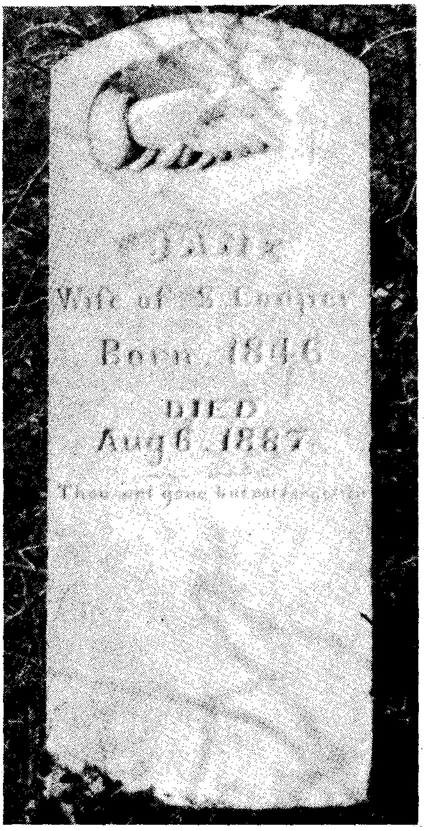
George A. Carr, 83, stands by a saddle made by his father and used by the first mail carrier in the Black Hills. It is on display in the Free Museum in Custer, South Dakota.

East Texas Pioneer

Enclosed is a picture made in 1970 of an old tombstone found in a long ago abandoned graveyard. It is on the banks of Red River in Bowie County, Texas, ten miles north of Hooks in the eastern corner of the state. The grave is actually located between Red River and an old lake bed called Wilson Lake, now dry. Several graves are here but only this one marker is now visible. Many years ago my husband saw this spot and said there were other markers. They may have sunk into the graves as there are many sunken spots there now. The inscription reads:

Jane, wife of S. Cooper
Born 1846, died Aug. 6, 1887
Thou are gone but not forgotten

Would any of your readers know anything about this? If so, I wish they would write me about it. I am writing some history of northeast Texas and would be happy to get any data on this area.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilburn, Route 3, Box 239A, Texarkana, Texas 75501



Pioneer grave?

"Poindexter & Orr"

I would appreciate any information about the Poindexter & Orr Live Stock Company operations in or around Powder River in Custer County, Montana in the early days. The Poindexter & Orr, better known as the "P & O," had headquarters on Blacktrail Creek, Beaverhead County, but for a period during the 1880s (?) operated, owned or leased range in Custer County. Information leads me to believe it was once known as the "Circle C." The home brand of the P & O was the "Square & Compass" and was the first brand registered in the Territory of Montana.—Phil C. Orr, 797 Ashley Road, Santa Barbara, California 93103

Texas and Arizona Rangers

Is there someone from Texas or Arizona who has some historic information they would like to exchange with me about the Texas and Arizona Rangers? Also any information on "Texas" John Slaughter?

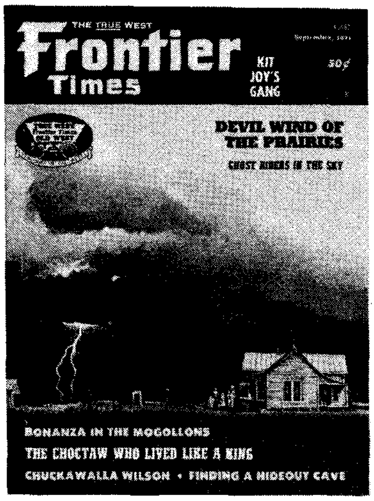
I am a member of the Western Horse-

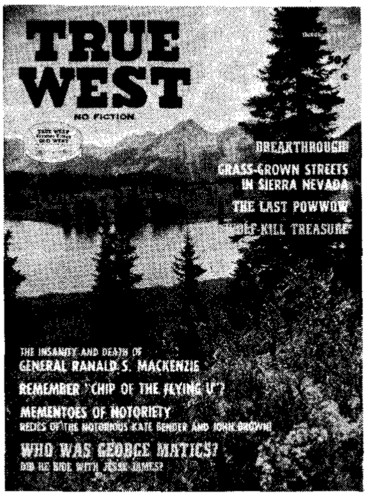
(Continued on page 63)

DON'T BE A WHEEZELSNATCHER

A WHEEZELSNATCHER IS A GENT WHO PASSES UP A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT BECAUSE: (1) He keeps putting it off. (2) He hates to write a check and address an envelope. (3) He'll wait until the last two minutes. (4) He doesn't give a dad-burn. (5) That doggone lock on Junior's bank is too hard to get open. Do you fall into any of these categories? **DON'T BE A WHEEZELSNATCHER!** This is a good thing and you have seen it! We know it is good because our Ouija Board says so.

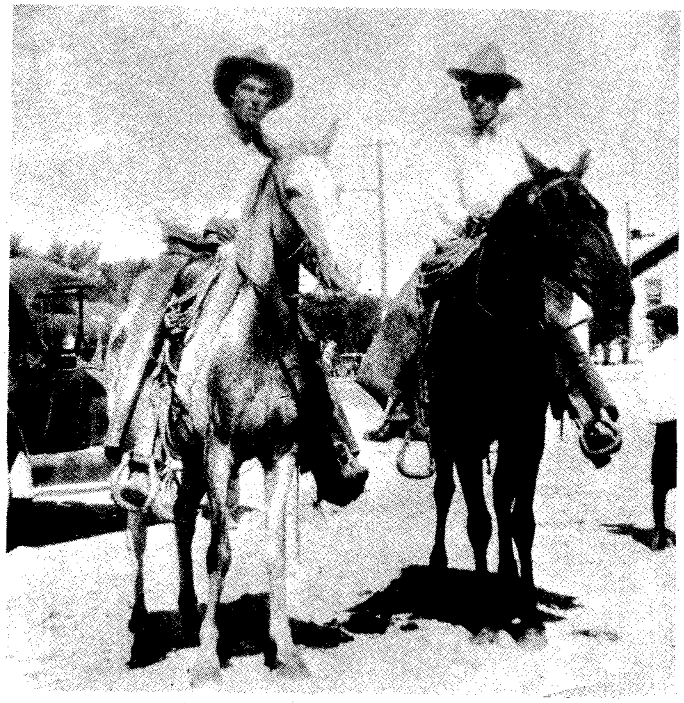
GET YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DONE EARLY! We'd do nearly anything to get you in early except cry or beg—which grown men and women ain't supposed to do. Later on, when the rush bogs us down, we're apt to be late, make a mistake, or cut our throats in desperation. Save us that possible embarrassment—just tear out this insert, write a check, tie the whole thing to the back hump of a fast camel, whack him on the rump with your chaps and head him our way. It won't take five minutes.


THE TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
KIT JOY'S GANG
50¢
DEVIL WIND OF THE PRAIRIES
GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY
BONANZA IN THE MOGOLLONS
THE CHOCTAW WHO LIVED LIKE A KING
CHUCKAWALLA WILSON • FINDING A HIDEOUT CAVE


TRUE WEST
NO FICTION
BREAKTHROUGH!
GRASS-GROWN STREETS IN SIERRA NEVADA
THE LAST POWWOW
WOLF-KILL TREASURE
THE INSANITY AND DEATH OF
GENERAL RANALD S. MACKENZIE
REMEMBER "CHIP OF THE FLYING U"?
MEMENTOES OF NOTORIETY
RELICS OF THE NOTORIOUS KATE BENDER AND JOHN BROWN
WHO WAS GEORGE MATICS?
DID HE RIDE WITH JESSE JAMES?

TRUE WEST
AND
FRONTIER TIMES
make a mighty fine
Christmas gift—
REALLY DIFFERENT!

Detach insert and mail today!



Guy Cates on left, with Alan "Red" Crebaum on right. Guy rode every bronc that his dad sold to the Mexican government.

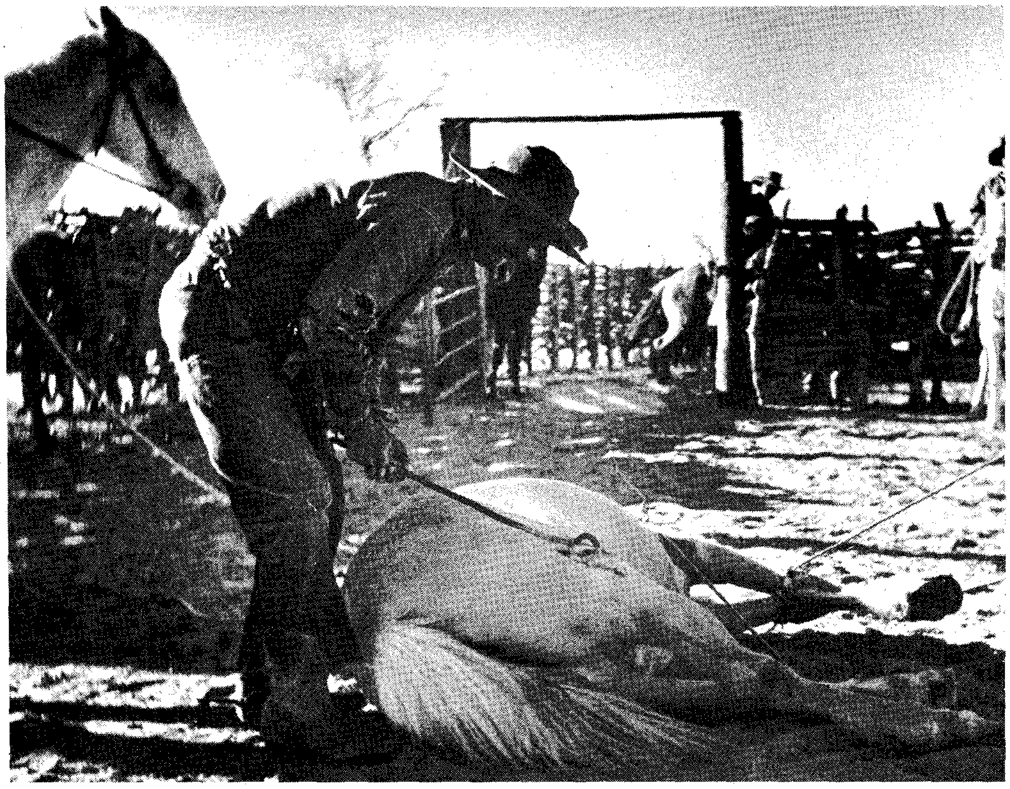
Papago Indian roundup near the old ghost town of Quijotoa (pronounced Qua-Ha-Tee) in the 1920s.

ARIZONA'S GREAT HORSE GATHER

By DAN WOODS
Photos Courtesy Author

This 1919 photo shows a herd of wild horses brought in from the desert in southern Arizona. They are being driven to the S.P. Corrals in Casa Grande.

Clay McGonagill was foreman of the 1919 roundup to clear the Papagos' land



Above, a Papago Indian branding a white horse at the Chui Chui Indian village.

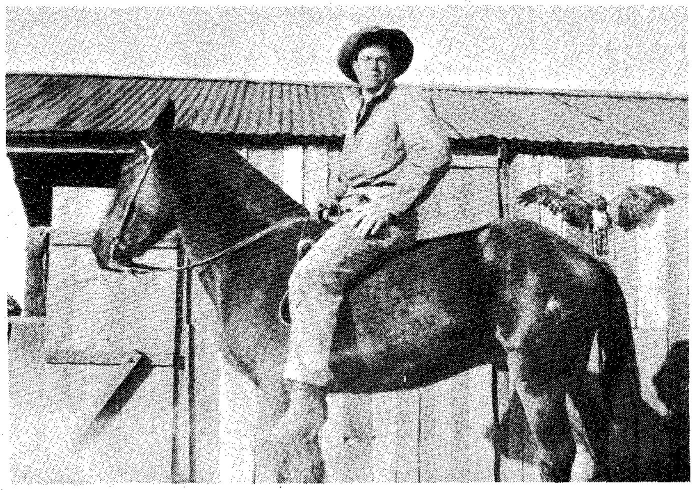
IN THE FALL of 1919 the federal government decided there were too many wild horses on the Indian reservations and state lands of southern Arizona. More room was needed for beef cattle. The Gila River Indian Reservation, home of the Pima, all 375,000 acres, was completely overrun with Indian ponies; and the great Papago Nation, which lay south to the Mexican border and embraced nearly 3,000,000 acres, was also teeming with the wild cayuses.

Dry-land ranchers were bothered by the droves of wild horses whose studs would steal the domestic stock; even the harness mules, on whom the ranchers depended so much, would be run off. So when the great "Horse Gather" began, everyone joined in. Big Ed Stringer, government stockman for the Gila River Reservation, and a man named Lacewell, also a government man, and his assistant Josey Goldtooth, an Indian, were in charge of the operations. Clay McGonagill (often erroneously spelled McGonigal), Tex Settles, Wes Cates and many others joined in the Gather. McGonagill, World's Champion steer roper from Nocona, Texas, was foreman of the great drive.

I was just a kid of thirteen at that time, but I'll never forget the big bands of wild horses that were brought into the old S. P. stock pens at Casa Grande. The pens were located near town by the railroad spur and we kids would go down and wait for the horses to come in and be shipped out by the box-carloads.

McGonagill told my father he had contracted to buy over thirty carloads of studs and geldings to ship to the southern states to sell to sharecroppers. Clay said it was really a show when the

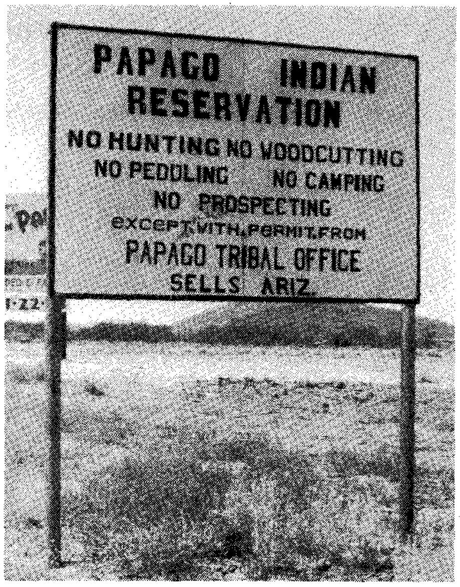
On right is Clay McGonagill, foreman of the great Arizona horse gather. At his side is Tex Settles. Below, Big Earnest Cates really knew how to impress a horse buyer!



Big Ed Stringer, stockman for the Gila River Indian Reservation at Sacaton, Arizona back in 1920.

farmers hitched up those old ponies to the plow. He bought them for $6 and sold them for $20.

Wes Cates and Tex Settles also bought several carloads and shipped them to Georgetown, Texas. Clay said they were having a liar's contest in Texas at that time and each state was allowed one contestant. When Wes Cates got there he got permission to represent Arizona, and Clay said Wes won first, second and third prize! Wes Cates was loved and respected by everyone.



The sign that greets visitors on entering the Papago Indian Reservation.

A great many of the wild broncs were sold to the Mexican government under the rule of Venustiano Carranza, who had declared himself *presidente* and was recognized as such by our government under Woodrow Wilson. Carranza's okay was on the check given in payment by a Mexican army officer. The officer said the size of the horses didn't matter so long as they were in good shape. In June 1919 when Pancho Villa's shots struck El Paso, American troops went across the line after his army, and the price of horseflesh went up. Wes Cates got $65 American money for each sound horse, but had to kick back $30 to the Mexican officer who approved each one. Still that was good money as he only had paid $6 per horse originally.

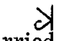
Wes Cates' two sons, Guy and Earnest, had to ride each animal through a chute from one corral to another to show that there were no cripples. Guy Cates said that Earnest, who was about 6'4" and weighed around 250, was strong as a bull, so he'd ear down the Indian ponies and Guy would put on his old saddle and only use one cinch and just run it through the dee ring a few times so it would come off. Then he'd mount up and the pony would have to go through the chute where there was a big rafter overhead; Guy said he'd grab it as he went under, and he'd leave the bronc and off would come his saddle and the horse would kick the hell out of it. Invariably the Mexican officer would yell, *"Bueno caballo!"*

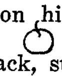
A small band of Indian horses bunched up for a rest.

MOST of the mares and unfit geldings and studs were shipped to Nogales, Sonora to be turned into soap or chicken feed. This was before the day of canned dogfood.

The little colts weren't worth anything so Clay McGonagill would let us kids run races and give the winner a colt. Clay showed us how to make cotton rope halters to get them home with, and when we'd rope and drag the little ones away from their mothers, they'd be bawling and fighting and scared to death. But in a few days they'd be following us kids around like puppies. Soon the whole town was full of little long-haired pot-bellied ponies—and every kid's mother was looking for Clay McGonagill. Clay had to hide out for a while because a young colt is sure a nuisance.

I still remember how the Indians would come to the S. P. corrals and argue with the stockmen and one another over which were their horses. They would get down and make marks and draw brands in the dirt, and grunt and point for hours. Each Indian was allowed only six horses to take home, and when they'd figured it out the ponies would be roped out for them and they'd take them away.

The Papago Reservation ran along the Mexican border and many horses carried Mexican brands. One Mexican *vaquero* showed us kids some horses with Pancho Villa's brand. Pancho was no respecter of property; he said that when he saw good horseflesh he borrowed it for his horse soldiers. His cavalrymen were always well mounted. One of his horse brands was the backward K Hook called the Eagle Claw  and many of the border horses carried brands of Mormon colony ranchers whose stock had drifted and mixed with the Indian ponies after Villa had run their owners out of Old Mexico. Some of the Mormon horses looked like fine blooded stock. I remember one time a big grullo stud was brought in and the cowboys rolled dice for him. Clay McGonagill was high man. He rolled boxcars and won him. Clay told me he was a Mormon horse.

Clay and his father had a little ranch around Monument, New Mexico, and he had a big band of mares and was going to take the stud there. I remember he branded him right then as soon as he won him. Clay's brand was an Apple . This grullo stud had a line back, striped legs, and a fork that ran down each shoulder like a buckskin mule. Clay said it was a devil's fork and the horse would make good tough colts.

Since the big Horse Gather, Indian

(Continued on page 67)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Henry Shulanberger

I am trying to trace any known descendents of my grandfather, Henry Simeon Shulanberger. Henry lived in western Nebraska when it was a territory. He owned a freight line and hauled salt from Utah to Nebraska. Two sons, William and Jonathan, were born to him during that time. Nothing is known of his second marriage. His third marriage was to Henrietta Summerville in Cooke County, Texas. My father, Edgar C., and three brothers, Tom, Lee and Jesse and a sister, were born of this marriage in the 1880s. Any information about Henry Simeon Shulanberger during this time in Nebraska or Cooke County, Texas would be greatly appreciated.—E. A. Neukirchner, 1870 Archer Avenue, Live Oak, California 95953

Lou Kelly

My maternal grandmother, Lou Kelly (originally Calgrimson, an Icelandic name), told us that she was a cousin of Kit Carson. I have heard that Carson was a grandson of Daniel Boone. I would very much like to hear from descendents of either Boone or Carson.—Douglas G. H. Henderson, c/o General Delivery, Sechelt, British Columbia, Canada

China Grove Graves

In the northeast corner of Collingsworth, Texas, in the China Grove community on Elm Creek, are a couple of grave markers. Some old-timers say a man and wife died from poke salad poisoning and a few days later a cowboy rode by and found their baby starved to death. But could the graves possibly be of two women, a Mrs. Fe Allen and Mrs. Bert McCracken? Twenty years ago a road ran within ten feet of the markers, but now it is closed and no one passes by.—Bill Graves, Route 3, Shamrock, Texas 79079

Jette and Hanorine Morrow

Would like to hear from anyone who might have known Jette or Hanorine Morrow. They and their children lived in Sparta, Wisconsin in 1896 but it is not known from where they came or where they may have moved.—Mrs. L. V. Kreager, 1217 North Lake Avenue, Miles City, Montana 59301

Vera Burton

I am trying to locate Vera Burton, an old school friend with whom I attended Burton School on Lone Willow Road six-and-a-half miles west of Cleburne, Texas in 1914-16. Vera also had a sister, Leota (now deceased), and a brother, Malcolm.

I last saw her in 1919 just before she was married. I do not know her married name, but the last information I have, she was living in south-central or south Texas.—John O. Cashion, 249 West Sulis Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19120

Cameron and Mae Russell

I would like any information on Cameron and Mae Russell, who were dear friends of my father, Carmin Schaich. These people left Grayville, Illinois when I was a small child two or three years of age. They used to call me Bill. Cameron and Mae are probably in their late sixties or early seventies and had a son named Wyman Troop. I believe they went to California.—Mrs. Zelma Marks, RR #1, Sumner, Illinois 62466

Brooks-Duckworth

Would like additional information on Hiram William Brooks, born May 25, 1835 and died July 4, 1895 in Granbury, Texas. He was married to Mary Louis Murrell, born October 27, 1845 and died October 8, 1909.

Also, William J. Duckworth, born March 17, 1851 and died 1928 or '29 in Acton, Texas. I believe he was county judge of Hood County, Texas. He was married to Virginia Arkansas Gibbs, who was one-quarter Cherokee. She was the daughter of Ed Gibbs and wife (her name unknown). I believe Virginia's last name was Brown.—Bobby Brooks, Box 24, Centerton, Arkansas 72719

Phillip

I am looking for the family of Peter and Leah (Lillie) Behem Phillip. It is believed that Peter came from Germany, where he was born in 1854. We would like to know if he came to the States alone or with his family. He married Lillie in Sullivan, Indiana on December 22, 1877. Also we would like information about Mrs. Phillip's family. Lillie was born October 9, 1855 in Jackson, Ohio. Before coming to Nebraska, the Phillip family lived in Keytesville, Missouri.

In several old letters we found the following names, but have not been able to get in touch with any because of incomplete names and addresses. These names were associated with the Keytesville and Moberly, Missouri areas: Sarah Cooley, her son J. T. Cooley; Millie Rutledge and a Matilda whose son's name is Woodrow Howard. Then in the State of Ohio there were cousins, John and Josie from Cedarville, Ohio and also a Grandmother Hildenbrand and an Aunt Ann. Would appreciate any help we might receive as Mr. and Mrs. Peter Phillip were my husband's great-grandparents.—Mrs. Denis Palmer, Burton, Nebraska 68721

Andrew Dunn

Would appreciate hearing from relatives of Andrew Dunn. He was born around 1829 and fought in the Mexican War. He resided in Arkansas after the Civil War, probably around Fort Smith. He had a younger brother, John, who also fought in the Mexican War and was in the Confederate Army.

Besides Andrew and John, there were three or four girls in the family. John had seven children, one being Silas who was my father. I think Andrew had two children but time has dimmed my memory of their names. Could be that some of the girls have children living in Little Rock, Arkansas. I can't recall their married names.—Robert L. Dunn, 510 Rosamond, Houston, Texas 77022

Clara Royce

Would appreciate the address of a friend, Clara Royce of Alcova, Wyoming. She may have married or moved.—Emily Allen Kinney, 330 67½ Avenue D, Yucaipa, California 92399

Thompson

My great-grandfather, John Thompson, came to Virginia from Ireland as a young man. He married Annie Lee, sister of Henry (Light Horse Harry) Lee father of Robert E. Lee. They had four boys: Jefferson, William, Benjamin, and Hugh Nelson (my grandfather). Great-grandfather John Thompson got 2,040 acres of land in Green County, Kentucky for his Revolutionary War service.

Jefferson was the only one of the four boys who was married at the time of my great-grandparents' deaths, and he had a large family. In the division of the property, Benjamin got property in Virginia, and Jefferson, William, and Grandfather Hugh Nelson got the land down in Kentucky. Jefferson got mad about the division of the property, loaded his family in a wagon and left Virginia. William, Benjamin and Hugh Nelson never heard from him or any of the family again.

I have a copy of the Partition Deed that was issued to Jefferson, William, and Hugh Nelson, recorded in the Green County clerk's office at Greensburg, Kentucky, August 14, 1819 giving each 680 acres of land. The youngest, Hugh Nelson, was born July 22, 1795 in Virginia. He was a miller by trade. He went down into Kentucky to his land and built a flour and grist mill on Green River. He married in Kentucky October 16, 1834 in Greensburg. He and his wife and nine children left Kentucky, December 1852 for Texas. They settled twenty-one miles north of Dallas in Collin County. Hugh Nelson never sold his land in Kentucky. My father said that they thought Benjamin lived and died a bachelor in Virginia and also that William lived and died in Virginia.

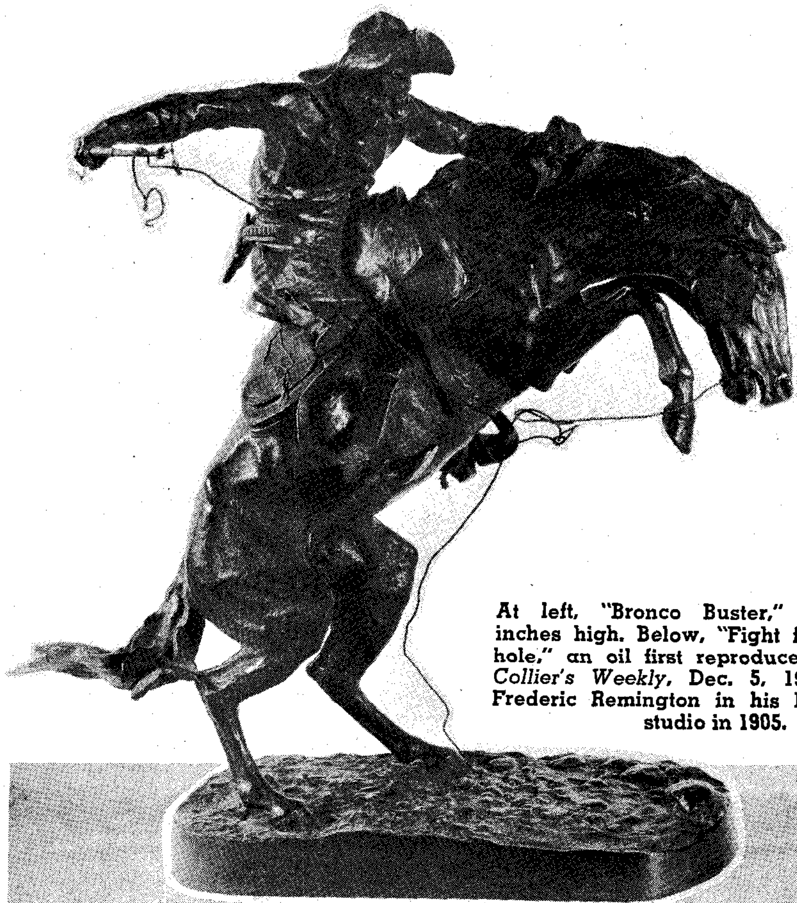
If anyone could give me any information about Jefferson's, William's, and

(Continued on page 66)

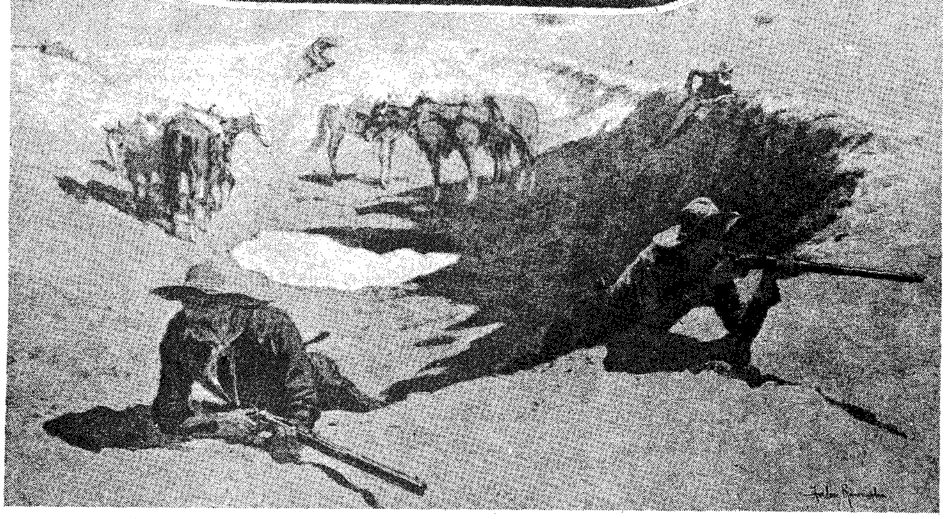
When I die, I would like to have my epitaph read:

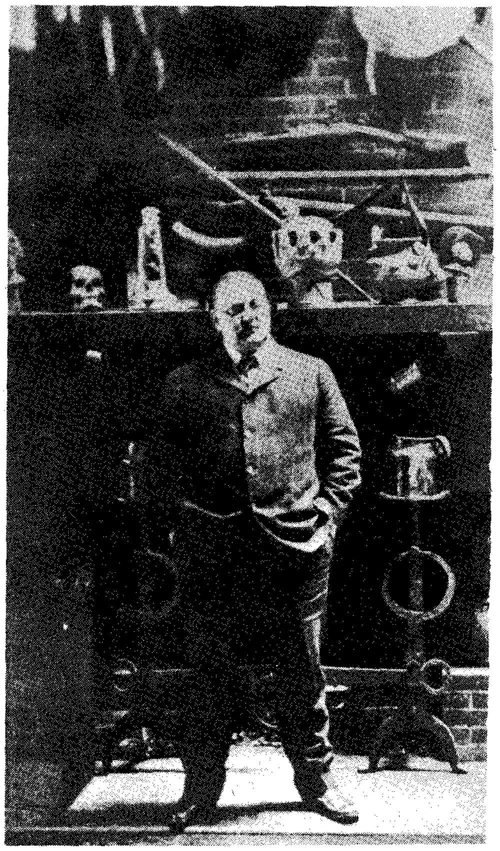
'He Knew the Horse'

– FREDERIC S



At left, "Bronco Buster," bronze, 22½ inches high. Below, "Fight for the Water-hole," an oil first reproduced in color in *Collier's Weekly*, Dec. 5, 1903. At right, Frederic Remington in his New Rochelle studio in 1905.





By 'TANA MAC

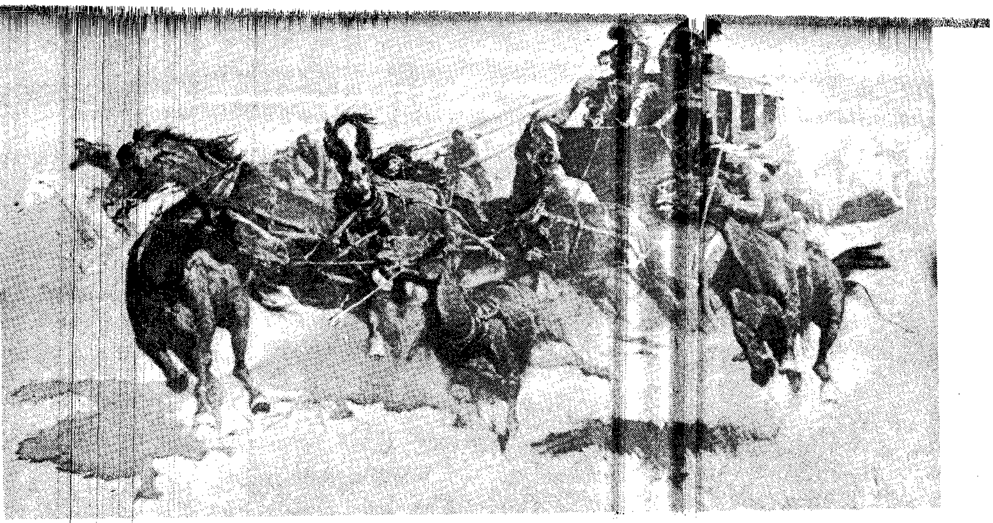
Photos Courtesy Author

THE SOUTHWEST of Geronimo's day, the gallant scrimmages of the Fifth, Seventh and Eighth Cavalries, the valor of the buffalo soldier, the wild race of the Deadwood coach against time and Apaches will never die because a vigorous and talented man recorded on canvas what he saw. That man was artist Frederic Sackrider Remington.

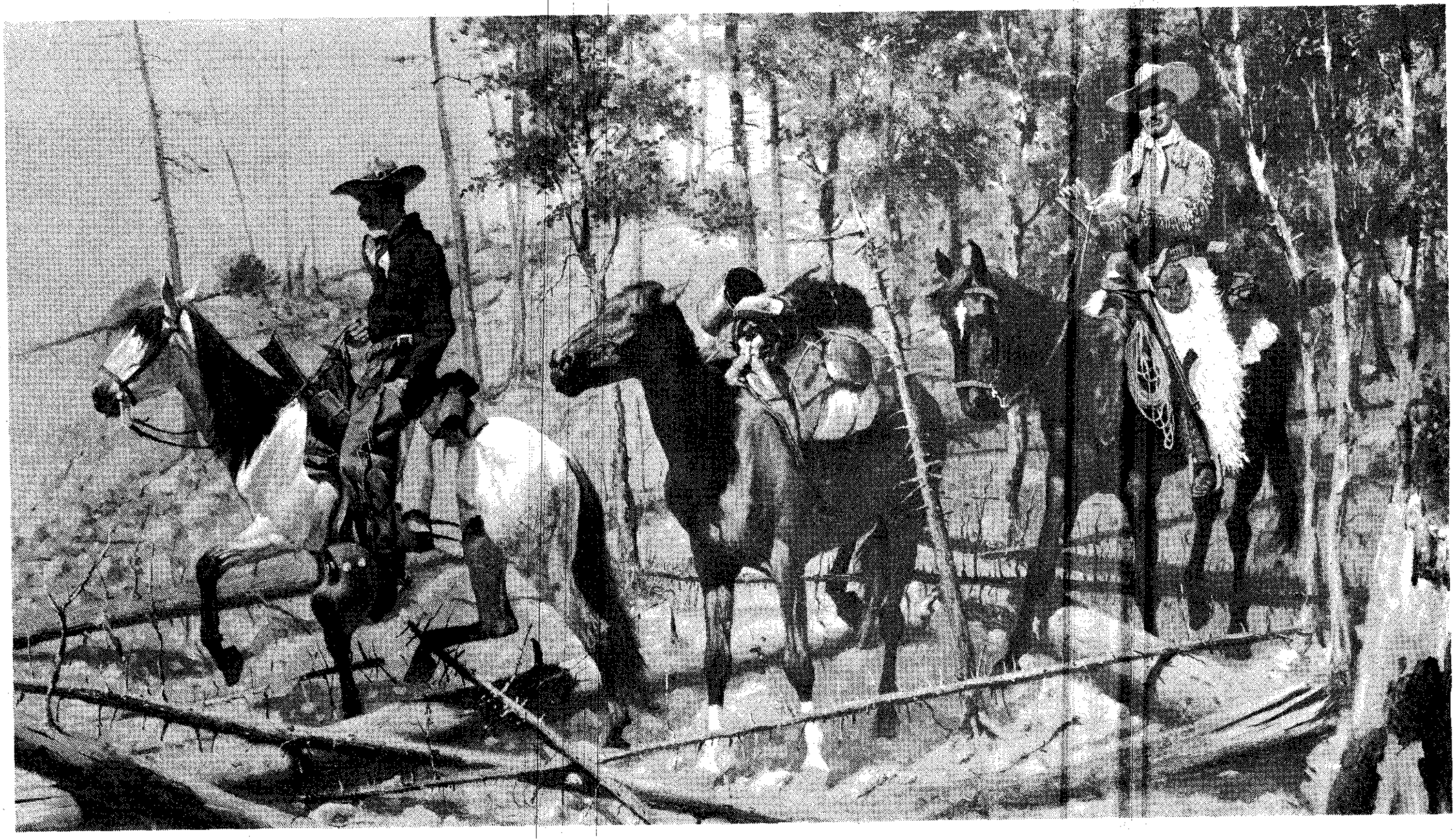
An inspired lover of the West, Remington rode with General Nelson Miles as correspondent in the campaign against the Sioux. He seemed to absorb the feel of the desert and its dark-skinned raiders. The gorgeous canvas, "Fight for the Water Hole," portrays a handful of frontiersmen trying to hold their own against covetous Apaches. "Caught in the Circle" shows the whites firing from a circle of downed horses. Drama leaps from his paintings; he caught frontier life at its hair-splitting, bone-chilling best—or worst.

This was the excitement which lured Remington from comfortable home sur-

ƎEMINGTON



At right, "Downing the Nigh Leader," an oil depicting the conflict between whites and Indians. Below, "The Prospectors."



roundings in Canton, New York, to seek adventure in the wild, unsettled West. He may have inherited some of his restless blood from a newspaperman father who had fought with the famed Eleventh New York Cavalry in the Civil War. Some of his nostalgic roaming was due to frustration in love. The Southwest was his stomping ground and the desert winds whispered that he was witnessing the end of an era. He recorded that era faithfully.

Remington knew the Oregon and Santa Fe trails. He had visited Mexico; he traversed the West from Canada to the Rio Grande. His subjects were the desert burro, the joshuas, the sand dunes, the Comanches, Cheyennes, Apaches, the mountain man, the trapper, the trader, the freighter, the Indian scout, the Mexican *vaquero*, the Spanish highwaymen.

He worked as a cowboy when the need for funds struck; he hit saddle leather in Kansas, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, and Arizona Territory. When the urge to move came, he rode through the Rockies with the wagontrains. He saw all that there was to see, and his notebooks swelled in volume as he recorded the panorama before him.

"How well we all know the look of Remington's sergeants, the look of Remington's private!" Owen Wister wrote, "In the generations that follow our own, they too will inquire, perhaps, 'What did the Continental soldier look like?'—and will never know. And then as they pass on down the years and come to Remington, they will honor and praise him even more than we do now for the imperishable historic work that he has done and is doing."

The active, roving years of his youth compensated for the mature years he spent working at an easel and doing illustrations for books and magazines. Remington loved the saddle, and rode until great weight forced him to give up this sport. As a youth, he had played on the Yale football team and had showed promise as a heavyweight boxer. He stood over six-feet tall, was solid of muscle and good-looking, with blonde hair, virile jaw, and a heavy-set, powerful physique.

He was to win fame as a writer as well as an illustrator. He eventually married the woman of his choice, Eva Adele Caten of Gloversville, New York, whose hand had been denied him in youth by her father. An outstanding biographer of Remington, Dr. Harold McCracken wrote, "He was a man with a great gusto and energy and love of the good things in life, with an immense capacity for hard work."

REMINGTON was an early riser; he usually breakfasted at seven and worked until three. According to McCracken, "Whistling, singing, smoking, occasionally taking a sip from a bottle beside his easel, he worked whether he felt in the mood for it or not. For all the vast quantity he turned out, he continued to be a stickler for detail; he once toiled for days to achieve the effect of raindrops bouncing on the calm surface of water; and to get exactly right such small details as the single line defining the leg of a horse galloping in the distance was always important to him."

Biographers enjoy telling the story of an evening spent in the company of Mrs. Martha Summerhayes, wife of Major Jack Summerhayes, a friend and hunting companion of Remington. She conceded that Frederic was not at ease with women, and while they sat looking at the dancers, his eyes roamed to a group of soldiers who were assisting in preparations to serve supper.

"Those are the men I like to study," he admitted. "I don't like this fuss and feathers of society." Then, blushing, he asked her to dance and grabbed her arm, whirled her about the floor, and then led her to a seat with a sigh of triumph and the question, "That's enough of this sort of thing, isn't it?"

To his college friend, Poultney Rigelow, who had become editor of *Outing Magazine*, Remington wrote, "I have concluded, or did conclude some time ago, to quit drinking. I reasoned that I had had all of that kind of fun that one man could expect to have and do anything else; so I cut square off and feel better. But I am not a damned bit sorry for any drink I ever had. I only hope to die sane enough to feel that whatever I do is right—since I mean to do right."

Remington was so demanding about exactness, he even brought horses into his studio, running a rope from the bridle through an iron ring anchored in the ceiling to a tie-in on the wall. Ricardo Bertelli, who was responsible for casting Remington's sculptured masterpieces in bronze, used to recall the time the city fathers of Philadelphia requested Remington to do a statue of a cowboy mounted on a Spanish horse. Remington agreed and prepared a superb model.

"Mr. Remington," said one dignified old gentleman, "we like the model you have submitted and have about decided to commission you to do the statue. There are, however, one or two points we want to discuss . . ."

One was the artistic symmetry of the horse's front foot. Remington had modeled the extended hoof pointing straight out and upwards. The city's art experts wanted it curved more gracefully downward.

"The Norther"

Remington jumped to his feet, ready to depart with his model under his arm, and shouted, "What the hell do you know about horses?"

Riccardo managed to calm him down and pacify the city fathers. Remington got the job. But, as Dr. McCracken observes in his biography, ". . . the big bronze horse which stands in Fairmont Park has the tip of its hoof pointing straight out—and even a little upward. No consideration of profit could ever induce Remington to compromise with the truth about the noble animal he knew and loved as well as any man who ever lived."

"That," explained Bertelli, "is the fundamental difference between Remington's work and the statuary of those who have given more consideration to art than realism."

So intense was Remington's appreciation of the horse and so keen his understanding, that at least once he requested, "When I die, I would like to have my epitaph read: 'He Knew the Horse'."

Bertelli also enjoyed telling about a Christmas card which Remington sketched. It caricatured the artist beside a modeling stand on which a clay model of a bucking horse was balanced on the tip of one hoof. Under the sketch, Remington had written, "Can you cast him?" and below that he had answered, imagining Bertelli's reply, "Do you think I am one of the Wright Brothers?"

REMINGTON was accurate in everything he depicted, whether it was a California cart, a Spanish *ladrón*, or an Arizona Apache. He was amused at one critic's comments concerning an Indian guide shown wearing a beautiful pair of moccasins. Said the critic, "Remington is always picturesque. His Indian guide wears a pair of moccasins the likes of which were never worn by any Indian outside a theatre. The actual guide probably wore a pair of Army brogans."

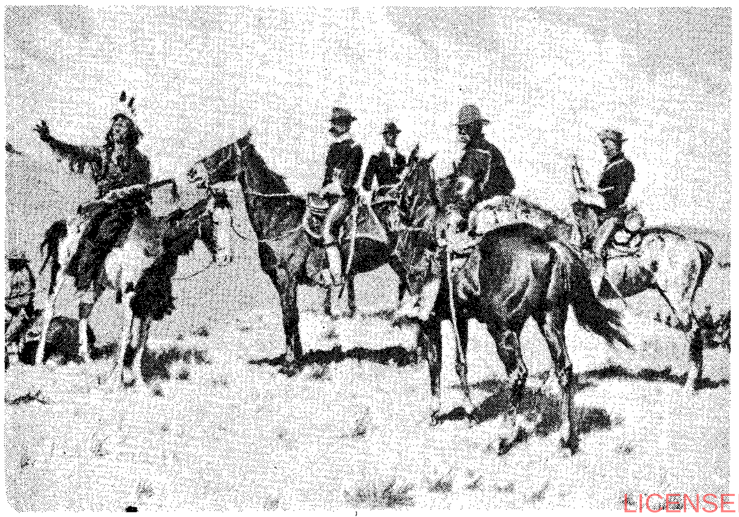
But the truth was, Remington had spied the moccasins on an Indian guide and bought them for a dollar. Later he'd had a model put them on for this particular painting.

No critics found fault with Remington's depiction of weapons, for the artist had a collection of Indian war gear which would make a dealer in Western Americana shiver with envy; and his gun collection, according to biographer McCracken, included "every model and pattern of gun ever used by the United States soldier since Colonial times."

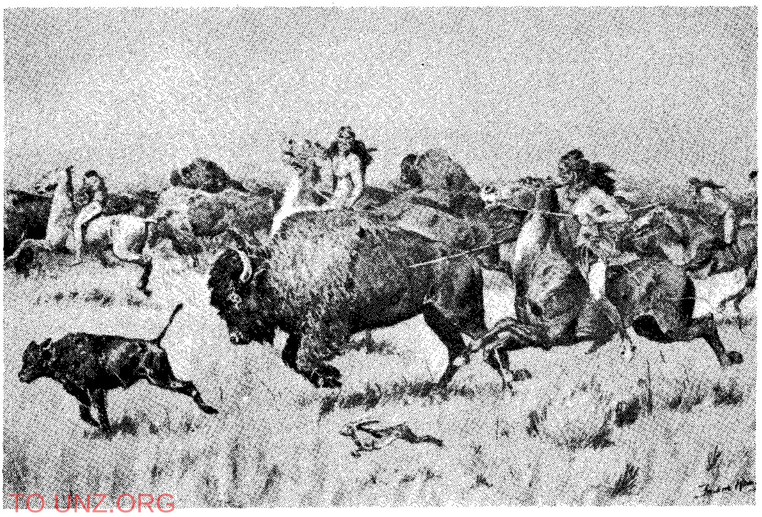
During his days in the West, Remington collected a terrific amount of Indian artifacts, and his studio was a treasure house of beautiful warbonnets, buckskin saddles and dresses, beaded amulets, moccasins, cradle boards, rattles, bow and arrows, war shields, beaded martingales and similar paraphernalia. The Whitney Gallery of Western Art at Cody, Wyoming, and the Amon G. Carter Museum of Western Art at Fort Worth, Texas house some of these items of Remingtonia.

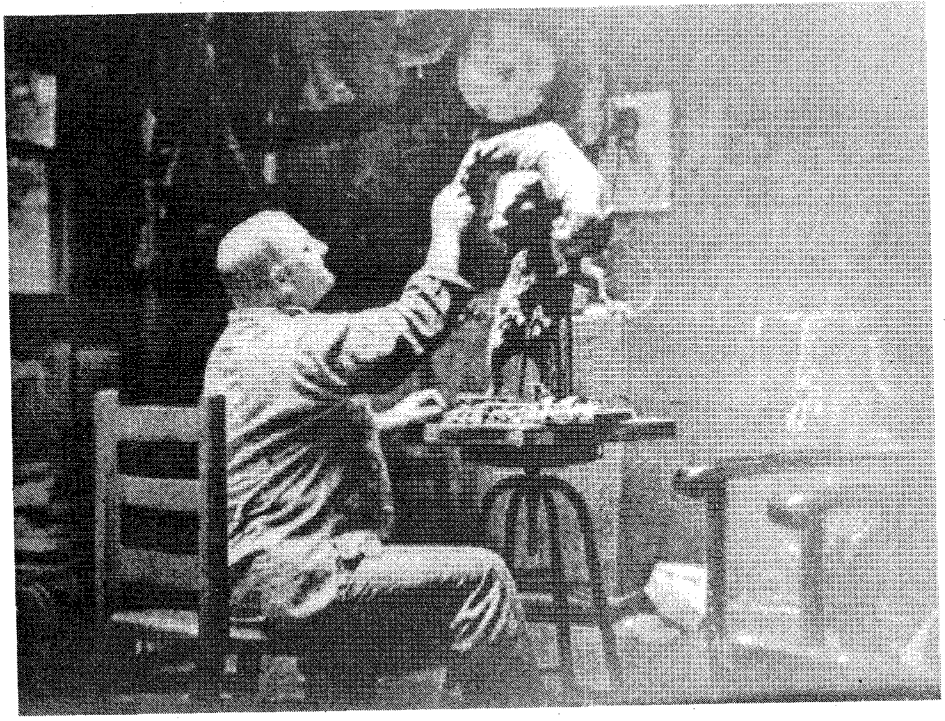
The collection in the Whitney Gallery belonged to Remington's wife. Upon her death in 1916, she bequeathed her estate relating to Frederic Remington to the City of Ogdensbury in northern New York. A Remington Art Memorial was opened there in 1923; however, as the large old building, a mansion in the

Below, "The Borderland of the Other Tribe," a drawing done in 1897.



Below, also completed in 1897 was this drawing entitled "Her Calf."





Above, Remington in his studio working on the original clay model for "Buffalo-Horse" in 1907.

heart of town began to age, it became apparent that renovations would be necessary. To raise funds, it was decided to sell part of the collection. The Whitney Gallery in Cody, through the W. R. Coe Foundation, acquired most of these items, and one large wing, forty feet by forty feet, now accommodates it.

"It is a most fortuitous circumstance that Remington's Studio Collection should come back to the West which he loved deeply and portrayed so faithfully," wrote Dr. McCracken. "Some of his happiest and most fruitful days were spent in the vicinity of Cody, and he made many friends among the old-timers of the region. One of his closest friendships was with Colonel William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, the founder of the town which today bears his name."

In Remington's lifetime, during the twenty-three years he devoted to art, he turned out a known 2,739 drawings and paintings, including pictures in 41 periodicals and 142 books, and 25 pieces of sculpture. Some pieces have been lost, including an oil painting "Cavalry Charge." That it existed is verified by a photograph; apparently it measured at least 50 inches by 100 inches and portrayed United States Cavalry in a charge. An officer with pistol upraised led a squad of about fifteen men as a bugler sounded the charge. A second, and possibly a third, squad followed.

Remington enjoyed depicting man or beast pitted against nature. He glorified in the exciting rawness of the West of his day, and its passing he bemoaned with sadness. "The West of my day," or "My West," he would reminisce nostalgically.

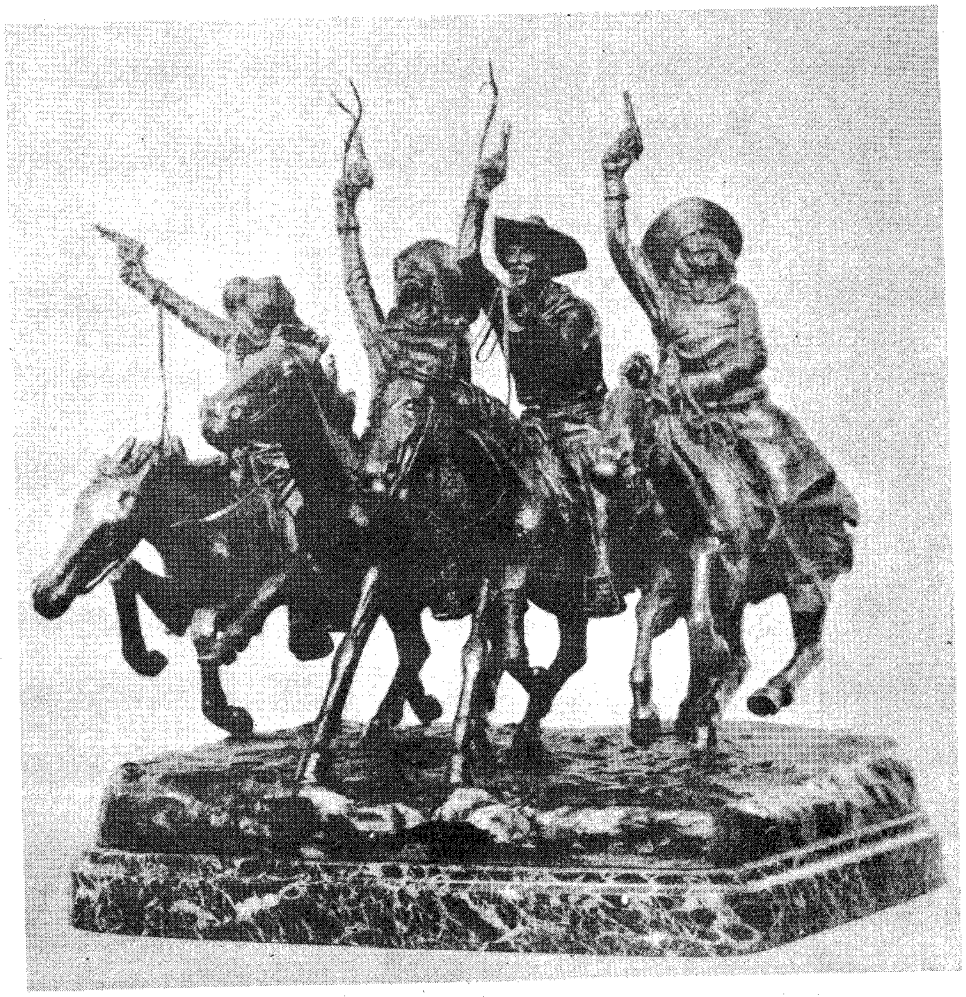
This same yearning also haunted Remington's contemporary, Charles Marion Russell. In many ways the two men were alike, although one painted the Southwest, the other the Northwest. Both came of cultured families, both went through years of struggle before achieving their goal. Both had hated military school; both commenced drawing at an early age; both wanted art careers; both liked the common man, preferring to paint the unnamed trooper or unknown cowboy; both loved horses; both married women who believed in them and stood by them; neither was blessed with children; both drank; both had retreats, Remington an island called Ingleneuk, Russell had Bull's Head Lodge in Glacier National Park; both had superb collections of Western Americana; both were realists; and both knew of the other through his increasing prominence.

When Russell, in speaking of Remington, and after accepting the idea that his own work was historically important, said to his nephew, Austin Russell, "It'll be that years from now, when some critic compares our pictures, what he'll notice is that Russell and Remington saw the same country but not the same colors, and *that's* all a difference of light!"

When the end came for Remington, he was an established, celebrated artist of world renown. He had given to the world the story of the wild West in sketches, paintings, sculpture and words. The "Bronco Buster" rides forever; "The Cheyenne" still charges the enemy; the Deadwood stagecoach will race against time and the Indians; the Cavalrymen still help each other in "A Dash for Timber."

That was the West that Remington knew—through him we recapture its hardships and glory.

Below, a bronze entitled "Coming Through the Rye."



The Rose Quartz Gold

(Continued from page 21)

weight. He reached Farmington in need of medical attention. He had a rifle bullet in the left shoulder and a hole through the upper left arm.

While he was still being treated by the doctor, which took some time because his wounds had become infected, the county sheriff arrived. The sheriff was curious about how the stranger came to be wounded, since only a few badmen and outlaw gangs were left uncaught in the deep Southwest in that day and time.

"I was bushwhacked by Indians," the prospector replied.

This was entirely plausible for a number of men had been killed in what was then *terra incognita* south of the San Juan River. Indeed, several Indian traders had been murdered and their posts burned. This unsettled condition actually continued until about 1930. Even today, other than Indians, there are few inhabitants.

The Wetherill brothers (from left), Alfred, Winslow, Richard, Clayton and John. All of the brothers hunted for the rose quartz ledge.

THE PROSPECTOR explained to the sheriff that he had been hunting for gold on and adjacent to the Chaco River. That part of San Juan County was then a checkerboard area. Alternate sections were railroad grant lands. Others had been thrown into the Navajo Reservation but some remained public domain until the 1930s. The prospector considered himself on either railroad lands or public domain, both subject to prospecting.

Regardless of where he was, Indians twice surrounded his night camps and told him to get out. Not the least scared of them, the prospector kept right on working. Then after his find, on the morning he started north he was fired on by a party ensconced on a rocky ridge.

When the prospector declared them to be Indians the sheriff asked, "You reckon they were after your jacks?"

Shaking his head the prospector laughed bitterly. The doctor had finished bandaging his wounded shoulder, removed a .30-30 caliber bullet, and put his arm in a sling.

"They were after this," the prospector replied. "Indians know how valuable gold is the same as a white man does."

While talking, he drew two pieces from his trousers pocket. Rose-colored quartz as large as walnuts were more than half gold—in chunks that could have been broken out.

Examining them the sheriff was surprised. He said that he had prospected in Colorado before settling at Farmington and had found a good mine, which he sold. His interested talk brought no response from the prospector who had said all he intended to; he was headed for Durango where he expected to sell what he had packed on the burros, or ship it to Denver if necessary. Either way he would be a comparatively wealthy man.

After several days the prospector's wounds were treated by the doctor a second time, after which he packed up and crossed the San Juan into Colorado.

The gold laden rose quartz shown the sheriff, also examined by the doctor and others, created quite a stir in the farming settlement which was also the county seat. The stranger's return was awaited anxiously by hopefuls who planned to get in on a big strike. He must have made one. But when he came through two months later headed south again he was no more inclined to divulge information than before.

The prospector was watched while in Farmington but managed to outfit himself and slip out of town without leaving a trace. No one, so far as is known, ever saw him again—alive or dead.

Indian trader Mike Kirk told a different version of the rose quartz gold story.

IN THE course of time the man himself was forgotten but not the rose quartz. At intervals small parties of searchers went south along the Chaco. None reported any discoveries. However, from other small places in New Mexico word came that this or that man had showed up with large pieces of gold to which adhered the same peculiar rose quartz. This may or may not be true.

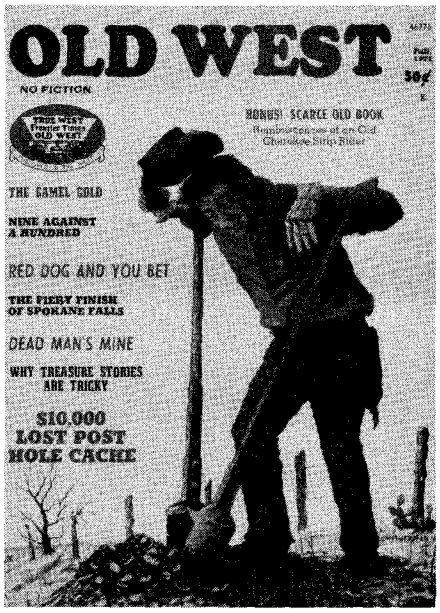
J. H. McAdams, a young Indian trader, left the Southwest from Albuquerque in 1898 to go to Cuba with the Rough Riders. On his return he traded at several posts and then in 1907 put in a post at Sunrise Springs in Arizona and a little later another at Indian Wells.

He had been at Sunrise Springs about four months when a tall, gaunt Navajo walked in and waited around until no other Indians were present. He then laid a small buckskin pouch on the counter before McAdams. On opening it the trader was amazed to find large pieces of gold. To them stuck very minute fragments of rose colored quartz. At the time McAdams had not heard the New Mexico story of such a rock containing gold. The Navajo asked if he wanted to buy; far from sure of the value McAdams replied negatively. Instead, he volunteered to send it to Gallup to a banker friend who would dispose of it; meanwhile the Indian could get whatever supplies he needed on credit.

McAdams ventured to ask where the gold came from.

"Who knows?" replied the Navajo. "A long distance from here. It is best that we not discuss the matter at all."

Later, from other Navajos McAdams learned that the man's name was Senijeni and that he was a chanter of some repute. Eight or ten weeks later Senijeni returned and was paid what the gold had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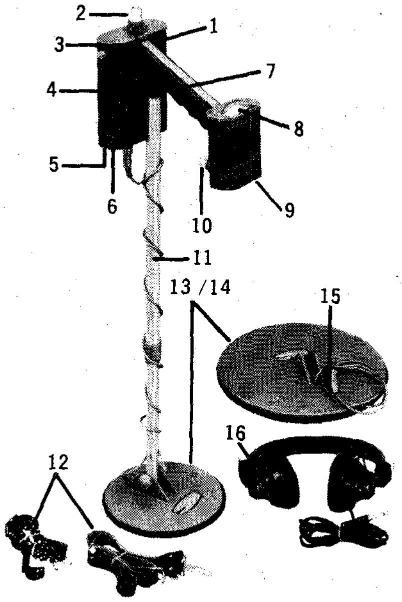

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brought on the market. The Navajo left another pouch which obviously came from the same ledge, a vein of rose red quartz.

It next developed that Senijeni had visited around, making inquiries in the community about McAdams to learn if he had mentioned the gold to others after Senijeni's first visit.

"You do not talk of things that do not concern you," the Indian said to McAdams. "That is why I ride this long distance to trade with you. On the other side of the mountains I would have white men bothering me all the time about this gold."

It then came out that the Navajo lived on the eastern slopes of the Chuska Mountains, which meant that his hogan was in New Mexico. And he loosened up enough to imply that the gold he sold McAdams was not found in those mountains but much farther east.

On his next visit, months later, Senijeni found McAdams had gone south to Indian Wells. The Indian revealed nothing to the resident trader, Hubert Richardson (McAdams' nephew), and offered him no gold at all. After buying a few items he departed without having spoken more than a dozen words.

For several years McAdams had wanted to open a store in Gallup, so in the spring of 1911 he established the J. H. McAdams Trading Company there. A large number of Navajo silversmiths were engaged on contract to make silver and turquoise jewelry. Rugs (blankets) for the tourist trade and mail order business were freighted to the Gallup location from his several reservation posts.

One day Senijeni walked off the street. By this time he evidently considered McAdams a real friend. He had a small pouch of coarse gold which was weighed out, troy ounces. This was sent direct to Denver and sold, but thereafter McAdams made a deal to dispose of gold to the Los Angeles firm from which he obtained square silver slugs, sheets and wire for his silversmiths. By this arrangement McAdams bought all of Senijeni's gold outright, knowing the price he could pay because of its carat fineness. (He bought gold from other prospectors also.)

Except for that one time McAdams never asked any questions as to where the gold came from or how Senijeni got it out. Particles of rose quartz always adhered to the yellow nuggets. From marks on the gold the trader deduced that the ore was being taken out in large chunks and then hammered apart to recover the coarse metal.

THE general market for silver jewelry set with turquoise manufactured by native craftsmen for the tourist trade failed to be profitable. Dissatisfied, McAdams sold his company to John Kirk. A new trading post was opened at Chinle and another at Keams Canyon in Arizona.

Not until 1924 did he see Senijeni again. Meanwhile a curious development had occurred concerning the rose quartz. A few months before World War I engaged the United States, a lanky bearded trader of uncertain origin entered the picture. He put in a small trading post on or close to the road north from Gallup to Shiprock which is today U. S. Highway Route 66. Since the road wandered around in those days it is likely to have been some distance off the present paved highway.

Anyhow, according to this trader's story, an elderly Navajo walked to the counter one day and laid before him several pieces of very coarse gold. At least two of them weighed more than five ounces, troy. The trader bought them. The Indian was not Senijeni but a Mexican Indian living over on the Chaco river east of the trading post. The trader was unwise enough to ask where the nuggets came from and was told curtly that it was none of his business. Examining the gold later, the trader discovered minute pieces of red sticking to it—rose quartz.

The same uncommunicative Indian appeared periodically, selling more coarse gold, although never in a large amount. Avarice bit deep into the trader. He began scheming how to obtain the secret of the rose quartz and possess it. Perhaps he could file a mining claim or preempt a homestead right. To this end he hired as store clerk the son of the Mexican Indian.

The youth proved to be a good trader. Soon they were close friends, the boy being treated like a son (the trader was a crusty old bachelor). Finally the trader gave his young clerk a valuable present, a very old Navajo saddle blanket of the type coveted by all Indians.

When the boy started for home that night he turned back inside the post, suggesting that maybe he could repay the trader with something for his friendship. A gift from one Navajo to another invariably called for one in return—an ancient custom.

"It won't be at all necessary," replied the wily trader. "But, tell you what, I'd like to have a piece of that red rose quartz. Reckon you could get me one? Not the one the gold comes in but a piece like it. Say from the same ledge?"

After hesitating a moment, his black eyes narrowing for he apparently recognized the reason for the white man's giving him the blanket, the boy replied, "I will speak to my father about it."

Early the next morning the father and son entered the trading post. The saddle blanket was thrown at the trader's feet and the two walked out wordless.

THE trader was unable to get the rose quartz out of his mind. He went over to see the superintendent of Chaco Canyon National Monument in Chaco Canyon who was a geologist.

The superintendent said that the peculiar red rose quartz most likely came from a ledge somewhere on the river. But where? He had heard of it but had never found any although several of his rangers had hunted for such a ledge. Prior to his time, the several Wetherill brothers at Canyon Bonito had gone out on an identical search. They never found any trace of it either.

After that the trader occasionally drove a stripped-down Ford to the Chaco and hunted for the ledge. Along the open river he could find no formations which might contain it. Thereafter he entered the canyon which widened out upstream and contained the great ruins of aboriginal villages.

He searched along the base of canyon walls many times and never saw an Indian. Then one afternoon when he left the car and started for the canyon a dozen Navajos rose up from behind sand dunes and brush. Not speaking, they pointed in the direction of his post to the west and made significant motions. The trader got the idea and immediately departed the Chaco.

The shaky part of the trader's story now crops up. According to his account the Navajos of that area, knowing the secret of the gold of course, hired a medicine man to put a curse on his post. The word was spread around and very shortly he found himself without a single customer. Realizing that he was going broke, the trader loaded his car with his most valuable merchandise (jewelry). He then burned his remaining small stock of goods by setting fire to the wooden plank shack in which he had been doing business. While the place still flamed he departed for the West Coast.

During the late 1920s Mike Kirk, Indian trader at Manuelito on the Santa Fe Railroad, told this story to several writers. Three or four of them looked up the man and each wrote his version of what happened. Several names are given for the trader, including the undying "Smith." But a check of listed traders reveals no one of his name ever holding a government license to trade with the Navajos.

There are other holes in the story. For instance, no medicine man ever bothered putting a "curse" on a trading post because "it didn't work with a white man." However, it is certain that Mike Kirk reported truthfully that this mysterious trader did buy coarse gold from a Navajo. Kirk was a man of integrity.

The post's loss of business was most surely due to some other reason and not because the owner had searched the Chaco for rose quartz. He must have been a greenhorn trader at best, operating on public domain or deeded land, in which case no trading license or posted cash bond would have been required for his store.

Joe Lee, living in the Navajo country of New Mexico, couldn't solve the secret either.

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After operating several trading posts, McAdams returned to Gallup in 1924 to open his second J. H. McAdams Trading Company. By this time he had heard a number of tales about the rose quartz filled with gold.

On learning that his old friend was back, Senijeni came to see him. He had more gold but like all the pouches he had sold before, it was worth only a few hundred dollars.

"Why don't you get out several hundred pounds of this metal and buy yourself a big cattle or sheep ranch?" McAdams asked him.

Pondering briefly Senijeni replied, "There is only a little bit of it. Hard to get to and I have to do so when the river water runs low."

Going into the matter of mining methods and machinery, McAdams explained how a shaft could be put down and the vein followed.

"I will think it over," was Senijeni's answer, "but you must remember that an Indian cannot hold a mining claim on the reservation."

"It can be managed," McAdams assured him. "Besides you have several sons. You could work it for yourselves and keep quiet. For you I will sell all that you can bring in."

In 1925-1926 McAdams bought gold five times from Senijeni, who said that he had started investing his extra money in sheep. Then he quit coming altogether.

In 1927 a tall Navajo visited McAdams who said that he was Senijeni's oldest son. His father had died soon after visiting Gallup the last time. The son wanted to know if he could take up his father's arrangement to sell gold. McAdams purchased what he had. It was the same type with minute flecks of rose quartz adhering to the pieces. But from then until the day of his death in 1931 McAdams never saw the son again or any other of Senijeni's family.

In recent years there have been stories of one prospector or another finding rose quartz filled with gold on the Chaco. However, no mining has been done and the chances are that only mere pieces of float have come to light.

This rose quartz, like a purple quartz in the western Navajo country is always found at the base of canyon walls. The overlying structure is of recent geological periods.

San Quentin Hell Ship

(Continued from page 31)

formal shams. The nearest penitentiary was some 2,000 miles east and there was no money and little means to transport prisoners. Convicts sentenced to less than hanging were always released and "strongly advised" to leave the state forthwith. They usually did—although, in many cases, not for long.

Only a dribble of the gold pouring into San Francisco from the diggings found its way into the state treasury. This was quickly drained off as salaries for politicians, the judiciary, law officers, and for those few civic necessities the state's fiscal fathers could not exclude from the budget. A state penitentiary, for instance, was considered highly excludable. Since rope was far less expensive, it was easier to pass bills widening the spectrum of hanging offenses. This was done despite the "nay" votes of several lawmakers who had once fled the short arm of eastern justice to gain new respectability in California. One bright soul finally proposed that one of the rat-infested hulks lying in the bay be commandeered and commissioned as a state prison. The legislature gave him a standing ovation.

The *Euphemia* was acquired soon after; but since it still took money to guard and feed convicts, and since it was not forthcoming, the old brig stood empty for nearly two more years. Not until 1851 was the *Euphemia* funded to operate as a prison. Shortly thereafter California's first state convict was entered on the brig's register. He was Charles Currier, twenty-two, blond, blue-eyed—a cabinet-maker who moonlighted as a burglar. Four months later the Euphemia was housing a total of five inmates, all that the local judicial process felt called upon to foist upon the public purse.

IT WAS at this point in history that a local politician, James Estell, happened to wander along San Francisco's Long

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Wharf where he paused to ponder the prison ship and its handful of prisoners lolling listlessly on deck. An idea bloomed.

That night Estell broached it to his business partner, the former *Comandante* of Mexican California, General Mariano Vallejo (whose name today is borne both by a California city and a U. S. nuclear submarine). Vallejo agreed that there might, indeed, be cash in convicts. Shortly thereafter the pair addressed the state legislature, offering to build a prison at bargain prices. Until said structure was completed they would operate the *Euphemia* at their own expense. All they asked in return was the right to use the convicts' labor as they saw fit.

The lawmakers fell all over themselves in their haste to snap up this princely proposition. Without further ado Governor McDougal formally leased to the pair the bodies and labor of all state convicts for a period of ten years.

Estell and Vallejo then descended on San Francisco's newly elected sheriff, Colonel John C. Hays of Texas Ranger fame. Their adroit application of double-barreled salesmanship finally persuaded him to take over the lease. Hays agreed, in return, to cut them in on profits from the sale of rock and brick products made by the convict labor. As for the state prison Estell and Vallejo had agreed to build, that stipulation was shelved pending "further negotiations."

The passing months saw an occasional dribble of convicts only slightly enlarge the meager pool of felon labor aboard the *Euphemia*. Hays, in a letter to Estell, conveyed a measure of jaundiced disgust: "Since the kingdom of heaven has not yet arrived and virtue does not yet rule rampant, it is to be conjectured how so many thieves and gunmen I have brought before the bar of justice have managed to escape that justice. I have not yet enough prisoners to man even one brickyard or break enough rock to load even one barge in a week. I must have more convicts. . . ."

James Estell responded: "My dear Colonel, you are absolutely right. Virtue is too scarce a commodity to stop the march of crime. Soon you will have plenty of convicts. I have faith in human nature. . . ."

By December 1851, with the end of his term in sight, Governor McDougal gave in to Estell's importunings. He directed all sheriffs to turn their hardcase prisoners over to Vallejo and Estell. Sheriffs from throughout the state, riding on state-paid mileage, streamed into San Francisco by wagon, stage, and railroad, convoying over fifty of their most dangerous felons. Estell signed them over immediately to Sheriff Hays who fitted them with chains and drove them aboard the prison ship.

Two weeks later Hays ordered the *Euphemia* towed across the bay to Angel Island. Here his guests were set to work quarrying blue granite. Unfortunately, the operation was interrupted by a blinding winter fog and by the state's first mass prison break.

As a Texas Ranger Colonel Hays was a legend; as a keeper of convicts he became a joke. Even worse, he was losing money. Each month found him deeper in a sea of red ink. He finally gave up and appealed to Estell to release him from the contract and take back his convicts. Gen. Vallejo had washed his hands of the deal months before.

Estell yawned. Hays' troubles bored him. Besides, he had other interests, having just been elected state senator by one of the most corrupt political machines in California history. Estell, however, finally agreed to let Hays off the hook if the latter could lobby through a bill awarding Estell a considerably fatter contract to build the state prison he'd already contracted to do. Hays could count on at least one favorable vote to start with—Senator Estell's. The bill was passed on May 1, 1852.

The legislature's prison committee favored one of the bay islands as a site for the proposed penitentiary. Its report reads in part: "Here the inmates can look out to the bustling life of San Francisco, and it is not to be doubted that the deprivation of the pleasures of social intercourse will serve as a severe and wholesome corrective. . . ."

But the prison commissioners were unpersuaded by this legislative lyric. They turned, instead, to fellow politician Ben Buckalew and voted him $10,000 for twenty acres on the tip of a little peninsula in Marin County called Point Quentin. The area had been originally named for Kaynteen, an Indian subchief of the Licatuit tribe, but of this the Anglo prison commissioners knew nothing. As General Vallejo observed wryly, "It was reserved for the *Norte Americanos* to change the name to San Quentin under the belief that the inhabitants were zealous Catholics."

John McDougal, Governor of California only seven months before, was hired by Estell to supervise the work of the convicts. A colorful character, his usual costume included a ruffled shirt, buff vest, pirate pantaloons, and a swallowtail blue coat with shiny brass buttons. Clown though he may have been, McDougal was one of the few Californians with any experience in running a prison, having once been superintendent of Indiana State Penitentiary.

The arrival aboardship of California's first woman convict created a flurry of anticipation among guards and cons alike. Her name—documented by San Quentin prison records—was "Big Agnes" Read. Her profession, listed on the brig's register, was "Saloon Entertainer." She'd been sentenced to a year for aiding and abetting the escape of a paramour from San Francisco's Broadway jail.

A week after her arrival the bedraggled hulk was towed to the shelter of Point Quentin. "Commodore" McDougal, resplendent in cocked hat and brass buttons, staggered about the canopied poop-deck, roaring meaningless orders. This brief and singular voyage took place appropriately, if coincidentally, on Bastille Day, July 14, 1852.

DESPITE frequent revolts and escapes, the number of convicts aboard the *Euphemia* rose with the passing months from 50 to 150. Big Agnes was joined by six of her sisters in sin. Four of the most notorious are listed as Dolores Martinez, Scotch Mary, Russian Kate, and a blonde circus rider named Lily Smith. The youngest, Dolores, was nineteen. She'd been sentenced to a year for manslaughter. The others were serving similar terms for robbery and theft.

While the male convicts were out breaking rock or reassembling it in the slowly rising cell-block on Point Quentin, the girls lightened their labors at the laundry tubs by entertaining guards and trusties. When rumors of these goings-on reached San Francisco, the crusading editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, James King, blasted Estell's operation as an exercise in infamy. Alarmed legislators descended on Point Quentin to see for themselves. Estell spread the red carpet for them, serving a collation of gourmet viands and letting his best whiskey flow. It paid off. The legislators agreed that, with a few economies, Estell might proceed with construction.

Routine aboard the *Euphemia* was unvarying. Each sunrise the convicts were rowed ashore and set to work; each sunset they were herded back aboardship and locked below, five men to each eight-foot-square cage. In foggy or stormy weather they sometimes were kept below for as long as ten days. When time came to go below and unlock the cages the guards had to stuff cotton in their nostrils. Its Greek name *Euphemia* means "of good reputation," but never was a ship in worse odor.

In some respects the guards were hardly better off than their prisoners. For $50 a month they were supposed to be on duty eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. When reports of their constant drunkenness reached the prison commissioners Estell was asked for an explanation. He was candid in explaining the unbearable tensions which drove his guards to drink: "I have the mortification of daily seeing the graves of my guards, gentlemen, murdered in the discharge of their unenviable duty. Dense fogs prevail five months a year during which they dare not allow prisoners on deck for fear of their lives. . . . The powder and caps of their muskets are often damp, which is as well known to the convicts as to the guards. . . ."

While Estell was able to satisfy the minor inquisitions which arose from time to time, his great enemy, James King, the incorruptible editor of the *Bulletin*, remained implacable. King demanded to know why Negro prisoners kept disappearing from Point Quentin, only to reappear as merchandise on the New Orleans slave market. And why, he questioned, were so many white convicts—supposedly serving time aboard the *Euphemia*—being picked up by local police in San Francisco's numerous bars and sporting houses? How much was Estell getting in bribes and payoffs?

In response to the editor's charges, Senator Estell befouled the pages of California's congressional record with one of the most obscene diatribes in the history of political oratory. One of his more polite utterances was to accuse the upright editor and his entire family of whoring and pimping.

Revolts aboardship became almost a weekly occurrence. Finally the mounting number of escapes began to raise doubts in the minds of the prison commissioners as to Estell's ability to control his wards. The increasing number of prisoner deaths from beatings, torture, and shootings was also a source of somber reflection.

The senator reacted with gentle reproach. "Oh, it is true, gentlemen. It is only too true that some 98 convicts have escaped since the first of the year. But consider. At the time my contract with the state was made, it was not contemplated that there would be more than 50 prisoners in my charge at any one time. There are this day over 300! I tell you, gentlemen, my officers and I are daily in most imminent danger!"

BUT for Estell's guards there was, at least, compensation of a sort. In March 1853 Lieutenant of the Guard John Gray treated a bad case of spring fever with daily siestas in the women's cabin. Two of the women, Dolores Martinez and Scotch Mary, were later moved ashore to what was called the "Overseers' House" and Lieutenant Gray moved in with them. When California's first prison scandal broke some months later, testimony before the prison com-

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missioners disclosed that Gray preferred Dolores, and Captain of the Guard Thompson preferred Scotch Mary (although Thompson more circumspectly maintained his official residence in the brig's deck-house).

The convict colony had hardly been established on Point Quentin when those artifacts of civilization, a couple of saloons, were set up. One was built near the rising cell-block; the second installed aboard the brig itself and manned by Asa Estes.

Because the girls preferred life ashore they were allowed to wander about the Point without hindrance as long as they did their work. Their favorite recreation was cadging drinks at Estell's shore saloon and practicing their profession. Nor did any of them ever attempt escape. For these women life on Point Quentin was no worse than it had been anywhere else.

The Gothic democracy of drinking men bound guards and convicts in a bitter brotherhood. To this jaundiced camaraderie was added a gala hysteria on New Year's Eve, 1853, when all joined in the shore saloon to see the old year out. The yellowed record of that festive night documents a riot in which a trusty bit off the nose of a guard, and civilian stone-masons, hired to assist the convicts in building the prison, were assaulted with their own trowels.

Two weeks later, in January 1854, San Quentin's first cell-block was completed. It rose two stories high, was 175 feet long and 24 feet wide. The upper story was divided into a double row of four-man cells, each with a door of solid iron. The only light came through a small, barred window in each door. The building was too narrow for a central corridor, so access to the upper cells could be gained only by an outside stairway rising to the wooden gallery which ringed the walls. The ground floor dormitory was reserved for trusties and more tractable prisoners.

The building cost $135,000. One historian has observed that, despite the fact that it was built without a foundation, it was the only case in which Estell ever gave the state fair value for its money. It acquired the name of "The Stones" and, despite its high center of gravity, stood for nearly 106 years, a triumph of masonry, defying storm and earthquake. In the winter of 1959 its granite walls were battered down, resisting the wreckers to the bitter end.

THE PRISON'S operation remained in Estell's hands for two years after completion of The Stones. In 1856 his power came to a sudden end. Editor James King was shot down on the streets of San Francisco by ex-convict James Casey, with Estell looking on. Lynch fever swept the city. A group of vigilantes caught and hanged Casey to a storefront. Estell was forced to appear at King's inquest. His testimony resulted in charges of perjury. The legislature voided his contract with the state and his grip on San Quentin was finally broken.

Long before, however, the old *Euphemia* had been reinstalled at her onetime berth on the San Francisco waterfront and was doing familiar work—serving as a city jail. She lay there for several years while the city's shoreline continued to creep farther into the bay. Eventually surrounded, the fate the old brig had once escaped finally overtook her. She was trapped, then swallowed by man-made land.

In January 1921, a steam-shovel excavating for the building of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, struck an object it could not budge. Workmen with hand tools finally exhumed, thirty feet below street level, the huge, oaken stem of an old sailing ship. After considerable more digging the entire hull of a 90-foot vessel in remarkably good condition was uncovered.

The late Walter McArthur, then U.S. Shipping Commissioner, was summoned to inspect the craft. To the graying old sea captain, an historian of American ships and shipping, her identity was plain enough. "Why, it's the old brig herself!" he cried in delight. "San Francisco's sea-going calaboose!"

And so she was—the *Euphemia*—taking one more curtain call before vanishing forever into the wings of history.

When a Collie Carried the Mail

(Continued from page 19)

breathtaking beauty the one from the Bismark, on through to the Odessa, in the Mojave Desert. This is known as the Calico Silver Circle, a five-and-one-half-hour trip by car. The road is a narrow, one-way roller coaster which can be reached by going east along the foot of the mountains below Calico, or from Highway 91. The mountain roads abound with signs, and the one which will direct you will say "Doran Scenic Drive."

When the road enters the main Odessa canyon, you will see evidence of abandoned work to the left, where the first borax discovery was said to have been made in the Calicos. You leave Doran Drive at the fork in the road, and continue right. The name Doran was substituted for Odessa when Supervisor Arthur Doran, in 1931, was instrumental in linking the dead ends of the Odessa, Occidental, and Bismark circle of mines.

The thrill comes when you apparently hit a dead-end gulch with the road suddenly appearing to catapult into the mountains, and a steep cliff lies just a few hundred yards ahead. You needn't worry though; there is always another road to get you out of there. You will also see how rushing torrents of water can fracture the canyons, a sight one shouldn't miss.

At twilight the hills give off on unforgettable array of colors—ochre, a yellowish green, and orange. Scanning the color pattern still further, one can see the conglomerate colors of lavender-bluish green, deep reddish rose, with a cream and brown effect, all mixed in with the general overall, tones. It is a well known legend that Calico derived its name from the many colored rocks that abound in the mountains.

As you ride over these canyon roads, try to visualize a sixteen-mule team carrying ore along the same trails in the 1880s. How difficlult it must have been to get the mail, or anything else for that matter, through to those isolated miners!

BILL STACY had opened a general store in East Calico, and had taken along with him a black and white collie. (I shall use the name Bill for convenience as I have been unable to learn for sure what his first name really was.) Bill's brother, Everett, was the postmaster of Calico proper. But when Bill protested to his brother about the lack of mail, Everett said he couldn't do a thing to help.

"The government says forty people is too small a number to bother with. Up here at Calico, we have a population of 3,500, and are supposed to attend to all your needs right down here. Sorry, Bill." (Legend has it that Bill was named postmaster of East Calico, but if that

Lane's General Merchandise was an important store in Calico for years.

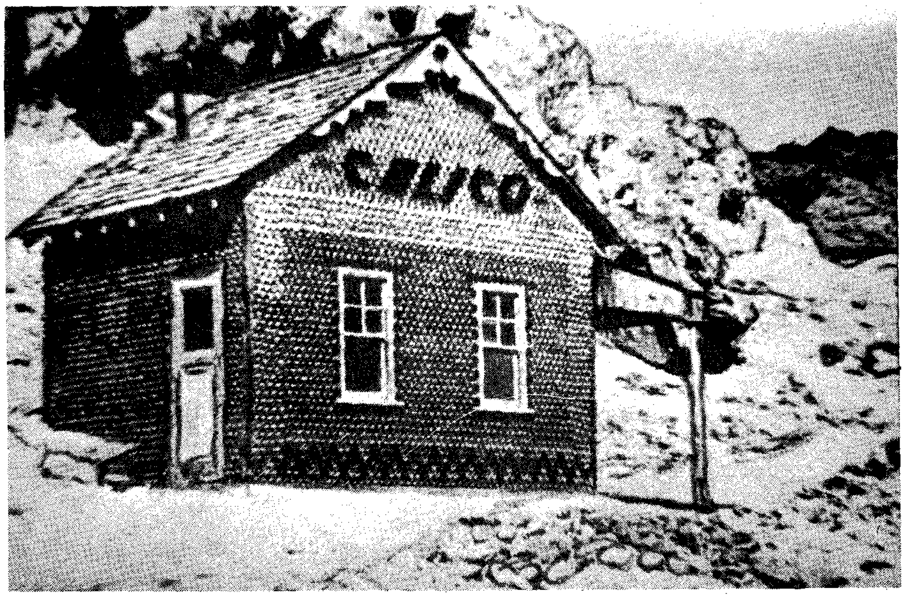
ERAL MERCHANDISE

were true, it would have had to be on an unofficial basis because of its small size.)

That meant, of course, that if the miners of East Calico wanted their mail, they would have to come and get it. The residents tried rotating the men, whereby each in turn would make the trip, but that didn't work out. They then pooled some money to pay a boy named Dave Nichols to bring the mail over by burro, but this didn't last too long, either, as Dave must have reflected there must be an easier way to make a dollar. And there was just no one else who wanted to tackle the job.

Various stories are told about how Dorsey happened to start delivering the mail; perhaps it was just a natural sequence of events. It seems that the black and white collie was "shared" by the Stacy brothers—shared in the sense that Dorsey would run away every now and then to pay Everett a visit in Calico. And this would happen about three times a week. When the Stacy brothers had lived together, they had taken the big collie in out of the rain one stormy night—wet, bedraggled, and sickly looking. After an interval of tender care by the brothers, the big collie grew handsome, vibrant, and extremely attached to both men. The Stacys decided to keep him permanently.

Everett was postmaster in the little adobe hut situated on the brink of the canyon, where Dorsey roamed around at will.



Building supplies were scarce in Calico. A sample of Western ingenuity is this building constructed of empty bottles!

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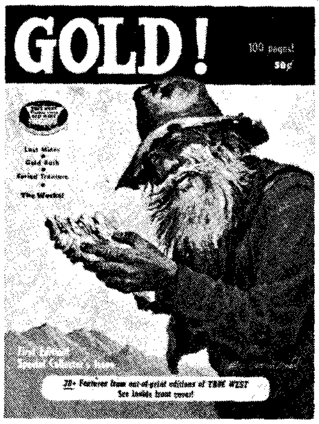
—Joseph Conrad



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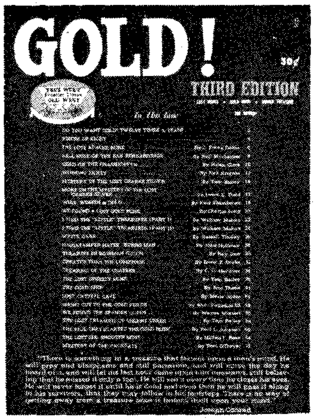

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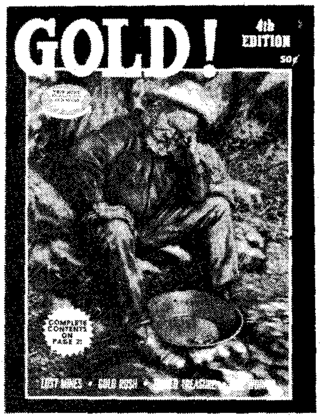

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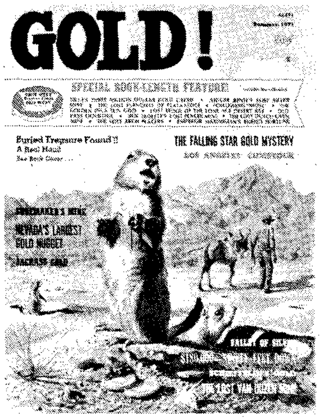
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WHEN the miners stampeded to the canyon east of Calico to the rich strikes at the Bismark, Odessa, and Garfield mines, Bill pulled up stakes and went along with them, opening a general store and taking Dorsey with him.

But in keeping with his joint devotion, Dorsey would run off periodically and visit brother Everett in Calico. He knew to take the direct route and head straight across the canyon. Everett started exchanging messages with his brother via Dorsey. Later he stacked newspapers on Dorsey's back, and when the big collie delivered them in perfect condition the Stacys conceived the idea of having Dorsey carry the mail too. It wasn't long before Everett attached U. S. saddlepacks to Dorsey's back, and a three-times-a-week schedule was begun. Dorsey became one of Calico's favorite "heroes."

Occasionally pranksters would try to divert the dog from his mission, to no avail. Once they blocked off the only road going through but Dorsey reached East Calico on time. It would almost seem that Dorsey knew he had a job to do and was determined to do it whatever the difficulties.

There was only one instance that I have run across where Dorsey might have been derelict in his duties. Herman Mellen lived near Bismark, and his mother sent him a box of sweets for Christmas. Everett Stacy had tied this box under the collie's neck, but when Dorsey arrived in Bismark, the bottom of the box had been torn out and the contents were missing. Those faithful to the big dog insisted that it was the work of pranksters, but there was no way to prove it and they had to concede that temptation might have been too great that chilly winter day.

Dorsey faithfully delivered the mail for another three years, then the mines of East Calico folded up, and Dorsey was out of a job. To say that Dorsey had been proud of his achievements would be an understatement. He always strolled around with his head held high, as if he came from distinguished pedigreed stock. There was nobody to prove otherwise.

When a wealthy speculator became interested in the Calico mines and displayed an interest in Dorsey, the Stacy brothers decided that the dog had earned the right to stay in the surroundings he knew so well, and reluctantly gave him up. Dorsey spent the rest of his days in ease and comfort.

The Sheriff Never Lost His Smile

(Continued from page 29)

anything but pleasant when he greeted the voice at the other end of the line with, "Say, who told you this Simpson guy was on Box Elder Creek at that old camp?"

"Why," the other man said, "two of my friends rode through there a week ago and said they saw him. It looked like he was livin' there."

"Hell," said Charlie, "I just came from there and all I saw was old Bicycle Pete who says he has been staying there for some time, and he ain't seen nobody."

The voice at the other end came through wih a booming shout, "Did you say *Bicycle Pete* says there ain't been no Simpson guy up there? Sheriff Wills, I hate to tell you, but Bicycle Pete *is* Peter Simpson!"

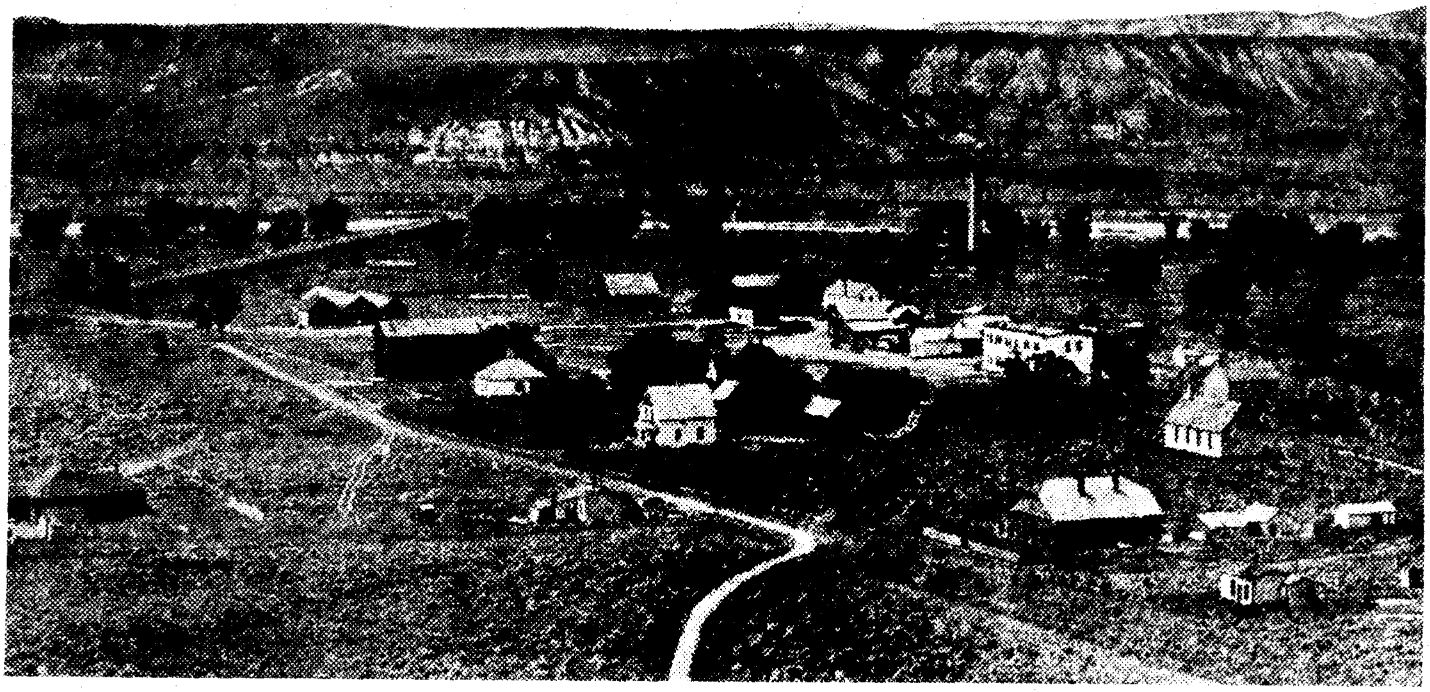
Charlie hung up the receiver and did some tall cussing for a few minutes, but knew it was no use to go back to the cabin in the canyon. The bird had been warned and would be far away.

CHARLIE WILLS had many friends in the Medora area and for many miles around the Badlands country. He and his five brothers, all of whom were over six feet tall, had come up from the Texas Panhandle in the late eighties with cattle belonging to the old Three Sevens (777) outfit of Sam Lowery, a very popular man among the ranchers. At the end of the long dusty trail the outfit first settled in Colorado, and later moved to Dakota Territory. The six brothers dispersed to work for several other large cattle outfits in Montana, Dakota, and Wyoming. Charlie stayed with the Three Sevens almost to the time when he began his first term as sheriff of Billings County in 1907. At times all of the Wills brothers drifted back to the old stamping grounds around Medora, all of them popular young men.

Because of Charlie's good nature he had a difficult time living down the joke played on him by Bicycle Pete. In fact his friends would not let him forget it, especially when other incidents brought it to mind, until it was replaced with something in his career that was just as amusing. That was the time when Charlie, as sheriff, apprehended a man who was mentally deranged and was threatening the residents of Medora with a six-shooter. Charlie disarmed him, and with his deputy, boarded the Northern Pacific train for Deer Lodge, Montana where the man had lived and where they had a place for the safekeeping of mentally ill people.

Almost at once the prisoner found two empty bottles under his seat and picked up one with which he tried to brain the sheriff sitting opposite him. Charlie found it necessary to place a manacle on one of the man's legs and fasten it to the seat. The captive threw everything he could reach at the other passengers, oranges from his lunch, cups from which he had been drinking coffee, and other objects. The worst came, however, while detraining at Deer Lodge. In the commotion of the crowded platform,

Today, Medora is primarily a tourist attraction, though many ranchers and cowboys still call it their home town.



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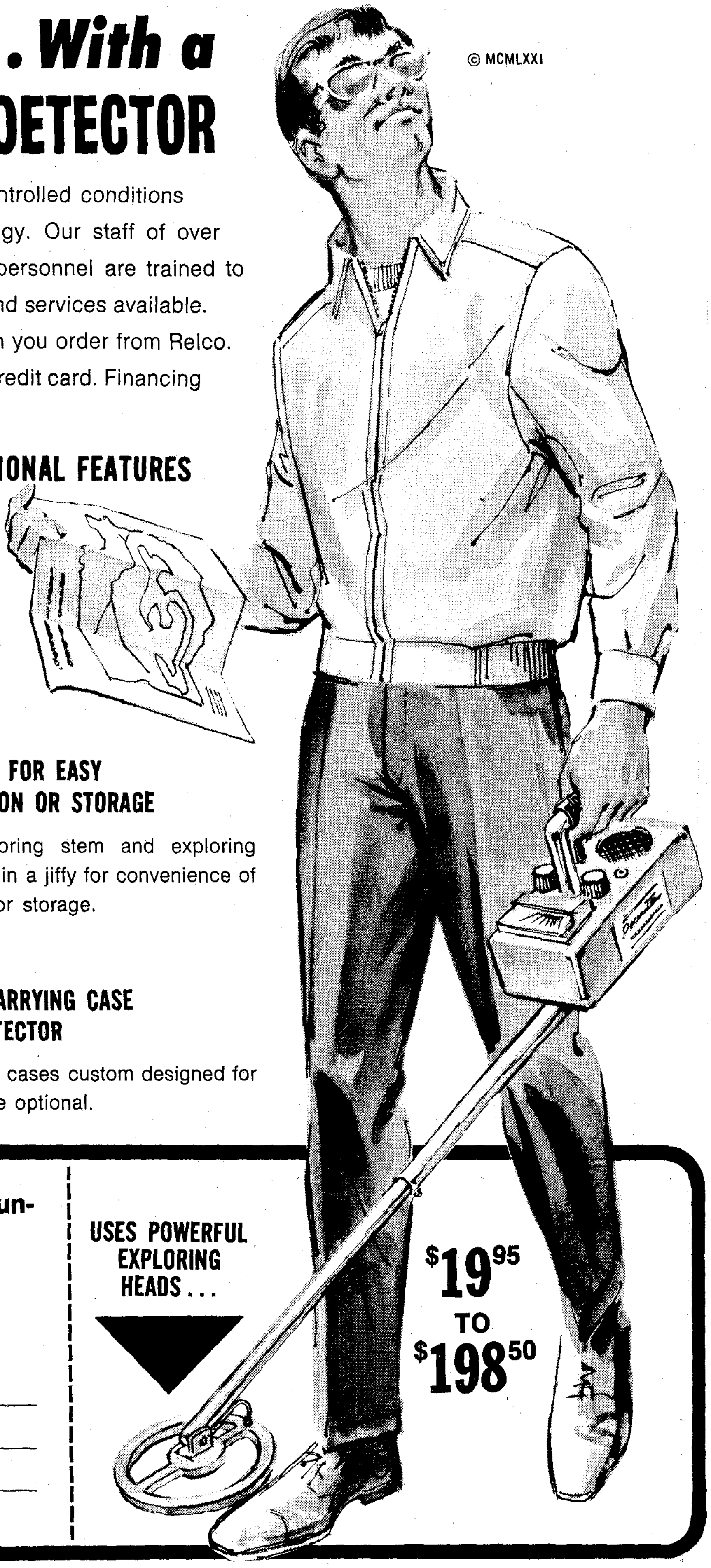

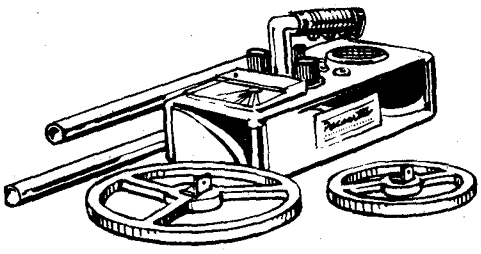

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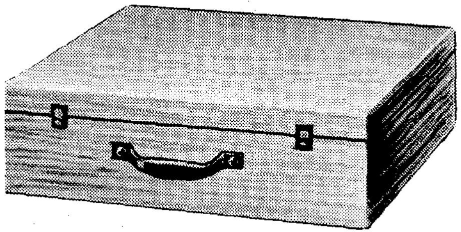

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the man grabbed the seat of Charlie's pants and ripped out the back seams, leaving the sheriff much embarrassed and the bystanders and his deputy much amused, Charlie was more disgusted than anything else, for he had purchased the new suit just to wear to Deer Lodge, which was more or less thought of as a metropolis at that time.

On their return to Medora, the deputy lost no time in telling of the incident, to Charlie's everlasting discomfort. But the sheriff took all the ribbing with good nature for that was the kind of man he was, and perhaps that characteristic is why he made such a good sheriff.

One summer day Charlie received an order from the state's attorney general at Bismarck to go to Marmarth, a town fifty miles or more up the Little Missouri River in the extreme southwestern corner of Billings County, and clean up the gambling and bootlegging there. The state had been "dry" since its organization. Charlie took a wagon and a team on the journey just in case there would be evidence to bring back to Medora, the county seat, where any culprits would be prosecuted.

The sheriff broke up all the gambling equipment, reserving a roulette wheel for evidence; broke up half a wagonload of whiskey kegs, bottles, and barrels, but hauled back another half-wagonload of liquor for evidence. After the trials were over, the evidence was to be destroyed by the sheriff. Word got around the country about the day this would take place, and many cowboys, ranchers and townspeople were on hand to help with the destruction.

Charlie hauled the load out to the sagebrush flats a quarter of a mile west of town, accompanied by many of his helpers. The kegs, barrels, and bottles were smashed up, but at least one among the participants tells that as many bottles found their way into the shirt bosoms and boot tops of the helpers as were destroyed. As each cowboy had all he could carry, concealed, he would find an excuse to ride back to town for tobacco, a cup of coffee, or most anything —plausible or not—and then he would ride back to reload. If Charlie suspected what was going on, he never blinked an eye.

ON THE more serious side of Charlie's life, he had learned early to successfully handle bad characters, both as a cowboy and later as a deputy sheriff. He and Sam Lowery, his boss at the 777 outfit, were riding from one of their camps on Cedar Creek one afternoon when they came to an old horse camp. It was a few miles east of Medora. They dismounted to rest a while and found a drifter hanging by the neck in the cabin. He was known as Bill Dalton around the country, a bad man with a gun, and a man who had been an accomplice in an abortive robbery of the Northern Pacific train at Scoria, a few miles east of Medora. Ed Manasco and another questionable character with Dalton had planned the robbery to take place on a steep incline where the train would be traveling slowly and could be boarded. But for some unknown reason Dalton did not show up at the rendezvous so the others, thinking he had wind of something they didn't know, left the place in a hurry. Apparently Dalton had hanged himself at the camp from fear of his companions, or they had found and hanged him. No one ever knew the particulars.

Charlie Wills and Sam Lowery, on finding the remains, cut him down, dug a deep hole, then took three sections of a sheet-iron fire drag and made a crude three-sided coffin around the body, put it in the hole and covered it with the other section, and wrapped it all with a canvas wagon sheet. No inquest, no ceremony, just a burial for one known as Bill Dalton and no questions asked.

However, after Charlie became sheriff one of the participants of the aborted train robbery, Ed Monasco, a thoroughly bad man who was wanted in other states for murder, finally acquired enough rope to hang himself by turning to rustling. That was the supreme offense in that country. He was a hard man to find, and it took some time before a posse finally corralled him in a small shack a few miles northwest of Medora. Charlie yelled to him to give up for the shack was surrounded, but Monasco answered with a rifle shot. The posse started firing too, but the range was too far to do any damage. They kept up the interchange till dark, when the posse moved in and entered the bullet-ridden cabin. Monasco was still alive but full of bullet holes. They hastily removed him to a Dickenson hospital, and had a doctor give him a shot of something to strengthen him enough so he could talk. Charlie hoped to get a confession to the rustling and some information on other incidents, so men who had been accused could be exonerated.

The sheriff said, "Ed, we'd like you to tell us before you go, anything you can." But the dying man had superb grit and, apparently, no fear of death. As he turned his face to the wall, he answered, "I know I'm dying, but you guys can go to hell!"

One day, in the line of duty, Charlie had to go and break up a gun battle in a Medora saloon, and arrested his brother Henry along with the rest of those involved. Another tough assignment, and one which he accomplished alone, was when he brought in two rough characters, confirmed outlaws, Tom Carberry and a man by the name of Glass, who had murdered an old sheepherder at Marmarth. The old man had brought his sheep-wagon into town so as to have a place to sleep while spending his year's salary. The outlaws followed him back to the wagon one night, shot him, and took the money. After Charlie brought them in they were tried in Medora and sentenced to long prison terms.

Charlie was sheriff for many years, at the end of which tenure he had no enemies and commanded the respect of all. The amusing things that happened to him were offset by his courage and ability to do his duty under all circumstances.

One Thanksgiving Day

(Continued from page 24)

air a foot above their backs, holding a tight rein. All four buckboard wheels seemed to leave the ground as the bays snorted and broke into a run.

When we topped the rise, we were on the Indian burial ground, in the broad middle of which was a newly erected platform set high on pine poles. It held the body of a dead Indian wrapped in a red blanket surrounded by his personal belongings. Bunched under the platform squaws sat in a circle with their blankets pulled across their heads and ashes rubbed over their hair and faces. The drummer was sitting against an upright pole with a painted drum in his lap and you could hear the slow beat of the drum and the sound of the death chant by the Indian men who moved in a slow circle without lifting their moccasined feet off the ground.

The weird chant of the mourners spooked the horses, and Brewster had to saw on the lines to keep them from cold-jawing. Nip and Tuck had gotten their second wind and it would have taken a solid stone wall to stop them. All they wanted to do was to outrun that nameless terror of drum beat and dismal chant which was eerie and blood chilling. They headed across the graveyard where a high platform loomed up in front of us. The hub of the rear wheel on my side hit one of the poles and snapped it like a match, slamming the rig sideways. The rear wheel on the driver's side struck another pole and the crash behind us was Old Chief Set-'Em-High in his red and white bunting-wrapped box coming down to earth after being up there about fifteen years.

The bays were now in a headlong getaway. We had passed a low picket fence that held old Watches-the-Moon's coffin that was roped to a bobsled, and were headed straight for the Red River cart that held the boxed bones of Many-Sleeps when the wheel on my side collapsed, the iron tire bouncing high and caroming at high speed straight for the drummer and the chanting mourners at the new gravesite. I cut a quick look over my shoulder and saw that the iron tire had missed the drummer by inches and had hit the upright pole behind him, bounced back and then climbed the pole and hung there. A wild shout was heard.

The wheel hub dragging in the hard-packed sod acted as a brake and Nip and Tuck were slowed down to a lope. We were riding our luck as we went down the slant and hit the flat road below. The axle rough-locked the rig, slowing the team to a road gait, and Brewster drove off the road into the shade of a cottonwood tree. The horses were ready and willing to call it quits.

We found a long pole and fastened it under the buckboard with halter ropes to hold the rear end up, letting the pole drag. It was a long, tedious ride, with the dragging pole leaving a ribbon of dust behind us. Brewster said it was just what the rollicky bays needed to break them of the bad habit of running away. Sundown found us back at the home ranch.

HERE in my room was my saddle and bedroll and chaps. The walls were hung with dried rattlesnake skins and prints of Russell paintings. A framed picture of Brewster on his famous cutting horse Dixie. A gay colored horsehair woven bridle and quirt that a Circle C cowhand had made in the state penitentiary at Deer Lodge, and the jack knife Little Joe Reynolds from Texas had swapped me when we parted on the roundup one summer.

I had seen hound dogs chewed up in wolf fights licking their wounds. I remembered how after tangling with a porcupine they limped away with the bristled quills thick as a man's whiskers sticking out of the muzzles and heads, slinking off to take the pain somewhere alone, to get well or die. That's how I felt now. Thanksgiving Day was over. There was nothing on earth for me to be thankful for. The cowboy artist had always been my idol but he had wiped it all out by getting Brewster that Glacier Park job.

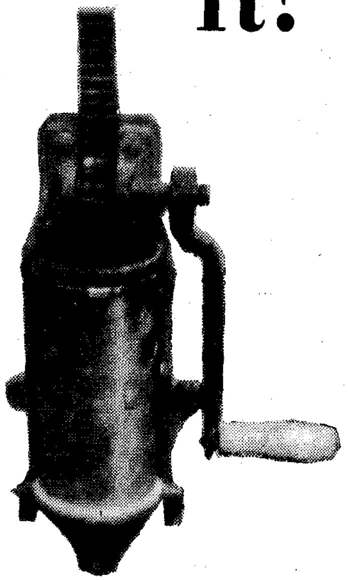
I heard the sound of sleigh bells outside. Men's voices and laughter in our front yard. I scraped enough frost off the window to see out. There was a long three-seated bobsled and a four-horse team with a lot of sleigh bells strung along the hames and on the harness. It was a livery outfit with big Jim Fitzgerald, who owned the livery stable, handling the lines. Sid Wills from The Mint and Bill Rance from the Silver Dollar Saloon were the passengers. The front porch light was on and I watched Charlie Russell and Horace Brewster come out of the house and pile into the sled. It looked like the party was headed for town to celebrate Brewster's appointment at Glacier Park. Bill Rance was passing a bottle and there was a lot of hand shaking and back slapping as they drove away with the sleigh bells ringing in the frosty air.

I was never so alone in my life. I looked at myself in the mirror. I don't know what I expected to see—gray hair and wrinkles the way I felt. But I hadn't changed a bit. I straightened my necktie and brushed my roached hair till it stood up. Everybody seemed to be celebrating Brewster's new job but me and I figured there was no average in sulling, licking my wounds and feeling sorry for myself.

I knew my mother and sisters and Nancy Russell had gone to somebody's house for a hen party. Louise had gone to her Swedish church and like as not my father was out playing a few games of whist with some of his cronies. It looked like I had the house all to myself. I remembered the decanter of port wine in the smoking room so decided to fill an empty root beer bottle and go down to Tom's room in the basement to drink it.

I crept down the stairs like a sneak thief, stepping across the two carpeted steps that always creaked on the lower landing. The house was dark except for the hall light. For some guilty kid reason I tiptoed down the hall and was about to enter the smoking room when I saw my father sitting sort of slumped

What is it?



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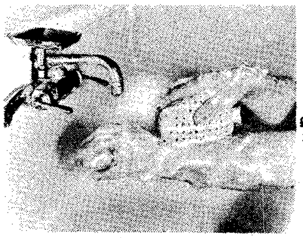

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down in his leather chair by the fire. There was a partly emptied glass of whiskey on the smoking stand beside him and an open letter in his hand.

My father was hard of hearing and was totally unaware of my presence. I thought he might be asleep but the letter moved and he cleared his throat, then reached for his drink. Then he folded the letter with trembling hands and put it back in the envelope. I somehow knew the letter was from Washington officially appointing Brewster to the Glacier Park job. When my father got to his feet I tiptoed down the hall and kid-like hid behind his long mink fur coat that hung on the hall tree. He was walking slowly as he came into the hall as if he packed a heavy burden, his shoulders stooped and his head lowered. When he climbed the stairs and closed his bedroom door I left my hiding place with a lump in my throat. You see, Horace Brewster was not only foreman of the Circle C ranch, he was far more than that and I knew my father was saddened beyond words.

MY FATHER had been a young man, no older than I, when he saved the gold he panned at Last Chance Gulch and bought a few head of cows and built a log cabin on the land he took up in Prickly Pear Valley. It was that same year that Brewster, about my father's age then, came to work for him as a cowhand—and he stayed with my father most of his life. Horace Brewster and my father had endured together the hard winter of '86-'87 that wiped out most of the cattlemen in Montana. Brewster had worked without wages for a long time until my father built his herd from a handful of cows on the old DHS ranch he had bought from Granville Stuart on the north side of the Missouri River on Beaver Creek at the foot of the Little Rockies.

Horace Brewster was closer to my father than any other man on the face of the earth, closer than his own sons, and now this was the forking of their trails. The parting came at a critical time. My older half-brothers were in Arizona dickering for a cow outfit near Globe. The vast domain of the Circle C range was being slowly invaded by sheep and barbwire, with talk of another invasion to follow by the homesteaders. Wanting no part of sheep raising the Coburn men were seeking new range in Arizona. There were rumors afloat that the Matador Cattle Company of Texas was interested in buying the Montana spread but that, of course, would be in the distant future as it would take years to negotiate the deal.

Robert Coburn had his roots in Montana, buried deep since pioneer days. He was too old now to move to a new range and his health was beginning to fail. When I had watched him climb the stairs I felt that I was looking at something tragic.

I was still standing in the hall when Horace Brewster came in. He was alone and I knew he had come back to share with my father the sadness of their parting. I helped him off with his coat and watched while he climbed the stairs. He must have left the bedroom door open because I heard my father's voice raised in an angry tone, then Brewster cutting in. They were having one of their arguments, going at it hammer and tongs. It sounded as if they were about to lock horns any second.

"You'll do no such thing, Horace!" I heard my father say sternly. "That's a government order! You've got a rocking chair job in the sunset of life."

"I'm not ready for no rockin' chair, Bob," Brewster replied. "I don't want no soft job takin' out a flock of dudes on pack trips. I'm a cowhand and good for twenty years yet. I'm not takin' that cushy job at Glacier Park. I'm stayin' with the Circle C."

"Then you're fired, Horace!" I heard my father shout.

As I went upstairs to my room I could hear the two old-timers laughing and the sound of it put a warm glow inside me. They were talking over old times and I hoped they would make a night of it.

I went to bed, wondering who would take Horace Brewster's job as foreman of the ranch. Nobody could ever possibly fit Brewster's boots. Nobody ever. The dull ache inside me lasted until sleep smothered it.

Horace Brewster was to take over his new job as boss guide and packer at Glacier National Park around June 1, and until that time he would stay on as foreman at the Circle C ranch. There was a ten-day school vacation during the Easter holidays and I knew it would be the last time that I would have a chance to ride with the man who had taught me everything I knew about horses and cattle and making a cowhand. So when school let out on a Friday I caught the train for Malta and the stage to the ranch the following morning. Spring had come early that year and the Chinook winds had melted the snowdrifts. The creeks were running full.

In the meantime my father had hired a man named Jake Myers to take Brewster's job as foreman and wagon boss. Jake came from Oklahoma, rough, outlaw country, and I had heard rumors that my brothers wanted a tough cowhand to run the Montana spread with a six-shooter. It was a changing cow country now from the honest pioneer days. The sheepmen were crowding in closer. The free range was going to be a thing of the past inside a few years. The Circle C had bought up all the land possible—but it would take a million dollars to buy all the sheepmen out.

I had seen the dozen new saddle guns in the gun rack at the office. I had examined one of them—a new Winchester model U.S. Cavalry carbine, a box magazine, .30-40 with the rear sights notched to 500 yards. I had also seen two gun cases in the storehouse, each case holding a half-dozen guns packed in grease. My half-brother Bob had ordered the guns because he said the coyotes and wolves were getting bad.

I was just kid enough to anticipate a sheep and cattle war, packing one of those cavalry carbines in my saddle scabbard. I had read about the sheep war in New Mexico and the one in Arizona, caused by big bands of sheep trailed into the cow country. I knew that range wars meant shooting men down in cold blood—murder. I also knew that Horace Brewster and my father had gone through the Indian wars in Montana without ever shooting off a gun. One wild shot would have turned into an Indian massacre, with burned cabins, scalped men, women and children captured and tortured.

I rode with Horace Brewster every day of those ten days that Easter. I was beginning to realize that his appointment as guide and head packer at Glacier Park had come at the right time for him. He had been loyal to the outfit for more years than I could remember and I was glad that he would have that cushy government job the rest of his life.

While I dreaded his leaving the ranch I knew it had to be and somehow I would have to adjust to it. By the time I got back to the ranch next June Jake Myers would be foreman and wagon boss and it would be up to me to take whatever orders he handed out in the way of chores.

Inepegut

(Continued from page 25)

much to the dismay of Inepegut. He withdrew into a shell and from that time forward would not speak to anyone except his favorite brother, Provo Jim.

It is doubtful if Inepegut was really crazy, but he possessed an abominable temper, more so in his youth than later, and his passion for solitude lent credence to his being "strange." Indians in general were superstitious about the deranged or mentally ill, and the Utes were no exception. Crazy John's unusual actions were attributed by his people as having been induced by an evil spirit and thus they termed him "Inepegut," the Crazy One.

IN 1861 President Abraham Lincoln set aside land in Uintah Basin of northeastern Utah as a reservation for the Utes, and the Provo band made preparations for the nearly two-hundred mile trek. After the tepees had been taken down and everything was in readiness for the journey, the villagers discovered that they had a problem—Inepegut. The eleven-year-old boy didn't want to leave his canyon home. The fastest braves in the village had not been able to run him down for he was very fleet of foot. When horses were employed, Inepegut took to the ledges like a mountain sheep. His brother, Provo Jim, attempted to trick him by talking with him and then grabbing him, but Inepegut recognized the ruse and repelled him with rocks.

There seemed to be no solution to the problem and so Inepegut's aged mother went out to plead with her son. In a fit of temper Inepegut picked up one of his rounded stones and cast it at his mother, striking her on the head and killing her. Remorseful, Inepegut allowed himself to be captured.

Because they were migrating and had no place to put him, the elders of the tribe ordered Inepegut bound to a horse and brought with them to the reservation. At a council held near the agency at Whiterocks, they decided upon a fitting fate for the youth. Inepegut was tied to a horse, blindfolded, and taken many miles over the high Uintah Mountains to Spirit Lake where he was bound securely to a pine tree with rawhide and left to die.

But to their surprise they arrived back at the agency only to find Inepegut standing before them nude and breathless, his feet bleeding and sore. He was unceremoniously loaded aboard another mount and the route retraced. Staked firmly to a tree once more, the delegation returned to the agency at Whiterocks, only to find Inepegut once again awaiting them, a broad grin on his face!

Once again Inepegut was taken, this time to an even more remote place, and tied even more securely. Riding their mounts to the limit, the braves thundered into the agency, content that this time their duty had been performed. But there again was Inepegut, pitifully emaciated but standing there before them!

What was to be done? Religious belief decreed that if the life of a crazy one were taken, his restless spirit would haunt his killer or killers. It was evident to the tribal council that Inepegut was in league with an evil spirit, and they attributed his release from his bonds and his swift return to the aid of that spirit. They dared not banish Inepegut again; there was nothing to be done but allow him to live. Certain steps, however, were taken to assure his punishment. The tribal council decreed that Inepegut should forever after—summer and winter—go naked and be without shelter. He would not be allowed to live among his people, but should forever be an outcast. Inepegut stood before his people and listened to his chief pronounce the punishment. He made no outcry as his breech-clout was ripped from his loins or when he was chased from the village with willow switches borne by the squaws.

The youth made a little camp for himself a mile-and-a-half above Whiterocks on Whiterocks River, a place not unlike his old Provo home. His family, feeling pity for him, threw him scraps of food and constructed a small canvas shelter for him—which he would burn every night. In fact, his family continued to erect the simple shelter for years, and for years he continued to burn it down. He seemed pleased to accept the punishment which was due him.

AS THE YEARS passed, Inepegut became a familiar figure to the whites who were moving into the Uintah Basin in increasing numbers. He was an object of curiosity to travelers and a source of embarrassment to women, for he made no effort to cover himself. As time progressed, he learned to ignore his watchers as if they weren't there. He was often seen along the hillsides and river bottoms in swift pursuit of a rabbit or sage hen. Remarkably fast, his main fare was rabbits which he outran or which were brought down by the deft throw of a round stone. He was never known to use any other weapon.

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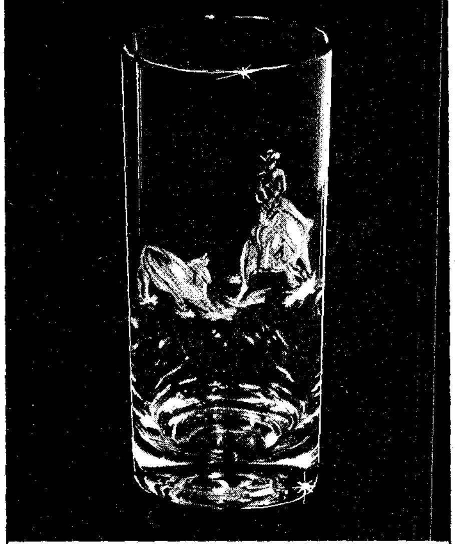

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Occasionally Inepegut wandered into Fort Duchesne where the military kept a small herd of cattle fenced in a nearby pasture. A large crowd of onlookers would gather as Inepegut—totally nude—ran among the wild cows until he cornered one, secured it with a rope, and casually hunched down in the dust, squirted the warm milk into his open mouth. Often he would mingle with the cattle for hours and when he caught sight of a calf sucking, he would deftly approach from the other side and suck until filled. He possessed immeasureable patience.

Inepegut had a bad experience with his first camera-bearing tourist. His relatives had constructed a sort of miniature tepee where Inepegut slept during the heat of the day. On one hot July afternoon a tourist, passing by on the stage, ordered the driver to halt while he took a picture of the colorful Indian. As the tourist began to assemble his complicated shutter-plate camera, Inepegut, pretending sleep, watched the curious goings-on with one eye open. The tourist filled his flash tray with powder and raised it above his head. The flash went off with a bang and smoke wafted into the air. Inepegut frightened out of his wits, tore his little shelter down in his hasty retreat.

From behind a nearby tree, Inepegut regained his composure long enough for his temper to take over, and he charged the terrified tourist like a maddened bear. Throwing rocks as he charged, the Indian stoned the tourist, the driver and the horses. The stage driver, dodging the missiles, yelled for the photographer to get aboard, but the latter was having a little trouble dismantling his camera. Inepegut settled that dispute when he placed a well-thrown rock through the lens. With broken camera, rearing horses, and screaming passengers, the stage finally took off down the road, the naked Indian in hot pursuit.

The nearest ranch to Inepegut's camp was that of William C. Boren (my grandfather) on Deep Creek in Red Gulch. Inepegut often visited at the ranch and earned his supper by simple chores. He would do no heavy work. He never spoke, conveying all of his meanings by sign-talk.

In the winter time, Inepegut would build a series of small fires in the snow, usually two-and-a-half to three feet in depth. As one fire began to die away, he would sit in the coals while building up another, thus keeping warm. He would often fall over into the snow in his sleep, and many mornings William Boren would go over to the camp, or send one of his boys, to cut the Indian's hair free from the ice so he could arise. Just as often, Inepegut's family performed this chore.

And thus this strange creature lived for more than forty-eight years. Leo and Gerald Thorne visited the old Indian in 1908 and took the photo which accompanies this article. Inepegut, though resigned to his fate as a camera subject this time, often took offense and kept a large rock handy to throw in case he didn't approve of his photographer. His brother, Provo Jim, always looked after Inepegut as best he could, and frequently charged 25c for tourists to take pictures of his brother, buying food and medicine for the now aging Ute with whatever he took in.

Inepegut was known to wear only one item of clothing in all these years—an old worn-out overshoe on his left foot. Why he wore it, no one knows. He died in 1909-10 at about the age of sixty-one and was buried by his people in a secret ceremony near Whiterocks. The place where he is buried is today regarded superstitiously by the Ute people as being haunted. Any of them will tell you that if you disturb the resting place of Inepegut, he will return from the spirit world and throw rocks at you.

Henry Worrall

(Continued from page 28)

vention, drew a cartoon, illustrating the fable of the monkey using a cat's paw to take hot chestnuts from the fire. This cartoon was photographed by Capt. J. Lee Knight, and the original sent by Prof. Worrall to the publishers of Harper's Weekly for use in their illustrated paper. No acknowledgement was ever received of it, nor did the post officials return it, as requested on the margin if not delivered in ten days. Three months elapsed, then Harper's Weekly of August 10 published a full page cartoon entitled 'The Cat's Paw, Anything to Get Chestnuts,' same persons representing the same idea as in Prof. Worrall's cartoon, but Boss Tweed wearing a Tammany collar instead of a belt, while Uncle Sam's place is supplied by the Goddess of Liberty. The picture is credited to Thomas Nash."

What had happened is not known. However, the late Dr. Robert Taft, an authority on Worrall's art, observed in 1946 that it is quite possible that not only *Harper's* but *Frank Leslie's Illustrated* magazines both used Worrall's drawings without giving him any credit or pay.

But while Worrall was having difficulties in getting national recognition during the early 1870s, he had no such problems at home. His prominence as an artist continued to grow.

In 1872, W. E. Webb, a fellow Topekan, had Worrall illustrate *Buffalo Land*, a book detailing the exploits of a fictitious hunting party crossing Kansas in search of buffalo and other game during the early 1870s. Webb's book, in its day, was considered to be humorous. And its mood seems to have fitted Worrall's own sense of irony quite well. Several of the drawings in *Buffalo Land* have the same tongue-in-cheek appeal as his earlier sketch, "Drouthy Kansas."

Not quite two years later, Joseph G. McCoy, the man who played a prominent role in getting Texas cattlemen to drive their herds north to Abilene and the Kansas Pacific railhead, published *Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade of the West and Southwest.* McCoy had Worrall illustrate the book. These illustrations are of a more serious nature. McCoy's book, with Worrall's illustrations, is considered by Ramon F. Adams, well-known authority on western books, to be "One of the 'big four' cattle books . . . the first and most important book on the cattle trade."

In the spring of 1875 things got bad for most farmers in Kansas. Dry weather and grasshoppers plagued the plains. Many settlers were ruined. And it was then that many a settler recalled what it had been that first inspired him to settle in Kansas. It was, to quote one farmer, "that damn sketch of Henry Worrall's."

On their way east to start over, many settlers went out of their way to stop in Topeka to cuss out the man who drew the picture called "Drouthy Kansas." As one Topeka newspaper reported, some felt that "had it not been for the diabolical seductiveness of the picture, they never would have come to Kansas to be ruinated and undone by grasshoppers."

As for Henry Worrall, he was a sufferer for Kansas' sake. One editor wrote that Worrall "would have sought refuge under one of the marvelous pumpkins depicted in the remarkable picture, but not a solitary specimen of that fruit was in sight."

Worrall survived the criticism, thanks in part to those Kansans who did not hold the artist or his art responsible for the dry weather and the little green devils on wings. In March 1875, at the peak of the criticism, a large number of Topekans gathered to pay tribute to Henry Worrall at a benefit in his honor. Worrall was then fifty years old.

The following year the artist was called upon to help plan the Kansas exhibit at the Philadelphia centennial exposition. He also constructed a liberty bell for the Kansas State building at that exhibition. Worrall used Kansas agricultural products—wheat, oats, rye, millet and broom corn—in the bell's construction. Around the upper part he formed the words "Proclaim Liberty to All" in brown flax on a background of yellow wheat. "It was a very beautiful specimen of ingenuity and taste, and attracted general and deserved attention," wrote one Kansas editor who saw it.

WHAT HAPPENED next is not quite clear, but not too many months after Henry Worrall returned to Kansas from the exposition, his sketches began appearing in *Harper's* magazine with credit. Worrall may have visited the publisher while in the East and reached some sort of agreement on their use of his sketches. The first one for which he received credit appeared in *Harper's* on September 15, 1877.

At about the same time, Worrall began working for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad producing illustrations for *The Rocky Mountain Tourist*, a magazine launched by the railroad in 1877 to attract tourists. Worrall traveled extensively not only in Kansas but in New Mexico Territory and Colorado. And during the next fifteen years, his drawings appeared regularly in publica-

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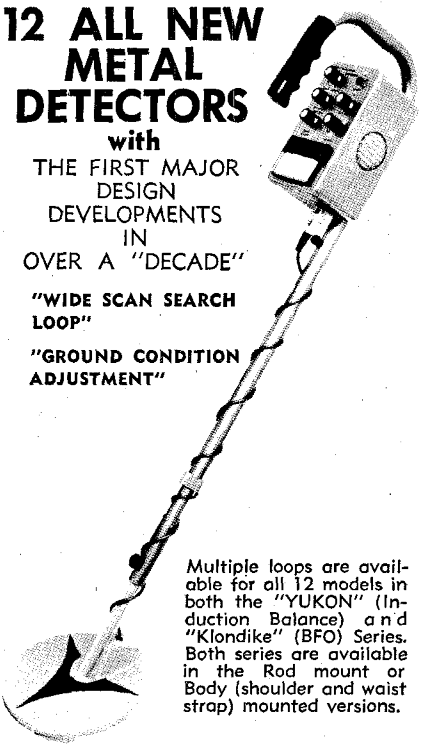

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During those years—1877 to 1893—Worrall's prominence as an artist grew steadily. His early sketch of "Drouthy Kansas" was all but forgotten, and Kansas newspapers followed his career pointing out when and where his art would appear. In January 1879, as an example, the North Topeka *Times* reported: "A picture is to be made of the scene at the Capitol grounds and buildings last Monday, by Prof. Worrall, and will appear in *Harper's Weekly* at an early date. Thus the inaugural ceremonies may result in some good—that of advertising our state abroad."

Worrall's drawing of the inaugural ceremonies did appear in *Harper's Weekly* on February 8, 1879 over the caption, "The First Public Inauguration of a Governor in Kansas, January 13, 1879—The State-House in Topeka—from a Sketch by H. Worrall."

When the great winter storms of the middle 1880s struck the plains, *Harper's Weekly* published a full-page illustration called "Cattle in a Blizzard on the Plains." It was from a sketch made by Worrall. It showed cattle struggling in deep snow. Countless cattle died in those storms and many a cattleman was ruined.

At age sixty-eight, Worrall traveled to Arkansas City, Kansas, along the state's south-central border, to sketch the opening of the Cherokee Strip. That was in September 1893. Eight of Worrall's sketches were used by *Harper's* later that month.

These were his last major drawings for a national magazine. Within a year his health began to fail. Although he still painted and sketched, it was purely for his own pleasure. Soon after, he seemed to lose interest in art altogether.

In 1899 Worrall suffered a stroke which caused paralysis. For nearly three years the artist fought death. Then, late on the warm summer evening of June 20, 1902, Worrall died at his home in Topeka. His wife, two sons and a daughter were at his bedside.

Today many of Henry Worrall's paintings and sketches may be seen at the Kansas State Historical Society museum at Topeka. Others are on display in various museums and art galleries. Although Worrall's art does not bring the fabulous prices paid for Russells and Remingtons, prices offered for Henry Worrall's work are substantial. His place is secure as an artist of the Old West who captured on paper and canvas the incidents of every-day life on the Plains during the late 19th century.

A Cowpuncher of the Pecos

(Continued from page 18)

old pardner, and who I have always called my best friend. Jim came from Missouri when he was a boy. He was at Fort Sill, Indian Territory about 1875 to 1876, and him and another fellow fell out about something, and Jim killed him. Then he came to Coleman county, Texas, and went to work for Mody and Sam Coggins, in the O H Triangle outfit, who later sold out to Willson and Davidson. Jim run a wagon for Coggins, then afterwards the little men got together and Jim run a wagon for them about 2 years. When the Santa Fe railroad built to Ballinger in 1885 Jim went there and started a saloon, run it about 4 years, and then moved to Eden, Concho county, Texas. Me and Jim bought a ranch there and ranched there several years. I have said the Santa Fe built to Ballinger in 1885. July 29th, 1886, was the day the lots were sold in Ballinger. I was there that day. It was shore a lovely town then. I remember there was a soldier got drunk and was shooting up the town. The constable was a Dutchman, and he was following the soldier around to arrest him. The soldier would shoot 4 or 5 times, then reload, go a little further and shoot again. When he went around a little house to reload the Dutchman run up to the corner of the house, and when he came in sight of the soldier he jumped back about 20 feet, while the soldier went to shooting off his gun again.

John Formwalt was sheriff of Runnels county at that time, and Ben Pittman, who was sheriff of Coleman county, came along through the crowd and walked right up to the soldier. One went on one side and one on the other side and grabbed him by each arm and came on back with him. There were several hundred people following that soldier and the Dutchman when Formwalt and Pittman arrested him. They were having lots of fun but Formwalt and Pittman broke it all up.

Now I will speak about old Joe B. Johnson. He is the man I spoke about Felix Shaw cutting the APB calf from a JC cow. Old Joe was one of the biggest hearted men I ever saw, and if you wanted to know what old Joe thought about anything all you had to do was to ask him, and he would tell you straight. He was straight himself, but he was not so hard on them that were not straight in the cow business. They were few and far between. Some were worse than others.

I want to tell about a circumstance that happened at Ballinger, between old Joe and Wright, the agent of the Santa Fe, but I can't repeat here what was said. I will sorter tell it, and the reader can guess at the balance. I know all about it for I was shipping at the time. Joe had 3 cars of cattle he was shipping to Fort Worth. Mr. McCowan a commission man from Kansas City was there. Old Joe had given Wright the billing of the cattle. Mr. McCowan come to Joe and asked him if he could go to Fort Worth with the cattle, and Joe told him yes. So Joe went to Wright and told him to change the billing so Jim Swift could go with them, and one in McCowan's name. Wright said, "You have done give me the billing and I won't change it." Joe says: "Mr. Wright, I have asked you to do this so my friend can go to Fort Worth with the cattle. Now will you do it?" Wright said, "No!" And Joe abused him the worst I ever heard.

Wright just kept writing on a piece of paper, and when Joe got tired and kind of quit, old Wright looked up and said, "Mr. Joe, how will I bill them cattle?" Now you can guess what Joe said, but it was a plenty, and I can't put it here. But Wright rebilled the cattle, and McCowan went to Fort Worth with them. After we got started the conductor on the train said, "That old fellow talked pretty rough to that agent, didn't he?" But he said the agent ort not to have done like he did, adding that "that old fellow has rode on my train and he is one of the best men I ever saw."

Now about Herman Koehler: I will say there was no better man ever lived, from my way of thinking. I named my oldest boy Herman for Koehler, and my second boy Joe B., for old Joe B. Johnson, and all I ask is that they make as good men as the ones they are named for.

I have not wrote anything but true facts, only I said in one place that Hige Neill never met a stranger from Coleman county to Kansas in '85, and I have corrected that. There is men still living, some know about one part and some another.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 36)

men's Association of Great Britain and my hobby is the study of Western American history (mainly Texas). I have been made an honorary Texas citizen by the Governor of Texas, which I deem a great honor.

I find my subscriptions to TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES a great help to me in my search for the truth.—G. Downey, 2A Guinea Street, Exeter, Devon, EX1-1BS, England

Grant-Kohrs Ranch

The famous Grant-Kohrs Ranch near Deer Lodge, Montana, along with its vast collection of articles used since it was established in the 1850s, has been sold to the National Park Foundation.

The National Park Service said the ranch probably would be open to visitors as early as June 1971 and public facilities already exist on the property.

The 130-acre ranch with its historically significant buildings was purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Warren. The couple donated such authentic Old West equipment as wagons, sleighs, tools, saddles and household furnishings.

The ranch was built by Johnny Grant, son of a Hudson Bay Company trader in 1853, and later was sold to Conrad Kohrs, a Danish immigrant who enlarged it until by 1886 it had 30,000 cattle roaming its unfenced range.

Kohrs was a close friend of President Theodore Roosevelt, and the Warrens also donated personal correspondence by the two men to National Park Service historians.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

The Pinkham Who Went West

Recently I saw a back issue, Summer 1968, containing the article on Sumner Pinkham. Since my husband's name is Pinkham, we were curious to learn more about this Sumner Pinkham, if possible.

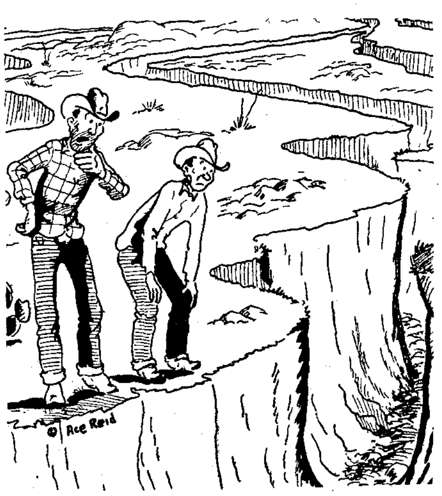
We have learned that he came from Farmington, Maine, was the son of a Nathan Pinkham and Betsey Bradford Pinkham, all of Farmington, Maine, and later Quincy, Illinois. He had a brother, Nathan Pinkham, Jr., and a sister, Elmira who married an Elbridge Tufts, and they settled in Salt Lake City, Utah. If any of your readers know anything further concerning Sumner Pinkham, we would like to hear from them.

Many of my husband's distant relatives went to Montana, North Dakota, Wisconsin and California back in the 1870s and 1880s, during the gold and land rushes. We would be more than pleased to hear from any descendants today, if they should read this letter.—Mr. Mrs. Ernest Pinkham, North Anson, Maine 04958

Cuter Worrell!

Funny how something bobs up now and then to revive a sleeping memory. In the Summer issue of OLD WEST there is an article entitled "Cowboys From Voca," which calls to mind an incident that happened a long time ago and almost as long forgotten. On page 29 of the magazine is a picture of Cuter Worrell who had just tied down a steer in a roping contest. The third paragraph on page 66 which tells how he impersonated a preacher and preached a sermon for a good meal and a collection of seventy-five cents. That was not the only time that he ever conned anybody. In this case my wife was the victim and you might say that I was a victim too—because in the long run, I was the loser.

Along about 1914 or '15, I lived in Eden, Texas about a half-mile from the business part of town, down the Brady road. I had cattle on the Molloy ranch north of town. I had been out to the ranch one day and as I was on my way home I saw three fellows with their horses under a live oak tree between town and my house. Two of them were my friends Powell Evans and Charlie Molloy. When I rode up and got off my horse they introduced me to the third man who they called Cuter Worrell. There was an empty pint whiskey bottle on the ground and they had another that was about half full.



"We've got an erosion problem all right, jist this month we've lost two soil conservation men and four wet-backs in this gully!"

One round of the bottle almost emptied it, and I thought it rather odd that Charlie and Powell insisted on me having the last swig. Then Charlie asked me if I thought it was pretty good liquor.

"Yeah," I said. "It's right good."

"I'm glad you like it," he said, It's yours anyhow." Then he and Powell gave me what you might call a horse laugh. I noticed that Cuter didn't join in with them and he kept eyeing me kind of funny. I was puzzled about the thing, but at the same time I wasn't surprised at anything that pair might pull. We were friends all right and you might say that Charlie and I were close friends, but neither one of the boys had any mercy if he got a chance to pull a job on somebody. I was careful not to say anything, because I didn't know but what they were laying a trap for me in some way. After they had their laugh, they explained it.

Powell Evans had come to Concho County from San Saba County. He knew Cuter Worrell from sometime back. While passing through Eden, Cuter stopped to pass the time of day with Powell. The three of them got together with a bottle, but it wasn't enough. Eden was a dry town, but they knew that I most always kept a bottle at home. Charlie also knew that I had gone to the ranch that morning. Neither one of those jobbers had the gall to go down and face my wife with the kind of a lie it would take to get the bottle—so they sent Cuter. By that time he had warmed up to the occasion and repeated the act that he pulled to get the bottle of whiskey. I may not be able to quote him verbatim —but it is close enough. My wife later verified it.

When my wife answered his knock on the door, he doffed his hat politely and put on a sorrowful look on his face. He said, "Ma'am, I hate to bother you this way—but I'm desperate. I'm moving my wife and two little children from Van Zandt County up close to San Angelo for my wife's health. We're camped down on the creek—close to town. My wife had a bad spell of asthma. The doctor told me when she had one of them spells to give her some whiskey—" then he went into a fit of coughing. "I've got it too—but not near as bad as my wife.

"The only man I knowed in town was Powell Evans. Him and Mr. Charlie Molloy was together and didn't either one of them have any. They said that your husband usually kept a bottle and that if you'd let me have it—they'd pay it back."

He almost overplayed his hand. My wife wanted to get some other women and go right down to that camp and help that poor woman and children. He had to do some more tall lying to talk her out of it.

While Cuter was going through his rigamorole, he looked so pitiful that I almost felt sorry for him myself. I did and still believe him when he said, "I'm ashamed of the way I lied to that good woman. I hope you never tell her any different." I respected Cuter's wish. I never told my wife any different until

(Continued on page 72)

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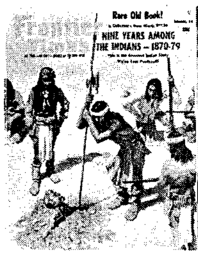
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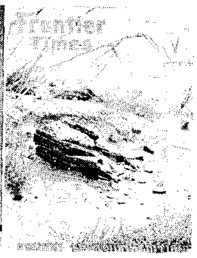
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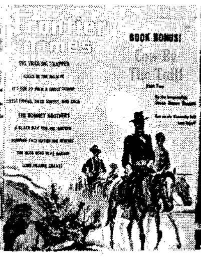
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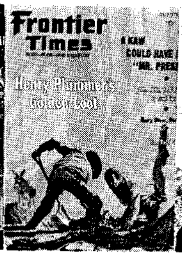
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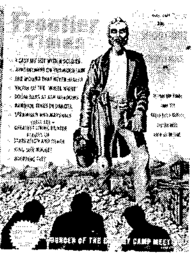
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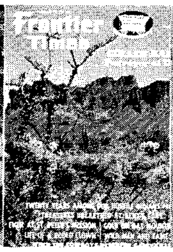
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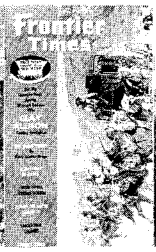
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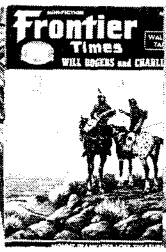
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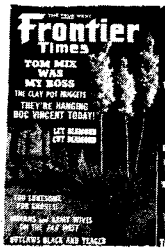
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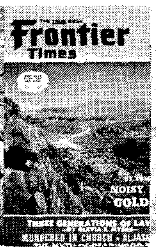
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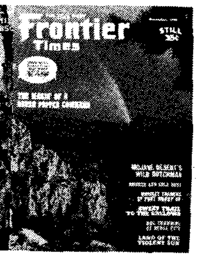
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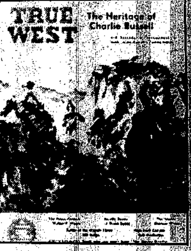
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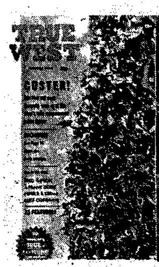
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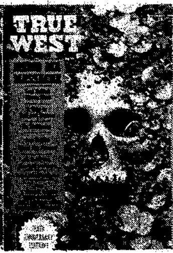

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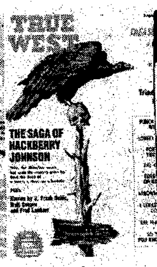
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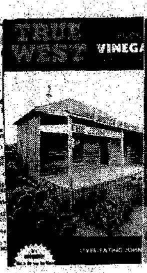
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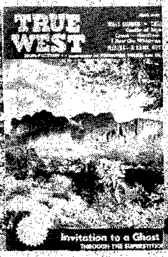
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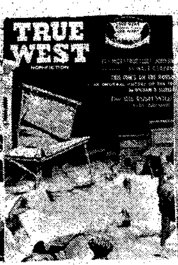

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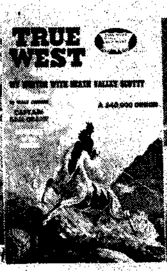

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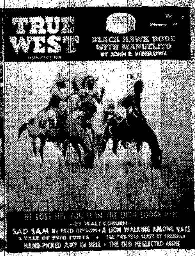

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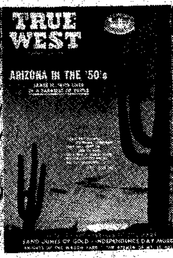
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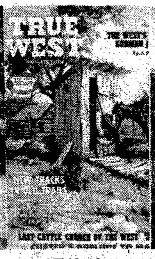

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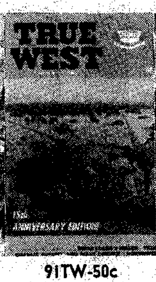

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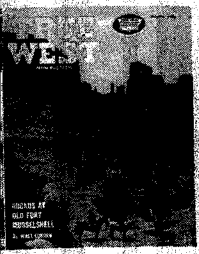

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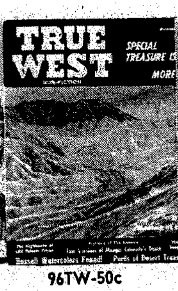
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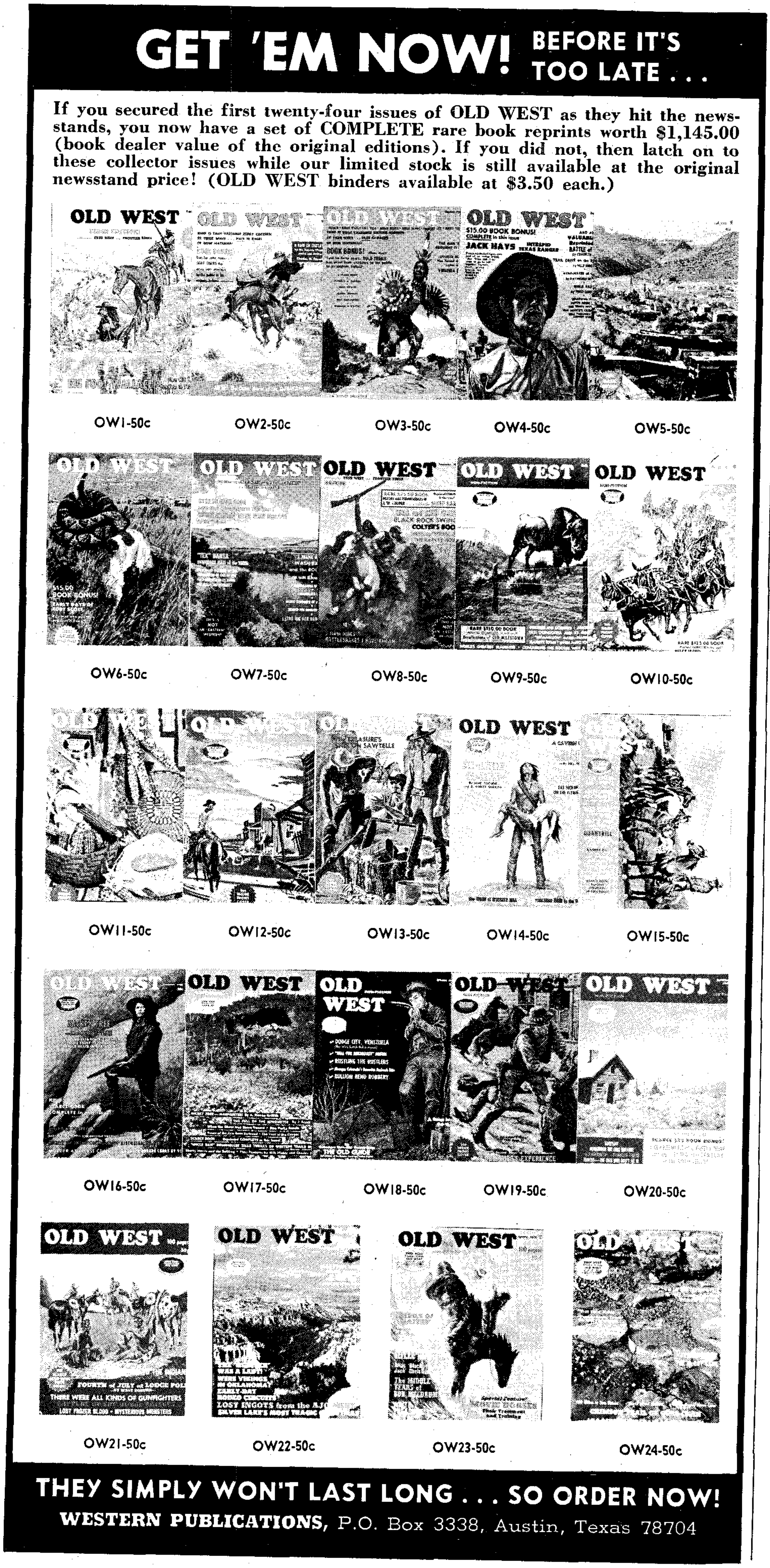
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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 41)

Benjamin Thompson's families I would be very grateful and willing to exchange information.—John G. Thompson, 3628 Marshall Street, Vernon, Texas 76384

Alexander McPherson

Am searching for information on my grandfather, Alexander Doke McPherson, born March 26, 1840 in Washington County, Tennessee and died May 23, 1892 in Palo Alto, Iowa. He married Bridget C. A. Dawson January 6, 1870; was also a Confederate Civil War veteran. I would like information on his parents, brothers and sisters.—Mrs. Eldon Lindbloom, 1418 Dawn Drive, Route 4, Boise, Idaho 83702

William Franklin Denton

I would like to find my grandfather's relatives. His name was William Franklin Denton, and according to his death certificate he was born in Grandville, Pacia Hill, Kentucky August 11, 1867 or 1877 to John Denton from West Virginia (mother unknown). I think he had seven brothers—two were George Denton of Grass Valley, Kentucky and John Denton, a pharmacist in Tennessee. Names of others are unknown.

William was married to Mable Kaiser (1876-1940) at Macedonia, Iowa in 1898 and had a son, Wilmer Wallace Denton, born on Christmas Day, 1899. I don't know when but they moved to California —first to Hollywood and then to Downey. A muleskinner by trade, William hauled oil and tools for Gilmore Oil Company and later oranges for the Ball & Tweedy Packing Company from the late '20s until his death on May 5, 1935.

Wilmer was married to Mildred Steele on May 10, 1922. He lived in Downey, worked in the oil fields for Standard Oil Company and died June 12, 1935. Children born of this union were Jack William, 1923, and Mary Virginia, 1933.

My grandfather was a very colorful person, to put it mildly (most muleskinners were), and I want to know more about him.—Jack William Denton, 8140 De Palma Street, Downey, California 90241

Joseph Chiles

I recently found that Joseph Chiles led one of the first wagontrains into California. Chiles is not a very common name, but my family has never been able to give me much information. My great-grandfather has always been a family mystery. He led a very unusual life in the vicinity of Joner, Arkansas. He was called Doctor Chiles although there is no evidence he was a doctor. It is said he left his family in Illinois to go south and that he had two brothers. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has information on this family.—Carolyn Chiles Nelson, 7675 Shadowhill Lane, San Jose, California 95129

Edwin Kempas

I am trying to locate my cousin, Edwin Kempas or Kembos, born in Telluride, Colorado about 1913. His parents divorced and his mother took him to Port-land or Astoria, Oregon.—Frank Kempas, Route 1, Box 100, Roseburg, Oregon 97470

Nance-Harmon-Hoyt

My father, William Pascal Nance, was born June 19, 1870 in Georgia. He died March 17, 1906. His mother's name was Adeline Demontault (Brooks) Nance. In 1906 his sister, Mrs. Ida M. Harmon, lived at Carrollton, Georgia and his brother, John, lived in Texas. Also, in that same year, his niece, Lillie Belle Harmon, lived at Carrollton, Georgia and his nieces, Allice, Daisy, and Belle Hoyt, lived at Nacogdoches, Texas. I would appreciate hearing from any living relatives.—Wesley Luther Nance, 3329 El Paso Road, Carlsbad, New Mexico 88220

Dings-Krutz (Krutze)

Would like to contact any Dings. Particularly anyone with the book *The Dings Family in America* in their possession. Would like more information on James Madison Dings, named on page 84 of said book. Also, on page 84, does anyone have any information on the (Luella) Krutz family at New Liberty, Kentucky? She attended St. Vincent's Academy in the 1870s. Her grandfather opened the first banking house in Cincinnati, Ohio and as a child she saw a statue of him in that city.

This new Liberty land was a government grant along with Booneville—some Krutz (who?) either fought with or financed Daniel Boone. Luella Krutz's father leased but never owned slaves because of his conviction that slavery was wrong and his belief in state's rights. He is supposed to have sent a considerable sum to the Confederacy at Richmond, but we have no record. Anyone with information about either the family or the school, most particularly her attendance there, please reply.—Mrs. E. L. Poletti, Box 555, Cupertino, California 95014

Tidwell

I would like information on my husband's grandparents. His grandmother's name was Amendia (Armandy) Chandler Tidwell. She and her husband had one son, Knox, who was named after his father. He was born in Anniston, Alabama. We believe she and her husband were either separated or divorced and heard that her husband was somewhere in Texas.

Amendia worked for the Reverend Richard West family of Thomasville,

(Continued on next page)

A Crutch, A Cane, A Mission

(Continued from page 33)

day School in the area for the scattered Cherokees and a few whites. Later a tent housed the Sunday School before a log cabin near the house became vacant and was placed in use as a church. This was followed by the building of an addition of logs chinked with mud and equipped with pews made of ash slabs two feet by five, smoothed with a drawing knife.

Chamberlin sent for Reverend Balentine, then at Park Hill near Tahlequah, and he came to join in the missionary work in the new part of the Nation. The latter was the first pastor of the officially organized Presbyterian Church in September 1870. The little church, replaced by a frame building, continued in use until 1912.

Through the 1870s and 1880s Amory Chamberlin served not only the Pheasant Hill Church but traveled hundreds of miles to reach Cherokee Indians at Honey Creek, Mount Zion, Catoosa, Paw Paw and other areas.

In the 1880s he acquired a small printing press and type of Sequoyah's Cherokee syllabary which he used to print tracts, primers, translations of the Bible, catechism, and other messages into the Cherokee tongue from the English. He continued this work until his death in 1894. Chamberlin was buried in the Pheasant Hill Cemetery near the site of the mission he had started.

His diaries, left for his children, as his wife also died in 1894, recorded the hardships and experiences of a half-century of work among a people he had adopted as his own.

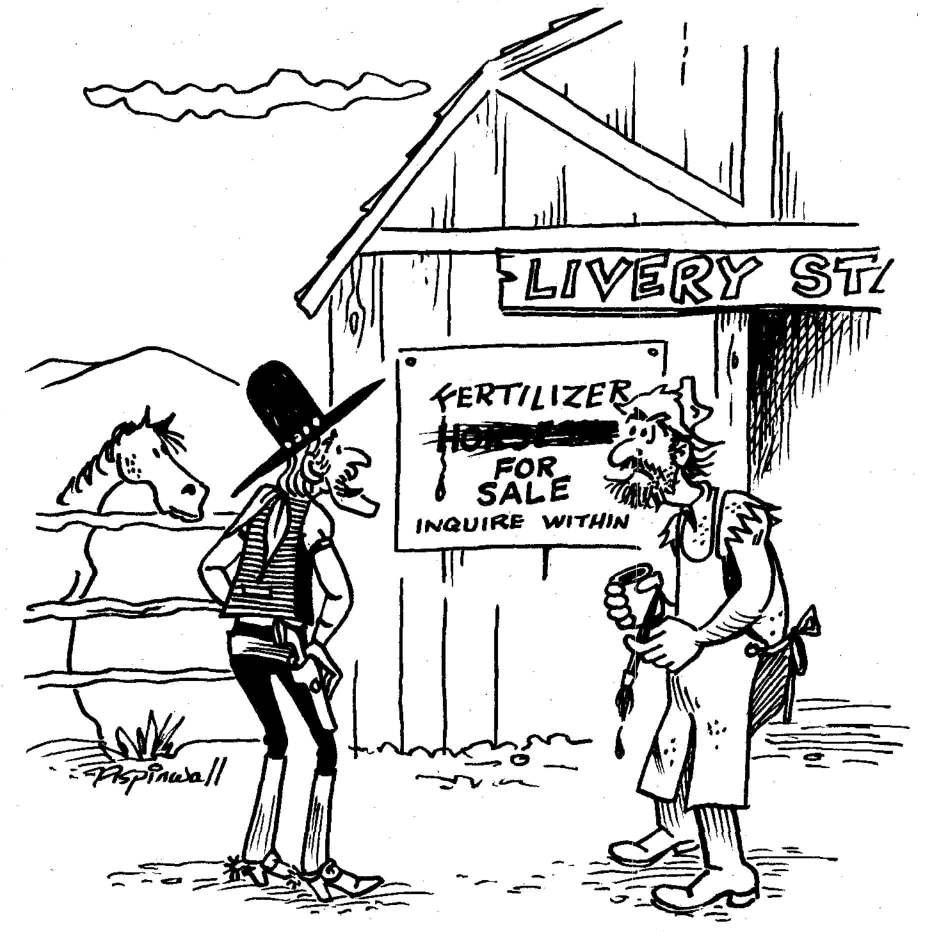
Arizona's Great Horse Gather

(Continued from page 40)

agents have kept an eye on the reservations and only so many horses are allowed. To make room for the cattle the Indians now have their own horse roundup each year.

Last fall I went to the Papago Horse Gather. They still argue and draw marks in the dirt for their own horses. Then the agent auctions off the extras to anyone who wants them. I went with a bucking horse contractor for the rodeos of this area, George Mason. He'd lost five horses there years before and we got them back. They were gathered with the Indian stock. Another man was looking for two mules but an old Indian told me they'd never show up, as they'd been running near the Mexican border and the big Mexican cats like to eat mules.

That last Horse Gather I attended on the Papago Indian Reservation reminded me of the time Clay McGonagill gave me a little pinto colt and made me a cotton rope halter back in 1919. Clay was killed in the early 1920s while working for the Gila River Indian Agency in charge of the cattle. He was moving a hay-stacker under a high-power line and was electrocuted by a live wire. It happened at Sacaton, fifteen miles north of Casa Grande. Clay was buried at Nocona, Texas near his own people. Although he was a very busy man, he always had time for a little fun or helping out some kid. Like an Indian told me, "Clay McGonagill was not an ordinary man."



"I see you've already met the new school marm."

WALLA WALLA APPLES
ACE REID

"So this ol' boy says, feller I don't like your looks. Like a darn fool I says well, why don't you change 'em."

North Carolina. My husband was named after Richard. Amendia had a brother who lived at Delta, Alabama. She died in April 1919 in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. My deceased father-in-law told my husband that Amendia was an Indian princess, but we do not know if it was on his mother's or father's side.

In the 1940s a man was looking for my father-in-law in Amasa, Michigan. Any information would be appreciated from the descendants of Knox Tidwell Sr. or Amendia Chandler Tidwell.—Richard W. Tidwell, 11706 Trudy Road, Rockford, Illinois 61108

Vandiver-Monroe

I am seeking information on Thomas S. Vandiver, born in Kirksville, Missouri (Adair County), around 1840. He married Cynthia Monroe in 1874 in Marion County, Indiana and owned a sawmill in Brookfield, Indiana (Shelby County) around 1890. He died about 1905. I would also like information on his wife's parents, James Monroe and Nancy Ann Vandiver.—Donna Eastham, 4926 East Washington Street, Apt. #2, Indianapolis, Indiana 46219

Norton-Crosett

Leonard Archer and Elizabeth Norton were my great-grandparents, and John Norton and Mary Crosett were my great-great-grandparents.

The following was recorded in an old family Bible dated 1878: Elizabeth Norton, daughter of John and Mary Crosett Norton, born March 5, 1820 in the town of Dumfreuse (?) near the village of Galt in Canada West, died (Mch 5 scratched out) November 1894 (?). Leonard Archer (husband of above) born July 17, 1806, Landgrove, Vermont, died January 5, 1887, Quincy, Iowa.

I am especially interested in clarifying the data and securing information about Elizabeth Norton, her father John Norton, and her mother Mary Crosett.—Mrs. Sylvia M. Moe, 6715 East 96 Street, Puyallup, Washington 98371

Christian Family

Have been trying for years to find out where in Tennessee my Christian family is from. My great-grandfather's first name is questionable—cousins think his only son was named after him and the son's name was Joseph Benjamin Christian. My grandmother, Mary Francis Christian had these sisters: Lucinda, born 1858, married Larkin Dycus; Emily, born 1862, married Jason Forsyth in Cass County, Texas. My great-grandmother named Louisa and called "Sally," was born in Mississippi. Cannot locate the family in 1850-60-70 Texas censuses, nor have I heard from any Dycus or Forsyth cousins.—Mrs. G. Funston Bilbrey, R2, 824 North 5th, Frederick, Oklahoma 73542

George Buchsenschutz

My grandfather, George Buchsenschutz, and a brother came to America from Germany in the early 1800s. George Buchsenschutz was supposed to have deserted the German army. He was a tailor in Baltimore, Maryland before coming to Texas. He fought in the Mexican-Indian Wars under General Bee. How long he served in not known, although, according to my Dad, he was an expert shot and participated in several battles. Evidently he was in his forties before marrying Fredericka Schulmeier. The union brought forth nine children: four boys and five girls, of whom only three girls are still living. He owned a small farm near Wetmore, Texas where he died in 1895. He was supposed to have frequented the Menger Hotel in San Antonio. He did not serve in the armed forces during the Civil War.

Where and when in Germany was he born? Did he have other kin who came to this country? Did his brother marry and leave children, before dying? What specific engagement was he in while soldiering? Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Robert Buchsenschutz, Rt. 1, Box 67B, Von Ormy, Texas 78073

Corley

I would like to correspond with anyone with the last name of Corley. I would especially like to locate the descendants of Jesse L. and Jenine J. Corley, who left Barbour County, West Virginia, after the Civil War and went west to Missouri or California; and descendants of William H. H. Corley, who moved to Missouri after the Civil War.—Mrs. Robert Metheny, Rt. 2, Box 11, Southington, Ohio 44470

America Clark

Does anyone know of America Clark's family. America Clark was an Indian (Cherokee?) born in Arkansas about 1830. About 1850 she married Jacob Mitchell. Their children were Mary, Texana, Ben, Virginia, Ellen, Victoria "Dora," Jacob and Jeff Mitchell. America died in Texas about 1863. Last contact with her family was a letter from her brother, a Mr. Clark, who was living with his daughter in Kaufman, Texas about 1896.—Mrs. J. T. Curtis, Box 207, Roswell, New Mexico 88201

Ruth-Ray

I would like any information concerning the following: James and Sarah Ruth and John and Minerva Ray lived in North Carolina in the 1800s. James Ruth had a son, William C., who married Harriet T. Ray in 1854. Their children were Minerva, Andrew J., John, Alla and Ella (twins), Catharine and Martha. Sevier Ruth married Minerva Ray in 1867. Their children were Nettie, Julia, Franklin, Eliza, Thomas B., Emma, Earnest Paul, Arch Sevier and James Harvey (Jinks) Ruth. Brackston or Baxter Ruth married Dolly. Their children were Nannie, Samuel, Homer and Robert. Patsy Ruth married Samuel Israel in 1870. Other children of James Ruth were John, Catharine, Wilson, Sarah and Nancy.—Mrs. Verona Ruth Rogers, 4537 E. Lake Mead Blvd., No. 362, Las Vegas, Nevada 89110

Cummings-Rose-Morris

My great-grandfather, Jacob Turlie Cummings, was born April 27, 1841 in North New Salem, Massachusetts. On October 22, 1868 he married Nancy Jane Rose in Lecompton, Kansas. His mother was Nancy Rhodes, and I believe he may have had at least three brothers, Leonard, Welman and Lucius B. One may have been captured and held prisoner during the Civil War. At the time of Quantrill's raid on Lawrence, Kansas, Nancy Jane was a young girl and hid in a corn shock all day. Jacob was a freighter and fired at the raiders from across the river to help protect the ferry.

Nancy Jane Rose was born in Braxton County, West Virginia, March 20, 1852. Her parents were Alexander Rose (April 2, 1828-December 7, 1914) and Susan Ann Murphy (June 30, 1833-December 13, 1873) and their family had thirteen children. Alexander's parents were Ezekial Rose and Susanna Harmon who had fourteen children. His grandparents were Isaac Rose (1753, Pennsylvania—died February 17, 1829 in Virginia) and Margaret Forsythe who died November 30, 1843. They had five children. Susan Ann Murphy's parents were John J. Murphy and Lovicy Wilson. They had ten children.

My maternal grandfather, Dan Newton Morris, was born January 10, 1888 at Fort Kearny, Nebraska and died January 16, 1941 at Wakarusa, Kansas. His parents were Joseph Morris and Lucy Jane Hoover. My grandfather had a twin brother, Hugh, and I've been told there were ten children altogether.

I'd appreciate hearing from anyone who might know about these families as well as the family names Meyners, Rathburn, Goodrich, Doane, and Griffin.—Mrs. Russell (Betty M.) Goodrich, Route 1, Waseca, Minnesota 56093

Halff Brothers

About 1850, the Halff brothers, Mayer, Solomon and Adolph, came to Texas from Alsace, France. I have collected many stories about their lives and their doings. I should like to know of any published stories about them or any stories about them from any old-timer now living, or from his descendants. Mayer Halff was my grandfather.—Harry A. Halff, 107 East Travis Street, San Antonio, Texas 78205

Boyce

The striking resemblance of A. G. Boyce, manager of the XIT Ranch for fifteen years, to my grandfather's people makes me think A. G. might have been a brother of my great-grandfather, Robert C. Boyce. A. G. Boyce had a son, Al, who worked on the ranch; maybe some of this Boyce family, or some of the old cowhands, are still around and can give me some information on A. G.—Mrs. M. McDaniel, Rt. 1, Box 13, Navasota, Texas 77868

Osgood-Barrows

I would like information on Sarah Almena Jencks Osgood. I believe she was born January 22, 1918. We have a portrait of my great-grandfather taken in Sheshequin, Bradford County, Pennsylvania. A notation on the back of the picture mentions a Dr. Johnson Barrows. We have tried for several years to trace our family but so many of the records have either burned at the place of origin or were never recorded.—Oscar J. Osgood, 1379 Hunn Road, Yuba City, California 95991

Hughes

Can someone give me information on these three men, soldiers in the Army of Texas in 1836: James, Wesley, and Wiley Hughes? Wesley's and Wiley's names are on the roll of Colonel Fannin's men, massacred at Goliad, Texas, and their names are on the Goliad Monument. It has been printed that James Hughes also died at Goliad, but his name appears on the roster of General Houston at the Battle of San Jacinto and is on the San Jacinto Monument.

Obviously, if the records are correct and he was at San Jacinto, he did not die at Goliad.—D. R. Roberts, 1514 Stanford, Houston, Texas 77019

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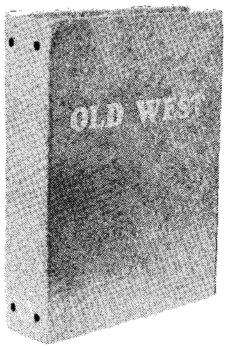

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ARTIST EXPLORER

One of the distinguished artistic productions of 1971 is the 350-page book, *Paul Kane's Frontier* (University of Texas Press, $27.50) edited with a biographical introduction and catalogue raisonné by J. Russell Harper. Published for the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art and the National Gallery of Canada, the handsome volume contains the diary record of Kane's courageous western travels in 1845, 1846 and 1848. The text is enlivened with 48 fabulous color plates and 204 black and white illustrations depicting Indian life, animals, and western scenery. Kane had a great talent for painting landscapes and Indians. As Catlin before, animals were the most difficult for him to paint. Many of his horses resembled Rosa Bonheur's pretty roly-poly stall-fattened creatures instead of lean frontier nags. Much of the art and text will be new to readers who will now have a fresh rich source of information about Indians, fur traders, and pioneer whites on the western frontier. The rare collections of the Nelda C. and H. J. Lutcher Stark Foundation, Orange, Texas, and the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto provided a large part of the art used in illustrating the book. Excellent.

A MODERN CLASSIC

Horse lovers will get a genuine lift from Ben Green's true and comical limited edition *The Last Trail Drive Through Downtown Dallas* (Northland Press, $8.50). Green, a veterinarian and a rancher, tells of his horse-swapping experiences as a nervy teenage kid in East Texas. Born with a talent for successful horse trading, Ben laid out cash to a Paint Rock, Texas rancher for over 100 head of range horses and a few mules, costing seven dollars per head. Homeward bound, his crew consisted of a half-breed Choctaw cowpuncher and a friendly efficient Mexican who cooked and handled mules and the commissary wagon. Unbroken broncs were taught to lead and to ride and some were warmed up under the harness to appeal to East Texas cotton growers. Prices picked up the farther east they traveled, but cash deals and trades with some money to boot were made whenever they encountered others eager to swap. Ben unloaded his deadheads on unsuspecting customers but sometimes he learned more about his art from experienced sharpers who left him with a moon blind or sulky nag. His trail through midtown Dallas created a new high in traffic jams as pedestrians, horses and cars sparred for right-of-way and drove policemen daffy. Ben finally wound up with a bang in Bogalusa, Louisiana where he auctioned his remaining horses and mules. He not only made a gambler's profit on the horse herd but picked up useful tricks for future ventures. Excellent.

BEAUTIFUL BOOK

Edge of a Continent (American West Publishing Co., $13.95 until December 31, 1971) by Don Greame Kelley is about the Pacific Coast from Alaska to Baja Mexico. The photos are so magnificent (many in full color) that it would be easy to dismiss this volume as another fine picture book. It is much more—it is an entertaining and informative book that your reviewer believes will have reference value for years to come. There is a foreword by Naturalist Robert C. Miller, some good maps, sources and suggested reading and an index. Highly recommended.

THE SEVEN MUSTANGS

An event of historic interest took place on May 31, 1948 when a monument of Seven Mustangs, sculptured by A. Phimister Procter, was presented to the people of Texas by Ralph R. and Ethel Ogden. The unveiling took place in front of the Texas Memorial Museum on the University of Texas campus at Austin. The charming story behind the Mustang Monument comes in two parts; *Ralph Ogden* by Ruth Goddard and *The Seven Mustangs* by J. Frank Dobie (The Pemberton Press, $4.95). Benefactor Ralph Ogden started business life with a succession of disasters. Drought killed his trail herd; the Galveston flood wiped out his grain shipping enterprise; Mexican *bandidos* burned his wax factory; and a tornado destroyed his automobile factory. Wildcatting in oil finally made him rich. His yen to leave a fitting memorial to the mustangs, which had mobilized Texas pioneers, caused him to seek advice and guidance from J. Frank Dobie. Veteran horse sculptor, A. Phimister Procter, was chosen by Dobie to create the elegant monument that immortalizes mustangs. The book also is a sentimental biography of Ralph Ogden who spent $60,000 on the sculpture. Very good.

QUITE A MAN!

Here Comes Elfego! (The Vinegar Tom Press, $1.50) is a thumbnail autobiography of one of New Mexico's illustrious frontiersmen, Elfego Baca. Limited to 500 copies, the little book gives glimpses of Elfego's wide-ranging career as a cowboy, lawyer, peace officer, county clerk, mayor, livestock association detective and humanitarian. Once, when sixteen, Elfego made the night spots with Billy the Kid who then tormented the local peace officer by firing surreptitious shots in the air. Baca's self-defense against twelve Slaughter Ranch cowboys at Upper Frisco Plaza is one of the most heroic one-man stands in western history. Cornered in a Mexican shack, he stood off the Slaughter Ranch cowhands, under James Cook. They fired over 400 rounds of ammunition without hitting him. Baca concluded his career by running unsuccessfully for district attorney one year before he died in 1945.

TEXAS HEROINE

One of the unheralded heroines of Texas was a well-born, cultured lady, Ann Raney Coleman. Born in Whitehaven, England, on November 5, 1810, her father went bankrupt about twenty years later and migrated to Texas and became a schoolteacher and friend of Stephen F. Austin. In 1832, Ann, with her mother and sister, sailed to New Orleans. Ann later married in Texas but her husband became a Louisiana planter and soon died. Her second marriage to a surly, brutal skinflint ended in divorce. Most of her life was spent as schoolteacher, seamstress and benefactor in and around Victoria County, Texas. With a flair for writing salient detail, Mrs. Coleman filled seven notebooks with personal history most of which is included in this book, *Victorian Lady on the Texas Frontier* (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95). This is unique reporting about the intimate lives of people in a rough-hewn emerging state where the labors and courage of sterling pioneers such as Mrs. Coleman eased the way for those who followed. Ann's journal was edited by Dr. C. Richard King of the University of Texas faculty and he has provided an informative introduction, numerous annotations, a bibliography and an index. Recommended.

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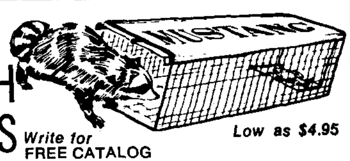

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Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 63)

your magazine came and I was reminded of it.

Poor old Charlie Molloy died twenty-five or thirty years ago. Powell Evans was living in San Angelo five or six years ago when I saw and had a little visit with him. I have heard since that he also passed away. I never knew what became of Cuter. He was the kind of fellow that I would like to have around. I'll bet he was interesting wherever he happened to be. He was a good actor.—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, So. Laguna, California 92677

More About Voca

I am writing in regard to the article in the Summer 1971 issue, "Cowboys from Voca"—the Grand Entrance picture on page 28, Tex Jones Rodeo in Belton, Texas, July 4, 1924.

I am Tex Jones' second son—there being four boys and one girl—and although I was a small boy of six, I can still remember some of those cowboys in the picture.

My mother has that same picture in her home in San Antonio. My oldest brother, Joe, lives in Kingsville and manages a theater. Brother R. L. (Tuffy) Jones lives in Austin, Texas, and our youngest brother, Ray, lives in New Orleans, Louisiana. My sister lives in San Antonio with my mother.

The three older children remember quite a lot of our father's rodeo days and recall several of the old-timers that were in business back in the '20s. I certainly did enjoy reading about them.—John H. Jones, Box 39, George West, Texas 78022

Ranch Cooks and Cooties

In the spring of 1935 I was loafing around Cut Bank, Montana picking up a little work around the oil fields, when a friend said his uncle needed a ranch cook because his Mexican had quit to work for the railroad. I'd cooked for myself and a few others in the jungle camps along the Western railroads, but never for a ranch. I was told there'd be only two men and myself during the week, and one more on weekends, so I tackled the job.

I soon found that I not only had to cook, but had to water the saddle horses, keep them separate from the stud, help with milking six or seven half-wild range cows, round them up at milking time, and still the boss wanted the meals ready on time. It was about a mile west to the Blackfoot Reservation line and from there it was fifty miles to the boundary of Glacier National Park.

Archie Vaughn's excuse for a fence was just posts braced up with sticks. A gentle push would knock it down and the cattle frequently went several miles west to Big Rock Coulee, and sometimes seven or eight miles west to Dead Indian Springs on the reservation. I soon tired of milking at midnight, getting up at five a.m. to fix breakfast, and doing the other chores. I told Archie either round up the cattle while I cooked supper, or look for a new cook. He knew I meant it, so things improved a little.

Then I started itching and a quick check showed I was lousy as a swamp rabbit and my bunk was full of cooties. I burned my longjohns, then went to the barrel of distillate and doctored what nits and cooties were still on me. When Archie came in that evening, I had my pack sack ready and told him to take me to town and pay me off, and all the cooties left in the bunk and bedding were his to do with as he pleased. It was then that we found out that the previous cook had left the cooties when he quit and had said nothing about them to Archie.

Archie was rather quick-tempered at times and he really did some cussin' but it was directed at the Mexican and not me. He took me to Cut Bank and paid me off. Archie and Fin Ogsted both said I was a better cook than the one before. In 1941 I saw Archie's nephew at an army hospital at Fort Lewis, Washington, but I don't know where he is now.

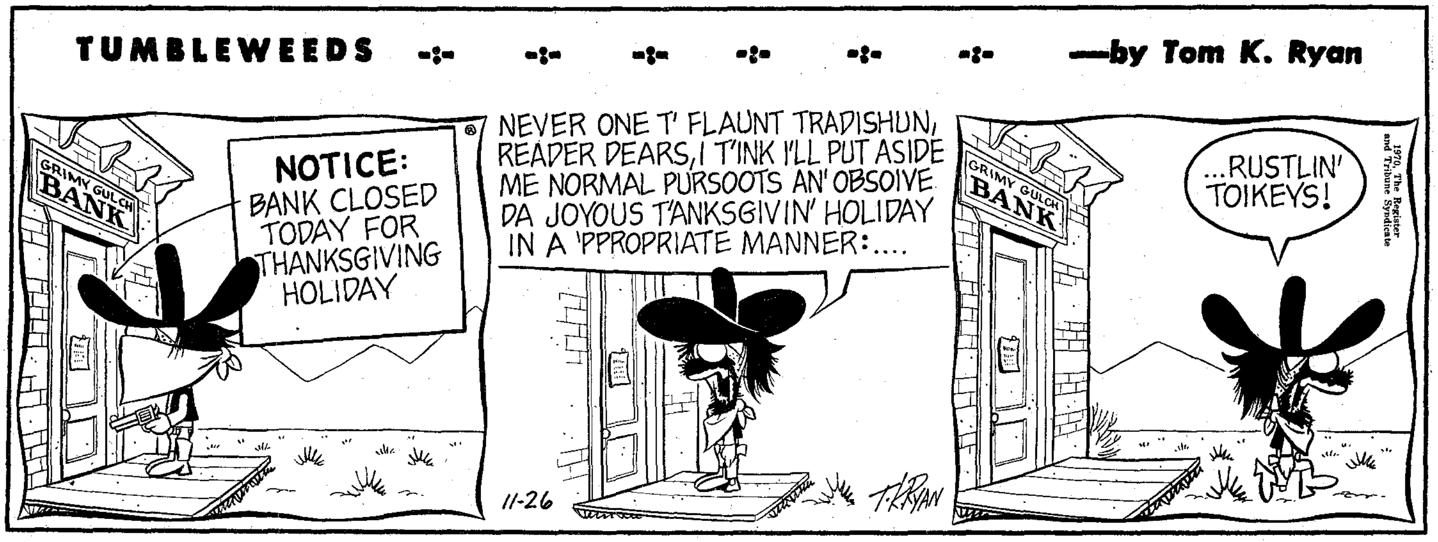
I got lousy once more after I left the ranch, and that was either at Jamestown, North Dakota or Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. I spent a night in both city jails along with several other hobos. In those days any hobo could get a bed in jail just by asking for it, and sometimes a kind-hearted sheriff would buy your breakfast and also tell you when and where to catch the next freight train. Getting lousy was one of the risks of hobo life and also early-day ranch life, and I'm sure Walt Coburn would have agreed with me.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

A Fighting Captain

Just finished reading James Khlor's "Chasing the Greatest Bandido of All," in the Spring 1971 issue. The provost marshal of Colonia Dublan was Captain Julian Gaujot of Troop M, 11 U. S. Cavalry, my old troop commander. Captain Gaujot was a tough man, believe me. Everybody respected him. A drunk 10th Cavalry soldier was blustering around camp that he was looking for that man Blowjoe and wearing a pistol. Captain Gaujot heard of it and went up to him and stuck his own pistol in the man's belly so hard it made him grunt. He said "Here's that man Blowjoe—now what are you going to do about it?" The 10th Cavalry man quieted right down and the provost guard escorted him right to the guardhouse.

Nobody who ever knew Captain Gaujot ever forgot him and nobody liked him. I heard him called nothing but an old horse killer. But I also heard others say if he had been in command we'd have gotten Villa. He must have been fifty-five or sixty at that time. I, for one, find it impossible to find words to describe him. He was a mixture of General Custer and Hard-boiled Smith, who was with the AEF.

Sergeant Khlor mentions the fight in the redlight district of Columbus the night the expedition crossed over from below the border. I remember it well. Two days later the 10th left for Fort Huachaca and the rest of the expedition left for Fort Bliss. Those were good days, believe me. I live them over in my memories every day.—Randolph Auclair, 356 Mideon Avenue, Torrington, Connecticut 06790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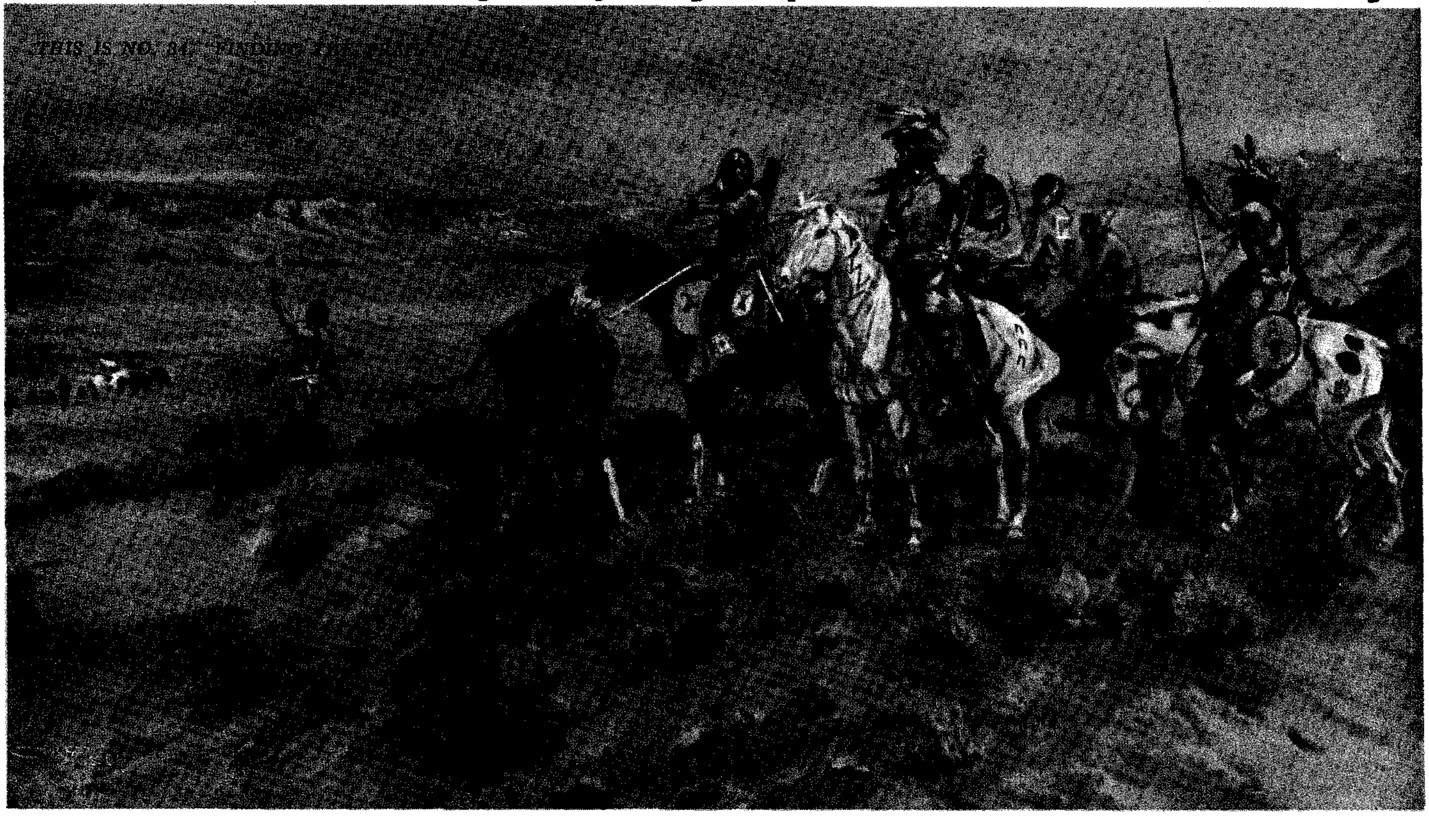
THIS IS NO. 34: "FINDING THE TRAIL"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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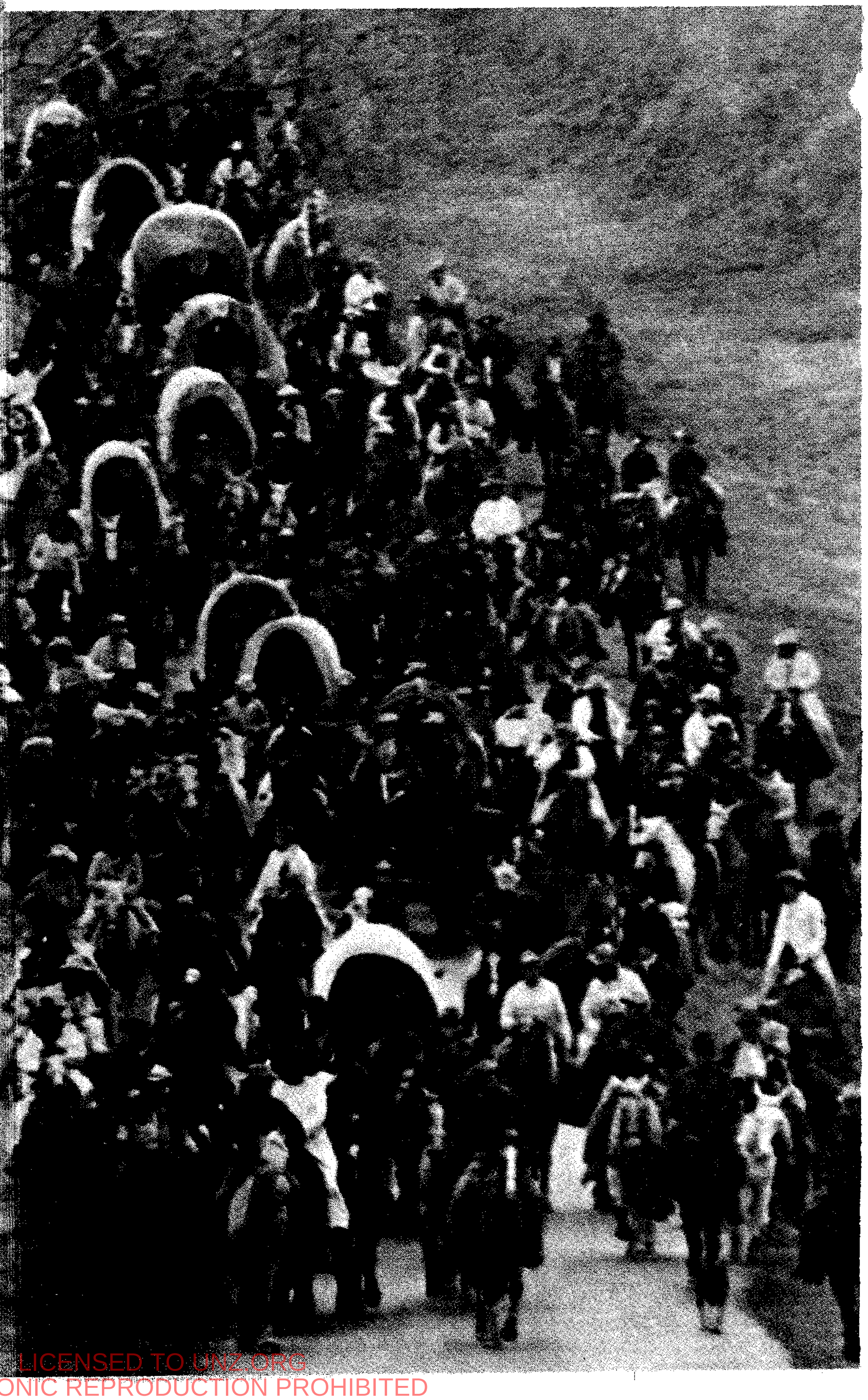

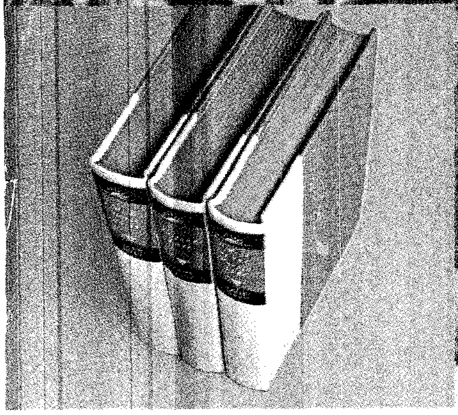

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